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arrangement of all its circuits in England, Wales, and Scotland; with the names of the preachers who have travelled in them, and the yearly order of their succession, from the establishment of Methodism to the present time. It is, therefore, no more than a catalogue of some thousand names of persons, perfectly undistinguished beyond the narrow limits of their vocation.

To Dr. Warren it is due to declare, that he appears to have executed his task with industry, carefulness, and judgment; that his editorial comments breathe a spirit of earnest, unaffected piety; and that neither in his preface, his able and explicit statement of the doctrines of his sect, nor in his explanatory account of the codes and documents which he has published, is there anywhere the slightest departure from the proper temper of a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman. We have not discovered in him the least sign of polemical violence; there is not observable in his personal opinions, any want of charity or benevolence for the differences of other persuasions or of other men; and, though his sentiments and language are strong and serious, there is absolutely nothing in his phraseology and form of expression, which can be in any degree offensive to good taste or propriety.

Dr. Warren's 'Statement of the Principal Doctrines of Wesleyan Methodism,' which may be said to form the first paper in the collection, is, we think, the clearest and most distinct summary of the prominent tenets of his body, which we have ever seen within the same brief compass. It is singular with how little exactitude, except by professed theologians, the peculiar doctrines of that sect are understood in general society: though the lines of agreement and dissent between the Wesleyan Methodists and the Church of England—or rather, between them and the parties which divide the established church itself—are very readily defined. Dr. Warren begins by declaring, that 'the sacred Scriptures, and these only, are the test to which all the doctrines of Methodism are submitted, and by such an interpretation as is perhaps most conveniently expressed by the term orthodox, *i.e.* such as is for the most part found in the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England; from which, indeed, almost all of them are derived.' Perhaps he might have found a more decided and circumstantial declaration in the words of Wesley himself (Works, vol. vi. p. 235), which he has not here quoted:—"The Methodists in general, my lord, are members of the Church of England. They hold all her doctrines, attend her service, and partake of her sacraments:" although their prevailing secession from the places of worship of the established church, may seem to have since in part destroyed the force of the assertion.

Dr. Warren next proceeds to 'place the doctrines peculiar to the Wesleyan Methodists, or at least those which have had a special prominence among them, in such an order and in such language as is authorized by the body.' And this, he has thought, might be satisfactorily and acceptably done, 'by collecting the decisions to which it has come in its most solemn deliberations, or by giving such statements as occur in the writings of its venerable founder.' To render the authorities on which his compendium rests, unexceptionable, he declares that he has presented the doctrines of which he treats 'in the very words in which they are found in the standard writings of Methodism—words which length of time and the usage of the body have consecrated.'

The declaration of faith, which he founds upon these decisions, is embraced under seven heads:—On Original Sin—on General Redemption—on Repentance—on Justification by Faith—on the Witness of the Spirit—on Christian Perfection—and, lastly, on the Perseverance of the Saints. Without following him through his expositions, which he derives and quotes almost entirely from the works of Wesley, we need notice only the substance of his declarations:—That the Wesleyan Methodists strongly maintain as essential, the doctrine of original sin, or the universal corruption of man by nature, and from his birth: that they believe in the scheme of general redemption, or that 'Christ died for all men, and not the elect only:' that they hold that repentance—or the lively conviction of, and remorse for sin—'must absolutely go before faith:' that justification, or pardon for sin, cannot be obtained otherwise than by faith, and by that only; and that good works have no share in obtaining this justification: that the witness of the Spirit is 'that inward impression on the soul, whereby the spirit of God directly witnesses to a man's spirit that he is the child of God;' and that this witness is the signal of conversion to the love of God and to all holiness: that Christian perfection, or complete holiness, or sanctification, is attainable on earth: but that it is still 'possible for those who are thus perfect in love, to fall from that state:' that the final perseverance of the saints, or the holy, in the righteousness of faith, is not therefore always assured, and that those who so persevere not, but fall from God, will 'so fall as to perish everlastingly.'

Such, then, appears to be the authorised declaration of the faith of Wesleyan Methodism. Upon its articles, though we advance no opinion, we may just observe historically, that, in their tenet regarding general redemption, and their denial of the 'final perseverance of the saints' (as it is called), the Wesleyan Methodists are of course at issue with the Calvinists, both of their own original body, and of the older sects; and that these questions too, it was, chiefly, which caused the well known disagreement of Wesley and Whitfield, the great schism of the Methodists, and the secession of the followers of the latter divine. The Calvinist Methodists, indeed, in this country at least, have since been separated rather negatively, than positively, by any title, from the Wesleyans; or they have, in any case, taken their outward distinction, not so much from the name of Whitfield himself, as from that of his famous patron and disciple, the Countess of Huntingdon: for they are chiefly to be characterised as frequenters of the chapels, or ‘tabernacles’ established either on her ladyship's own foundation, or subsequently after the same principles. In the doctrine of the exclusive efficacy of faith without works, the Wesleyans are, on the contrary, in agreement with both the declared Calvinistic churches, and the Calvinistic party in the church of England: while it is this opinion which has been denounced by their opponents of the Arminian, or high church party, as, in its practical effects, the most delusive and dangerous of the doctrines of Methodism. The Wesleyan maintenance of the possibility of attaining a sinless Christian perfection in this life, has drawn down upon that body the censure of opponents of all denominations.

After Dr. Warren's brief statement of the principal doctrines of Wesleyan Methodism, follows his ‘Digest of its Laws and Regulations.’ The discipline by which the body has always been governed, occupies a large place in its constitution; but Dr. Warren informs us, ‘that the particular laws and regulations which are necessary, not only to the good order and happiness of its members, but also to the (internal) security of the rights and privileges of its respective orders, lie scattered over a wide extent, are encumbered with an admixture of foreign matter, and are not unfrequently rendered perplexing, by want of the means of distinguishing the rules which are operative from those which are obsolete or rescinded.’ It is partly to remedy these general inconveniences to the body itself, but chiefly to supply its preachers and official functionaries with an authorised manual of the laws by which they are required to govern their proceedings, that Dr. Warren has been led to the present task, of arrangement and compression.

This Digest is appropriately introduced by some account of the original order, time, and form, which have marked the enactment of the existing laws of Methodism; or, as it may be characterised in other words, a sketch of the constitutional history of the Wesleyan body. Dr. Warren considers that there are three great epochs in Methodistic legislation. To understand the history of these, it is necessary to premise, that the entire body of the Wesleyan Methodists always consists of two orders, the ‘Conference,’ which is the supreme select assembly, or governing senate of its preachers, and the ‘People,’ who have no collective share in that ecclesiastical administration.

The first epoch in the civil history of Methodism, is here supposed to coincide with the life of its founder. From the first formation of the body until the hour of his death, John Wesley was the supreme and sole chief—the undisputed and acknowledged ruler of his people; nor, most benevolent, as beyond all question his purposes were, was there ever an example, either in ecclesiastical or temporal government, of an authority more absolute and entire, than that which he maintained over the wills and consciences of his followers. The open schism made by the secession or expulsion of the Whitfield party, only increased the stability and unity of Wesley's dominion over the body which continued to adhere to him. During his life, his executive government was carried on through the medium of the annual assembly of preachers in his connexion, whose deliberations and measures he despotically ordered. The instructions which he thus dictated to the assembly, as necessity arose, were minuted down from year to year, and published, as the laws which were to regulate both the doctrines to be preached and the discipline to be enforced in the society. The whole of these results of Conference, from 1744 to 1789, were ultimately digested by Wesley himself, in compliance with the desire of the preachers, under the title of 'Minutes of several Conversations between the Rev. John Wesley and Others;' and these 'Minutes at Large' are still held for the fundamental code of Methodist law and ecclesiastical discipline.

But Wesley desired to provide for the lasting unity and welfare of his society; for the safe transmission, as well as the maintenance, of his power. So completely was his government individual and personal, that even the property of the society was vested in himself: the body had no legal power, except through him, over the numerous chapels and other tenements which had been built for its service. As the best means of preserving the administration of the Conference after him, of securing their right to appoint the preachers to the chapels from year to year, and of preventing the trustees (to whom he had, under these restrictions, committed them) from interfering, or from alienating the chapels from the purposes for which they had been erected, he took the advice of eminent counsel, how to specify and perpetuate legally the constitution and authority of the Conference. Accordingly, in 1784, he executed a "Deed of Declaration," constituting one hundred preachers by name, with the power of supplying their successors for ever, the "Conference of the people called Methodists;" and this instrument was carefully enrolled in the Court of Chancery.

This Deed of Declaration, by virtue of which alone the acts of the Conference have a legal validity, is styled by Dr. Warren, expressively, though rather too pompously, the 'Magna Charta of Methodism.' Together with the 'Large Minutes of Conference,' it certainly formed the completion of Wesley's extraordinary work; and the first and most remarkable epoch in the history of Methodism, as fixed by Dr. Warren, thus terminates, in 1790, with the death of Wesley, and with the consolidation of the legal existence and the internal administration of the body. Both the Minutes and the Deed of Declaration, are here printed at full length.

The history of the second epoch of the Methodistic constitution, we shall give in Dr. Warren's own words:

'The second epoch includes the period between the death of Mr. Wesley, and the *year 1797; which*, though but a short time, compared with the preceding, was a season of great hazard, and anxiety for the safety of the body. Bereft, as the preachers were, of their patriarchal head, and by him put in trust with the executive power of the connexion—a power which, whilst Mr. Wesley lived, few were inclined to call in question, or entertained a fear that, in his hands, it would ever be used to their prejudice; yet, on the part, both of the people and of the preachers, mutual fears were excited, lest encroachments should be made on either side to the detriment of the other.

'The subject, however, which created most alarm, was respecting that strict adherence to the national church, which Mr. Wesley so strenuously endeavoured and recommended. Some of the members, who had long been accustomed to receive the Lord's Supper in the Established Church, and to attend its public worship during Mr. Wesley's life, were vehemently opposed to any alteration in the discipline of Methodism, which would interfere with the former practice; whilst others, some of whom had been brought up Dissenters, objected to be under constraint to attend the service of the national church, and intreated to have such a modification in the discipline of the body, as would allow those who were desirous, to enjoy the Christian ordinances by the ministrations of those, who were the regular appointed preachers of the Gospel in their own connexion.

'The urgency with which both parties importuned the Conference, and the inevitable consequence of separation, unless something decisive had been done to meet the exigence, constrained the preachers to endeavour to terminate the contest, which had now continued during four years, by drawing up such terms of mutual concession and agreement, as might preserve the body entire, and lay a foundation for lasting peace and unity. This was most happily accomplished by a plan, which was matured by the deliberations of a skilful committee, to whom this difficult task was assigned; and which ultimately, with the alteration of a single article, obtained the unanimous approbation of the Conference. Two or three articles more were agreed upon, under the title of *Addenda*, in order to give the most complete satisfaction, and to remove every obstacle to unanimity. This important document was drawn up and published in the year 1795, and is intituled, "Articles of Agreement for General Pacification."

'Still, however, something was wanting, to give entire confidence to the people, that the executive power, which was vested in the preachers by Mr. Wesley, should not become an instrument of oppression. To meet, as far as possible, the wishes of the people on this point, such measures were adopted, by the Conference of 1797, as satisfied the connexion, that the preachers were not desirous of retaining any more authority than was indispensably necessary to the existence of the body. Such a balance of power, however, was still to be maintained, as should sufficiently prevent the people, as well as the preachers, from becoming arbitrary; as preponderance on either side might have proved equally perilous to the connexion. This, accordingly, was undertaken and accomplished with the utmost deliberation, and in the most solemn manner, at an early part of the Conference, and was thus announced:—

'"To the Members and Friends of the Methodist Societies.

'"WHEREAS, we, the undersigned, have, on this and the preceding *day, carefully revised* the Rules drawn up and left us by our late venerable father in the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. Wesley, which were published by him in our Large Minutes, to which we consented when we were admitted, and by which we were regulated during his life: And whereas, we have collected together those rules, which we believe to be essential to the existence of Methodism, as well as others, to which we have no objection, we do now, voluntarily and in good faith, sign our names, as approving of, and engaging to comply with the aforesaid collection of rules, or code of laws—God being our helper."—Signed by one hundred and forty-five preachers, who were present.

'The "Code of Laws," to which reference is here made, together with the "Plan of General Pacification," constitute a charter, by which the people hold from the preachers their respective rights and privileges; as the preachers, on their part, are protected in the exercise of their prerogatives, by the special appointment of Mr. Wesley, and the Deed of Declaration enrolled in His Majesty's High Court of Chancery.

'These respective instruments, as they maintain the balance of power between the preachers and the people, so they will be found to occupy the most prominent situation under their respective heads, in the following digest. We are thus arrived at the limit which includes the second important era of Methodism: a period, during which, the hopes of its enemies, that it would come to nothing, were disappointed; and the fears of its friends, though they were confident its essential principles were indestructible, yet that its unity might perhaps be lost, were entirely dissipated. The precision which was given to the laws and regulations to which both parties cheerfully consented, and the spirit of Christian charity in which they have ever since been executed, have most successfully harmonised every part of the system, and rendered its operations more powerful and extensive than was contemplated, even by those who entertained the most sanguine expectations of its prosperity.'—*Preface*, pp. ix—xii.

By much the most remarkable feature in this second epoch of Methodism, is the completion of that open separation of the body from the Church of England, which Wesley himself had disclaimed and refused, and against which he had ever strenuously exhorted, warned, and abjured his followers. Nothing, assuredly, was farther from his intention, when he gave the first form to his society, than to renounce any part of his allegiance to the episcopal establishment. He was even at that time, as every one knows, a rigid high churchman; and his professed purpose was to rekindle warmth of devotion in the Church of England itself, not by any means to withdraw from its communion, or to create a new sect. Thus, in the title-page of his life, by his coadjutor, Dr. Coke, and another, the work which Wesley had accomplished is described only as the "Great Revival of Religion." But they who give the first blow to the integral union of a church, are responsible, be it for good or evil, for all the subsequent divisions by which it will surely be broken into a thousand fragments: they, whose hand has been first upon the work of separation, are not to complain, that its chasms have widened and its ruptures multiplied, beyond their intention or foresight. But it has always been the grand and dangerous error of men who have themselves set the example of schism, to imagine that they shall be able to arrest at their pleasure the progress and caprice of dissent in their disciples, by the interdict—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Of the vanity of this expectation, there cannot be a more memorable instance than Wesley himself, who, with authority more despotic than ever hierarch possessed, succumbed to the necessity of authorising several decided steps towards a separation from the episcopal establishment, and almost lived to witness the very consummation which he most anxiously deprecated. His 'Minutes at Large,' still venerated as they are, and recognised by the society for its fundamental principles, attest to this day the zeal of their founder for the established church, which his followers have in practice forsaken. In the 41st head of the Minutes, the inquiry how a superintendant preacher should be qualified for his task, is answered:—"By walking closely with God, and having his work greatly at heart: by understanding and loving discipline, our's in particular: and by loving the Church of England, and resolving not to separate from it. Let this be well observed. I fear, when the Methodists leave the church, God will leave them. But if they are thrust out of it, they will be guiltless."—(p. 78). That the established church *has* thrust them out, not even themselves, we presume, would be found bold enough to declare.

Wesley would not even suffer the chapels of his people to be called "meeting-houses," nor their instructors, "ministers;" but desired that the terms, preachers and preaching-houses, or simply chapels, should be used: so anxious was he to disclaim even a nominal similarity to the dissenters. And, in the Minutes again (p. 81), in answer to the inquiry, "but are we not dissenters?" he replies: "No. Although we call sinners to repentance in all places of God's dominion; and although we frequently use extemporary prayer, and unite together in a religious society; yet we are not dissenters in the only sense which our law acknowledges, namely, those who renounce the service of the church. We do not: *we dare not* separate from it." Yet unquestionably they *have* separated, and that separation commenced with Wesley's own act. His mere itinerant preaching and that of his associates, either in the fields or the parish churches, need perhaps of itself no more have produced a schism in the episcopal establishment, than the itinerant preaching of the mendicant orders had divided the Catholic church during the middle ages: but the erection of the first Wesleyan preaching-house—the celebration of the first worship in it—was in itself a direct step to separation. Distinct places of worship, made the Methodists at once a distinct religious people: their withdrawal, even partially, from the churches and their ministers, to form select congregations in these chapels with preachers of their own, should have made it easy to anticipate all that followed. But Wesley's decided renunciation of allegiance to the Church of England was completed, when he took upon himself the power of ordination, selected his preachers from laymen, or suffered laymen to officiate in his chapels, and finally permitted divine service to be performed in them during church hours. There then remained, when he died, only one concession more for him to have made to the anti-episcopal party among his people:—the administration of the Lord's supper in their own places of worship, instead of their receiving it in the parish churches.

The death of Wesley had removed the last check upon the total separation of his followers from the established church; and we have been told how that separation was completed during the second epoch of Methodism. Wesley must have anticipated this consummation. The professed Dissenters who joined the Methodists brought with them a repugnance to the forms of the episcopal establishment, which induced them to create a party in the connexion hostile to the national church; and as they could not be expected to accept the sacraments from her clergy, they naturally were desirous, as Dr. Warren observes, to enjoy them by the administration of the preachers of their own society. But perhaps the most powerful wish for separation, which our commentator has not brought forward, originated with the body of the preachers themselves, who, arguing that they were as much entitled to exercise one part of the ministerial functions as another, were as naturally desirous of increasing the dignity of their offices, and placing themselves on a level with the clergy of other congregations. The enactment of the 'Plan of General Pacification' secured the object of the separatists; but with a provision which spoke the lingering desire of a part, at least, of the Conference and the people, to cling to the liturgy of the church from whose communion they had withdrawn. While the sacrament of the Lord's supper was not to be administered in any Methodist chapel, without the wish of the represented majority of its congregation, and the consent first obtained of the Conference; it was ordered that that rite should always be celebrated in England according to the form of the established church; and "wherever," (says the 10th article of the Pacification), "divine service is performed in England on the Lord's-day in church-hours, the officiating preacher shall read either the service of the church, our venerable father's abridgment, or at least, the lessons appointed by the calendar. But we recommend either the full service or the abridgment."

At the conclusion of the second period of Methodism, the society had attained the same form of a limited ecclesiastical government under the oligarchical senate of its preachers, the same internal constitution and discipline, which it has since maintained to this day. The third epoch, laid down by Dr. Warren as extending to the present time, is distinguished only by the establishment of some improved regulations for its system of finance, or by the organization of its foreign missionary society. The laws which have been constituted for the management of these funds and missions, are, of course, comprehended under Doctor Warren's Digest.

The arrangement which the editor has given to his whole digest of the 'charters' (as he calls them), and codes of Methodism, is judicious and convenient. Its four divisions are classed under the general titles of—the Conference—the People, the Funds of the Connexion, and Miscellaneous Regulations. Under the first head of the Conference—as the Deed of Declaration, Mr. Wesley's Will, and his Minutes at Large, may be considered the charter of the constitution, and the canon-law by which the Conference is governed—these documents are first printed; and afterwards, the detailed rules and regulations, or parts of the code of general laws, which apply to the assembly, its official functionaries, the missionary society, and the body of the preachers in their individual capacities. Under the second head, of the People—the Plan of Pacification, and the Regulations made at the Conference of Leeds in 1797, are first introduced, as the charters of their rights and privileges; and then the particular portions of the code of established law, which are the basis of government for the lay body of the society. The rules by which the different Funds of the Connexion are managed, form the third head; and those for miscellaneous departments of business, the fourth and last.

This digest, then, as we have said, contains the authentic materials for a complete view of the polity of Wesleyan Methodism. As such we can recommend it to the notice of the curious inquirer; but we can scarcely offer any attempt to analyse the constitution of the body within our own scanty limits. The united societies of the Wesleyan Methodists, compose a commonwealth under the oligarchical senate of preachers, first organised by Wesley. These preachers, one hundred in number, who supply vacancies among themselves by new elections, are all itinerant: but the assembly re-unites once a year in some large city, chooses its president and other officers; appoints from its body, chairmen to districts and superintendents to circuits; and regulates also (through a committee), the distribution of preachers to the circuits. The whole commonwealth is divided into districts, circuits, and societies. The members of each society are subdivided again into classes with lay leaders, and the classes into small bands. These bands, originally constituted of from five to ten persons, for the purpose of mutual confession and prayer, have apparently, however, fallen much into desuetude: for, in the later Minutes of Conference, we find strong exhortations (pp. 164, 228) for the "revival" of the practice, which seem, from their repetition, to have produced little effect. These band-meetings, like the love-feasts, have been condemned by the opponents of Methodism, as highly objectionable on many accounts; and have also been considered as most powerful engines for cementing the intimate relations of the society, by a mutual and inquisitorial authority over the consciences of individuals.

In both respects, the gradual relaxation of the practice, may argue a modification in the spirit, or the discipline of Methodism.

By the Plan of Pacification, the Conference resigned a great deal of its original power (especially in the collection and disposal of the contributions and funds), to the quarterly district meetings of superintendents, travelling preachers, stewards and lay class-leaders, at which the district-chairman presides: but it has reserved to itself the probationary appointment and confirmation of all travelling preachers, as well as of the superintendents, who may be said to form the bishops of their circuits. Itinerancy, and the constant change of preachers among the circuits, is still justly considered by the Conference as the great foundation of the Methodist system: and as the members of that priestly oligarchy all travel, as well as the preachers of their appointment, their annual reunion gives the whole senate, individually and collectively, not only a personal knowledge of the state of their commonwealth, but a representative relation with the districts and societies into which it is parcelled. The whole body of the travelling preachers and their families are maintained by the commonwealth, and are forbidden to follow any other occupation than their spiritual office; but there are also a still greater number of local preachers, who pursue their trades and worldly business, and labour gratuitously for the cause of their religious principles.

On the progressive increase, the present numbers, and the extent of Wesleyan Methodism in Great Britain, we gather some interesting particulars from the second of the volumes before us. By tables 'carefully collected from the latest official returns' of 1826, it appears, that there are in Great Britain, and the Norman and Shetland islands, &c., 2907 chapels, 760 travelling preachers, 6,265 local preachers, and 232,223 members in the connexion. By the table of the progress of Methodism, it appears, if these returns may be depended upon, and we really see no reason to doubt their accuracy, that the members of the Wesleyan connexion in Great Britain in 1800, were only 90,619. Their numbers have, therefore, much more than doubled since the commencement of the present century. Their chapels in this island, were then short of one thousand: they are now almost three. Something must be allowed in this scale for the increase in the whole population of the united kingdom; but it is obvious, that the growth of Methodism has far outstripped in proportion, the growth of population. The Wesleyans have added forty thousand persons to their communion in the last six years. In the whole world, their numbers have more than tripled since the beginning of this century. In Great Britain, they already form a sixteenth part of the whole population; and the Calvinistic Methodists are said to compose about an equal number. Amidst this rapid, and, for the established church, most alarming increase of Methodism in this island, it is remarkable, that in Ireland, the numbers of the society have been as rapidly decreasing. In the ten years from the beginning of the century, to 1810, they had *increased* by one third: in the sixteen years, from 1810, to the returns before us, they have fallen again one fourth. They are now little more numerous than in 1800, and amount only to 22,514 members. Ireland indeed has a Wesleyan Conference of its own, but as it should seem (vol. i. p. 103), subordinate to that of Great Britain, which elects a preacher of its own body to preside in the Irish assembly.

Finally, in the tables before us, the whole number of persons in the Wesleyan connexion throughout the world, is stated to amount, on what authority is not particularised, to 627,663. In America, indeed, the Conference and people of Wesleyan Methodism acknowledge no subordination to the parent society: but it appears, by the Minutes of the British Conference of 1820, (vol. i., pp. 114, 115), that the Conference of the American 'Episcopal Methodist Church' had in that year accredited a representative to their body; a compliment or signal of fellowship which the senate of the British Wesleyans received with 'high satisfaction,' and resolved to return, as an 'opportunity of recognising that great principle which, they hope, will be permanently maintained,—that the Wesleyan Methodists are one body, in every part of the world!'

ART. II. *The Romance of History.—England.* By Henry Neele. 3 vols. 12mo. London: Edward Bull. 1827.

IT is not very easy to understand the principle upon which these volumes have been composed. If we should receive for an earnest of his purpose, the motto which Mr. Neele has emblazoned on his title-page—that "Truth is strange, stranger than Fiction"—we might expect to find his work a selection of the romantic, but veracious episodes of English history. And lest the object of this motto should be doubtful, its promise is strengthened by the formal assertion of his preface:

> 'The following tales are all founded upon facts in English history. The aid of fiction has, indeed, been made use of, but no important historical event has been falsified: and where the author has wandered farthest from strict fact, he has yet endeavoured to be true to the spirit and manners of the age in which the scene is laid. It will also be found, that the most marvellous and improbable of the events narrated in these volumes, are by no means the least authentic. "Le vrai," says a French author, "n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable."'—p. vii.

After so serious a declaration, which is rounded with the diffident hope that 'this work may lead to a more general perusal of English history,' it is not a little curious to observe the materials out of which many of the tales are concocted. Thus, for one example, in the story of the 'Three Palmers,' of which Cœur de Lion is the hero, the astounding marvels of the metrical romance of that name are gravely repeated. Richard, the captive of the Emperor of Germany, is invited to a trial of strength by that monarch's son, Arthur of Austria, as, by the way, he is called, though the veriest school boy is aware, that the Swabian, and not the Austrian dynasty then possessed the imperial throne. But this anachronism is a trifle:

'On the day appointed, the emperor and empress, the princess Margaretta, and the principal persons about the court, assembled in the great hall of the castle of Hagenau, for the purpose of witnessing this trial of strength. The dark eyes of Margaretta glistened with wonder and delight as the King of England, of whom she had heard so much, but had never yet seen, strode into the hall. His gigantic form, his sinewy limbs, and the haughty, undaunted expression of his features, filled her with apprehensions on her brother's account; and yet there was something in her heart which would not allow her to wish that the latter might be successful. The prince seemed to entertain no fear for the result: in outward appearance, the combatants seemed pretty nearly matched: the prince was as tall and muscular as the king; he had sustained the assault of many a celebrated warrior, and had as yet withstood the blows of the mightiest unmoved. They were neither of them armed, but were clad in silken tunics, and wore Oriental turbans on their heads.

'"Richard of England," said Arthur, "if thou wouldest forbear this trial thou mayest, but acknowledge that thou darest not compete with me, and give me that jewel in thy bonnet in token of that acknowledgment."

'"Arthur of Austria," said Richard, "I came not here to prate, and if the emperor has only exhibited his prisoner this day, that he may listen to the vain vauntings of his son, the sooner he consigns him back to his dungeon the better. I am ready, prince, to bear thy blow; but I lack both wit and spirit to listen or reply to thy tauntings."

'"Forbear, forbear, Arthur," said the princess, "and provoke not this rash quarrel farther; acknowledge the King of England's superior prowess. Surely an unknown knight like thee, may, without discrediting thyself, make such an acknowledgment to the most renowned warrior in Christendom."

'"Peace, idle girl," said the prince. "And now King Richard, look to thyself. Stand firm, or the fame of thy prowess is eclipsed for ever."

'Thus saying, he raised his arm, clenched his hand, which seemed massy and ponderous as iron, and aimed a blow at Richard's head, which those who beheld it, accompanied with a shriek of horror and dismay. The king, however, received it with his arms folded, his eyes wandering carelessly round the hall, and unshaken as the trunk of the oak by the gentle breeze of summer. The shriek was instantly changed into an expression of admiration and wonder.

'"Did the prince strike me?" said Richard, turning round to his opponent. "Give me your hand, young Sir; now, fare you well, and may you be more successful in the future trials of your strength."

'"Nay, nay, Sir King," said the prince, detaining him; "this semblance of courtesy suits me not. The proud barons of England must not say that their king disdained to try his strength on the Almain prince. Here stand I ready to receive thy blow. Thou wilt not! Then here do I proclaim thee a coward, and no true knight. Thy strength consists in resistance, and not in assault. Thou art fearful to try thy arm on me, because thou knowest that thy blow will not produce an effect, even equal to that which I have bestowed upon thee."

'The king turned shortly round upon the prince. There was an expression of determination, but not of violent effort, in his features. He, in his turn, clenched his hand, raised his arm, and darting his blow with the velocity of lightning at the prince, the latter fell lifeless to the ground.

'"He's slain! he's slain!" shrieked the empress; "the cold-hearted Englishman has murdered my boy!"

'All present instantly crowded round the corpse, and every effort was used, but unsuccessfully, to restore to it animation. "It is in vain—it is in vain!" said the emperor, "Oh heaven!" he added, clasping his hands, "he was my only son, my only hope." The empress gazed on the body sternly and silently. Then turning to her husband, "It is the finger of Heaven," she said; "thy wickedness and violence in detaining this king thy prisoner, have drawn down the wrath of God upon us. Release him and let him go, lest a worse evil befall us."

'"Now, by our lady," said the emperor; "rather will I let him reve the life from me, as well as from my son. Away with him! Sink him in the deepest and most loathsome dungeon in the castle: and load those proud limbs with fetters, till their cruel and unnatural strength be reduced to infantile weakness."'—vol. i., pp. 176—9.

Richard, however, nothing daunted, proceeds to sing a song of love in his dungeon, when he is surprised by a visit from the princess Margaretta, who comes to confess her passion for him, and to aid his escape. The plot is discovered; the guards burst into the dungeon; and, in the scuffle which ensues, the princess, throwing herself between Richard and his enemies, receives her death wound.

'"Her heart is pierced! she's dead---she's dead!" shrieked the empress: "woe to our house, woe worth the hour in which violent hands were laid upon the sacred person of a Christian king: woe to me; my son---my daughter—where are ye?"

'The emperor stood for a moment mute, and still as a statue. The red flush of anger which had inflamed his features, was succeeded by a livid paleness; and the fierce rolling of his eye, seemed to be giving place to the glassy glare of mortality. At length, his brow grew black as night, and his lip quivered with a malignant smile, as he asked, in a low and stifled voice:

'"Is not the den of my Numidian lion situated opposite the dungeon of the prisoner?"

'"It is, my liege," answered an attendant; "the doors face each other, and are separated only by this narrow corridor."

'"Thrust back the traitor to his cell then," said the emperor, "and let loose the beast upon him. That princely brute shall be my avenger."

'The empress caught her husband's arm, and gazed with a look of deprecation in his face. The stern, inflexible expression there, seemed to freeze her with silence, and she sunk to the earth. In the meantime, the attendants prepared to force king Richard back to his dungeon; but folding his arms, and with a smile of mingled triumph and contempt on his features, he spared them the effort, by walking tranquilly thither. The door of the lion's den was then immediately unbarred, and the furious animal sprang to the entrance. The glare of the torches arrested his progress for a moment, and as he rolled his red eye around upon them, the spectators had an opportunity of observing his dimensions. He was above eight feet in length, and near five feet and a half in heighth. His long shaggy mane extended from the top of the head to below the shoulders,and hung down to the knees. His feet were armed with claws, which seemed to be near two inches long; and while his right fore foot was advanced, he lashed the earth with his tail, and gazed intently into the opposite cell in which his destined victim awaited his attack. An instant afterwards he uttered a dreadful roar, and sprang towards Richard. He attempted to spring upon him from above; but the king, with his clenched hand, smote him so violent a blow on the breast, that he reeled back in a breathless state, while volumes of smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils. A murmur of approbation and applause, which was gathering from the assembled spectators, was instantly hushed, on beholding the still stern features of the emperor. Again did the animal spring upon King Richard, and again did the latter, with the same Herculean strength, repel the attack. The animal now stood at the door of his den, as if willing, yet fearful to renew the assault; he stamped violently with his feet, beat his sides with his tail, erected the hair of his head and mane, and, opening wide his mouth, displayed his angry teeth, and again set up a tremendous roar. The emperor and his attendants shrunk back appalled; but what was their astonishment at seeing the king, in his turn, become the assailant, and, rushing from his cell, dart upon the incensed animal, and thrust his arm down his throat. For a moment the lion struggled with his audacious assailant, roared and plunged, and seemed to shake even the strong foundations of the castle with his struggles. Then the death-rattle was heard in his throat; his limbs, after quivering for an instant, were stretched, rigid and motionless, on the ground, and Richard, drawing forth his arm, displayed the heart of the ferocious animal in his grasp.

'"God save King Richard!" burst from the lips of every one present. "The right hand of God is stretched over the soldiers of the Cross. The powers of Heaven fight in the cause of Heaven's chosen servants." Such were the exclamations which rang in the ears of the undaunted monarch, while the beaming eyes and agitated feelings of the spectators testified their admiration and astonishment still more strongly. "The will of Heaven be done!" said the emperor, approaching his captive. "I have already paid dear enough, King Richard, for detaining you in my custody, and will not tempt the wrath of Heaven farther."'—pp. 184—7.

Such is the catastrophe of the tale of the 'Three Palmers;' and that this, at least, comes under the head of such truth as is 'strange, stranger than fiction,' must certes be confessed. Hence also we presume it is to be found, as Mr. Neele assures us, that 'the most marvellous and improbable of the events narrated in these volumes, are by no means the least authentic.'

To speak seriously, the attempt which is made to impose these tales upon the world with a character of genuine, though romantic history, is both idle and mischievous. Its obvious intention is to invite purchasers by the lure of utility; it is hoped, forsooth, that the book may 'lead to a more general perusal of English history:' its only real effect must' be, to mislead the ignorant and to confuse the half read. The pertinacity with which the design of thus recommending the work has been pursued, may be gathered from a newspaper paragraph that has just met our eye: one of those precious and gratuitous eulogies, by which some of the publishers of our days have reduced the legitimate business of literary advertisement to a level with the praises of Charles Wright's port and Warren's jet blacking. "This work will be found," says the modest and ingenious paragraph before us, "an exciting and intellectual treat to the novel and romance reader, from the deep and varied interest of its pages, and the rich stores of historical information which it imparts. We here find beyond dispute, that the annals of real events furnish quite as much of the wonderful, and far more of the touching and sublime, than mere imagination has ever been able to produce."

Among these "rich stores of historical information," are to be numbered the "historical summaries" of each reign, from the Norman Conquest to the Restoration; with which Mr. Neele has interleaved his tales: an arrangement, which one of our contemporaries has pronounced to be "excellent;" as it may be, for keeping up the deception of the preface, or assisting the studies of elderly gentlemen, whose education has been unhappily neglected. But we can really only compare such solemn chronological digests, with the sixpenny histories of England which we remember current in the days of our childhood; and for a single proof of the accurate learning displayed in these summaries, we may only just mention the repetition, under the reign of Henry II., of the fable of Fair Rosamond's murder by queen Eleanor, which is here (vol. i., p. 139) placed with due precision under date of the year 1173. One of Mr. Neele's declared objects is, to direct the public taste to the study of 'the invaluable, but neglected productions of the ancient annalists and chroniclers.' If he had himself consulted one of these, who was contemporary with Rosamond Clifford, and who has usually been held for the best informed authority of his age, Mr. Neele might have learnt a different version of the last years and death of the fair penitent. In Roger Honedon (p. 405) the whole story is "extant and written in very choice Latin." Towards the close of her life, Rosamond had withdrawn to the convent of Godstowe, where she sought religious atonement for her offences, and died unmolested. Her royal lover enriched the convent, on her account, and the nuns honoured her with a magnificent tomb in the choir of their church, until a scrupulous bishop, recognising no distinction between the paramour of a king and an humbler sinner, and scandalized at the example, obliged the sisterhood to remove her remains into a less conspicuous place. But we are only repeating what almost every one knows.

It is scarcely worth while to particularize the numerous instances in which, in almost every one of these tales, historical truth has been needlessly violated. But where these mis-statements have nothing to do with the relation of the story, and cannot assist the fiction, they provoke notice as evidences, however trifling in themselves, of the author's general ignorance; and especially in a work that puts forth so much laboured pretension of blending instruction with amusement. Thus, in the tale of Cœur de Lion, Mr. Neele alludes, in his own person as narrator, to the lying legend of the troubadour Blondel's discovery of Richard's place of imprisonment, as the 'well known adventure' of that minstrel. With the same historical gravity, he tells us (vol. i. p. 230), that king John 'at last acquired the surname of Sans Terre or Lackland,' because before his death he had lost his extensive dominions: as if it were not notorious that John received that title long before his accession to the crown, and during his father's life, because he was not, like all his elder brothers, invested with any territorial appanage. In fact, with that fondness for quaint designations which belonged to the middle ages, Sans Terre or Lackland was a common surname for younger sons destitute of fiefs, or whose minority at their father's decease prevented their being enfeoffed with domains, for which they were incapable, as infants, of doing service.

Again, in the tale of the 'Abbot's Plot,' which is assigned to the reign of Henry IV., Mr. Neele informs his readers that, on the coronation of that monarch, 'Edmund Earl of Mortimer,' the rightful heir to the throne, 'saw that the times were not favourable to the prosecution of his claims, and therefore retired to his estates at Wigmore, where he lived a life of seclusion and privacy.' Now, it is scarcely necessary to remind the historical scholar, that this rightful heir to the crown, was not Edmund Earl of *Mortimer*, but Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March; that the said Earl, who is here declared to have 'retired to his estates at Wigmore,' was, at the accession of Henry IV., an infant (his father, Earl *Roger*, had died the same year), only seven years old; and that Henry, having possessed himself of the boy's person before his own coronation, had detained him in Windsor Castle in a kind of honourable durance. All this is to be seen, *passim*, in the eighth volume of Rymer: but the whole story of the jealousy with which Henry IV. kept the young March a captive throughout his reign, and of the fearless generosity with which his heroic son released the Earl immediately after his accession, is to be found in our common historians.

For one more specimen of the manner in which historical facts are perverted in these tales—whether from wantonness or ignorance we know not, but certainly with no imaginable advantage to the narrative—we shall take the 'Legend of Agincourt.' Here we are told that, on the eve of that memorable day, the constable D'Albret, the French leader, offered Henry such terms 'as a king of England, unless positively afflicted with insanity, could not possibly refuse to accept. These were, that the king and his army should be suffered to pass unobstructed into England; that the Duchy of Acquitaine and the whole of the territories which were formerly attached to it, should be ceded to Henry, and that the princess Katherine, the daughter of the king of France, should be given to him in marriage, with a dowry of eight hundred thousand crowns.' These terms, however, we are seriously assured by our author, that Henry 'rejected with indignation and scorn.' But what was the fact? That in answer to an insulting defiance from the constable, and even, as one account says, a summons to surrender, Henry declared only that he should continue his march direct to Calais, and that it would be for his enemies to obstruct his way at their peril; that he should neither seek them, nor slacken nor quicken his pace to shun their encounter; but that he could desire that they had taken such other counsel as might have avoided the shedding the blood of Christian men. Such is the report of Monstrelet (I. 226), and it is confirmed by our English chronicler Elmham. It speaks the calm and dignified resolution of the hero: the version of the tale before us, on the contrary, besides the error into which its foolish and needless falsification would betray the uninformed, would only convert the gallant and politic monarch into a downright madman.

Mr. Neele has made it his boast, that 'no *important* historical event has been falsified' in his volumes: how far the spirit of this declaration has been preserved, may be collected from such inaccuracies as we have pointed out. Two of his tales of latest date, of which the ladies Catherine Gray and Arabella Stuart are the heroines, may afford farther proof of the injudicious labour of the author to misrepresent well-known facts, in themselves of the deepest and most pathetic interest. The authentic story of lady Catherine Gray; of her secret marriage with Seymour, Earl of Hertford; the fury of the queen (Elizabeth) on its discovery, her cruel imprisonment and persecution of the lovers, and the premature death of Catherine, who, worn out with suffering and anguish, breathed her last only a few years after her marriage—must be in the recollection of all our readers. It is exceedingly well told in the second series of Mr. Ellis's Historical Letters, in noticing which some months ago, we copied the account* printed by that gentleman (from a Harleian MSS.), of the death-bed of Catherine Gray: the relation had the simplicity of truth; and a more affecting picture of a broken-heart than was there presented in the catastrophe of that unhappy lady's fortune, it would be impossible to conceive. Will it be believed that, rejecting the touching facts of that narrative, Mr. Neele has had the notable taste to substitute for them the following farrago of extravagance and bombast?

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* See Monthly Review, vol. v., pp. 232—234.

'The queen, acting on the impulse of the moment, commanded one of the guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the Lady Catherine Gray, and ordered the others to follow her, with Sir Edward Warner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy, all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of the queen in her gait and gestures, excepting that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Catherine Gray in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.

'"Seize him—away with him to instant execution!" said the queen.

'The guards gazed for a moment wistfully on each other, and seemed as if they did not understand the command.

'"Seize him! I say," exclaimed the queen. "I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that I may be assured that he is in your custody, and led away to the death that he has taken so much pains to merit."

'The guards immediately surrounded the earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the lady Catherine throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth, and seize the skirt of her robe.

'"Have pity, gracious queen!" she cried, "have pity!"

'"Away, minion!" said the queen; "he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed."

'"Not yet, great queen, not yet!" said Catherine, still grasping Elizabeth's robe. "Can naught save him?"

'"Naught, save my death," said the queen; and then she added in an under tone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, "or perchance thine."

'Catherine's ear caught the last part of the queen's sentence, and with the quickness of lightning, she exclaimed, "Thy death or mine, O queen! then thus," she added, plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands bound behind him, a dagger, and brandishing it aloft," thus may his life be spared!"

'A cry of "Treason! treason!" pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between Catherine and the queen, whose life she seemed to threaten; but ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand, she had buried it in her own bosom.

'"Now, now do I claim thy promise, O queen!" she said, as she sunk to the earth, while the blood poured in torrents from her wound. "Catherine Gray can no longer disturb thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour.'"—vol. iii., p. 244—246.

The story of Lady Arabella Stuart has often been remarked for the coincidence of her fate with that of Catherine Gray; and it is curious, that it was with the grandson of the Lady Gray, William Seymour, that Arabella contracted a marriage, as disastrous in its consequences to her, as the ill-fated union with Lord Hertford had proved to Catherine. The story of Arabella was illustrated by Mr. D'Israeli, in a very interesting manner, in the "Curiosities of Literature:" and its facts are notorious. The jealousy which James I. entertained of her pretensions to the crown, though these were inferior to his own title, had doomed her to a life of celibacy; and her clandestine marriage with Seymour, who was also descended from Henry VII., through his grandmother, increased the alarm of James. He imprisoned them separately; but they both found means to escape from confinement. The same vessel was to have conveyed them together to France; but the fears of the captain, who received Arabella on board, induced him, despite of her entreaties, to quit the river without Seymour. The ship was captured by an English cruizer off the Nore, and Arabella was brought back and consigned to the Tower: but Seymour, meanwhile, in uncertainty of his wife's fate, had succeeded in crossing to Flanders. The unhappy Arabella at first found consolation in the safety of her husband: but her despair at the continuance and severity of her confinement, at length unsettled her reason, and she expired in her prison, the wretched victim of oppression and insanity.

The particulars of this tragedy of real life are sufficiently melancholy: but Mr. Neele, by endeavouring, as usual, to deepen its calamities, has only destroyed its authentic interest. He relates that Seymour and Arabella were on board the same vessel, that he fell in the action with the English cruizer, and that she swooned over his corpse, and that from that moment her reason fled for ever!

'Four long years did that part of the dismal fortress in which she resided, resound with the incoherent ravings of the lovely maniac, and then she sunk into the grave; not without some suspicion being excited of her end having been hastened by the care which her royal cousin took of the quality of her diet.'—p. 279.

The attempt at the fictitious embellishment of so familiar an episode of James's reign as this story, is only ridiculous: but it is difficult to conjecture how Mr. Neele reconciles the concluding insinuation, that James was a poisoner and an assassin, with his assurance that he has not falsified historical events. There is no act of James's life which should ever give probability to the charge of such an atrocity. In the same spirit we are told (p. 205) that 'in the reign of James the First, few on whom the gates of the Tower once closed, ever re-crossed that fatal threshold. This monarch was not so fond as his predecessors of exhibiting his victims on the public scaffold, but the work of death, although more secretly, was not less certainly accomplished than heretofore.' This is really too absurd. That James could shew himself unfeeling, his indefensible conduct to Arabella abundantly proved: but he was neither by temper nor habit a dark and murderous tyrant.

He might merit Sully's contemptuous designation of him as 'the wisest fool in Europe,' but he was nothing worse. At any rate he was no monster of cruelty: he must be remembered as a weak prince, but he is far from deserving altogether the character of a bad man; and we must presume to conclude, with all deference to Mr. Neele, that to liken his imagined deeds in the Tower with the secret horrors perpetrated by a Richard III., or the open butcheries of a Henry VIII., is to give a very false, and therefore to the youthful or ignorant reader, a very censurable impression of his reign.

From the cursory examination into which we have entered of the materials of these volumes, some idea may be gathered of their value. But lest we should be thought in our strictures to have treated Mr. Neele's lucubrations too seriously, we beg it may be observed, that we have so treated them only with reference to their equally serious pretension to illustrate truth, and to yield historical instruction. As avowed tales of fancy, if they had justified but little praise, they would at least have called for no condemnation. But in their present form, these volumes are neither one thing nor the other: neither true history nor acknowledged fiction. As for the plan of the work, we have only a good idea marred in the execution. If Mr. Neele, indeed, had selected for his purpose some of the most romantic episodes in our genuine history, and had told them in animated diction, without injury to the fidelity of his narrative, he might have presented us with a harmless and pleasing book to put into the hands of young persons. At the same time, to confess the truth, we very much doubt the sound judgment or positive efficacy of any mere contrivance of this kind, for cheating beginners into a taste for historical reading, by exciting their minds with highly wrought scenes. After so stimulating a preparative, the more serious business of history can possibly appear no otherwise than heavy and dull. Or if, instead of aspiring at all to genuine historical narration, our author had been contented to offer his tales simply as imaginative sketches, illustrative of the state of society at different epochs of English history, and if he had known how to adorn his avowed fictions with the lively and picturesque colouring of contemporary manners, costume, and colloquial expression, he might have produced a series of historical romances of the highest order. But neither has he done this. He has 'endeavoured to be true to the spirit and manners of each age:' and certain it is that he has here shewn just sufficient knowledge to guard him from the commission of any outrageous anachronism in his delineations. But he has escaped this danger, only by the prudence with which he has avoided giving the peculiar impress of *any* age to his tales. They deal only in generalities; and, as chronological pictures of manners, they are as vapid, tame, and spiritless as can be conceived. Some unlucky person among Mr. Neele's panegyrists has proclaimed that his tales are composed upon the plan of Sir Walter Scott's novels. A more distressing comparison could not have been suggested by his worst enemy. As historical romances, the excellence of Sir Walter's productions lies in their full, bold, and free delineation of manners, struck off with a vigorous and sweeping pencil. Partial anachronisms may be detected in them, historical errors—inadvertent or wanton as it may be—are frequent enough in their pages: but the first are redeemed by the mass of curious and more accurate knowledge in which they are mingled, and the last are defended or confessed according to the chartered privilege of the great magician's creative vocation. Sir Walter's thousand aberrations from strict archæological fidelity in customs and fashions, are more endurable and attractive than Mr. Neele's cold and abstinent correctness on these points.

Considering Mr. Neele's tales, then, simply as novels of a smaller growth, we shall only remark of them farther, that they are very slightly constructed, and are in general too short and meagre in circumstances to excite or sustain any interest. But it is fair, however, to observe that if sketches of manners and details of action had been more skilfully and abundantly "filled in," (to borrow the pictorial phrase) the outlines of the plots of several of the tales are by no means badly conceived.

ART. III.—*Report addressed to the Marquess Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.* By Elizabeth Fry and John Joseph Gurney, respecting their late Visit to that country. 8vo. pp. 95. London: J. & A. Arch. 1827.

THE members of the Society of Friends are an exceedingly agreeable people to be on terms of neighbourhood with: they set an irresistible example, abroad and at home, of personal neatness: the same punctilious care, that keeps the garment without reproach, preserves the conscience undefiled. They will not let the sun go down upon a farthing that they owe, or, if possible on a farthing which they ought justly to possess. There is no instance of a Quaker being gazetted. In vain to them has the Insolvent Act held out its consolations—and, of all that they have, reluctantly, expended in poor's rates, nothing has returned in the way of relief to any one of their tribe. But it is only when they are mixed up, as a part and parcel of a large population, that the "Friends" may be regarded with unalloyed pleasure. Let them be a majority in any country, and "they make sad work of it." No government ever so well inclined in the beginning, but must run to tyranny by the forbearance of such subjects: they would neither remonstrate nor restrain, nor threaten nor condemn; and if a crisis came, they have a horror of deadly weapons. So that as it is the slave that makes the master, a Quaker nation would inevitably corrupt its rulers in a short time: power might lord it over them as it pleased. It is this passiveness that altogether unfits Quakers every where for the sphere of politics, and makes them on all public matters very uncertain, if not sometimes very mischievous authorities. But they are not, by any means, at all times proof against the influence of prejudice: it is not, we presume, obligatory upon them to inquire very rigidly before they pronounce an opinion: they do not scruple to adopt second-hand impressions. We fear, too, that they are, practically, great respecters of persons: they can be very discreet company in drawing-rooms: they can be very reserved in the presence of excellencies, of mayors, and grave corporators, and no doubt would be the very last persons, where courtesy forbids, to utter unpleasant truths.

Mrs. Fry, we observe, is very much countenanced by persons in authority, of all degrees. Consequently, there is very little to be apprehended by them in the character and conduct of such a corrector of abuse. In the early part of the year that has just closed, she, in company with her brother, Mr. Gurney, and a sister, Miss Fry, proceeded to Ireland, on a religious visit to the Society of Friends in that country; and, whilst there, she proposed to herself a tour of inquiry into the state of its prisons, and institutions for miscellaneous relief. In the undertaking, she not only had the sanction of the lord-lieutenant, but she enjoyed an unlimited use of his name, for the purpose of facilitating her investigations. The example of his excellency, who received Mrs. Fry with great personal attention, had its effect on all the dependants of the local government—the heads of corporations—the clergy of the privileged church, sheriffs, magistrates, gaolers, constables; in short all those who, not belonging to the religion of the great majority of the nation, but being alienated, naturally enough, from it and its professors, do not feel it incumbent on them to correct what may be erroneously thought of the moral and political state of the people. Such were the persons who welcomed Mrs. Fry and her amiable colleagues into every city and town, dividing her time amongst them, and who, if they did not form the organs by which she received her information, had something to do in shaping the conclusions that were to be deduced from it.

When we say that to ascertain the real causes of the calamities of Ireland, to expose them in sincerity, and to claim, at the hands of those competent to render them, the remedies proper for their removal, demand the very boldest spirit of investigation, and an exercise of it protracted and perfectly impartial; it is scarcely necessary to add, that Mrs. Fry's undertaking has proved to be in a great measure a fruitless application of time. She is altogether disqualified for such a masculine effort, by the timidity of her nature, by that habit of patient endurance, that universal preference for the more gentle instruments of correction, inculcated by a religion which we may, respectfully, assert, is at variance with the most approved codes of political reform, in several of their most important ordinances. We submit, likewise, that three months' rapid posting over the highways of Ireland, and an exclusive intercourse with a partial class of its inhabitants, afforded no adequate opportunity for a due examination of the state of that country. Again, entertaining, as Mrs. Fry does, a profound veneration for the government of these islands in general, together with an active sense of gratitude to the Marquess Wellesley in particular, to whom this Report is addressed, it was not to be expected that in her plan of regeneration she would recognise a greater number of facts than would not be absolutely repugnant to the sensitiveness of 'ears polite.'

This Report is divided into three sections—upon the first two of which, as they are occupied with details respecting the management of local institutions, we shall not detain the reader, but proceed to that portion which contains matter of more general interest, connected with the physical and moral state of the Irish people; merely observing by the way, how invariably the genius of the country acts upon whatever happens to come in contact with it, so that even the most neutral bodies cannot fail to be controlled by its whimsical ascendancy. That a grave deliberative cabinet, composed of such spirits as Mrs. Fry and her brother, should have been betrayed into that singular species of hallucination, wherein the imagination takes such an unmerciful advantage of the understanding, and which bears a very suspicious affinity to what in Ireland is called 'a bull,' is a fact that it would be alarming to speculate upon. But so it is. Even *they* were unable to resist the force of the national influence, for here is the genuine Hibernian *imprimatur* on the very front of their Report.

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We were really beginning to surmise, if the recollection of the habitual seriousness and the known simplicity of these worthy personages did not at once dispel the thought, that they were disposed to be rather too pungently ludicrous on that nation of anomalies; and that, under the innocent disguise of a gentle blunder, they meant to insinuate, what, in a great measure, we really believe to be philosophically true, namely, that prisons in Ireland deserve to be classed amongst the institutions which charity has supplied for the *relief* of the population.

Mrs. Fry considers the causes of the evils of Ireland to be various and complicated, difficult to trace, and not ascribable to mere misgovernment. To remove these evils, there is required, according to her opinion, 'not only much wisdom, but a long continued patience and perseverance,' p. 55. No doubt, to the very tender inquirer, who is afraid to see the truth, or to state it when discovered, the origin of the calamities of Ireland must be particularly obscure. But is it not enough to know, that by facilities of geographical position—by convenient harbours—by rivers, climate, and soil, with inhabitants adapted by nature to make the most of these facilities—Ireland, so fitted to be, what Sir W. Temple, in his misjudging philosophy, declared she would one day become, 'one of the richest countries in Europe.' and 'a mighty increase of strength and revenue to the crown of England,'—is it not enough to know, that with a prodigal endowment of the means to accumulate the fruits of external and internal commerce, she should be at this moment one of the most impoverished and degraded countries on the face of the earth: 'where,' says Mrs. Fry, with the habitual moderation of her people, 'it is impossible for any person endowed with the common powers of observation and common feelings of humanity, to travel without being deeply afflicted by the scenes of wretchedness and helpless beggary which perpetually meet the eye' (p. 55)—is it not enough, we repeat, to know that this state of things exists, to satisfy us that misgovernment alone is the real source of the mischief? What other instrument of evil, indeed, but misgovernment, could have been adequate to the consummation of such singular disasters? It is only when we remember what the political administration of Ireland has been from time immemorial—how little it resembled any of the ordinary errors of miscalculating policy in the management of states and empires—that it was in fact a well-digested system of gradual destruction, going on from age to age, acquiring fresh strength in its progress, and finding in successive agents the ingenious, vigilant, well-affected ministers of its spirit; it is only by remembering that a contrivance of singular efficacy was pressing, without interruption, upon the healthy growth of Ireland, that we can account for the complete prostration of every faculty and power with which nature invested her.

Truths like these would not, we presume, sound very courteously from the mouths of those who stand debtors to individuals in authority in Ireland, as well as in England, for personal favours. It is surely in the same spirit of genteel forbearance which makes the cause of the degradation of Ireland so complete a mystery to Mrs. Fry, that she has, in the politest manner, waved all allusion to the delicate topic of the church establishment of that country. And yet, as a mere matter of curiosity, well worthy of a place on the tablets of the most fastidious observer, it surely might be stated, that a full million and a quarter sterling money per annum are assigned as the fair reward for the spiritual care bestowed on three hundred thousand precious beings. Two millions of fertile acres the ransom of three hundred thousand souls! Has Mrs. Fry, we would fain inquire, never stumbled on a tithe proctor in her travels in Ireland? Did she never hear of a Protestant vestry taxing their Catholic neighbours for purely Protestant purposes? Did she never hear that Catholics in that country are compelled to build Protestant churches, and then find turf to warm the edifices in default of a sufficient Protestant congregation? Was it never told to her, that the Catholic peasant, to whom a dry cottage and a bed of straw are articles of rare enjoyment, helps to buy fringes for the Protestant pulpit and gilding for the Protestant dome? Was there no honest voice raised in her hearing against the indignity offered to the Catholic, when he is called on to purchase the *elements* for that very sacrament which his conscience repudiates?*

Far other topics than those befit the persons who have to approach the gates of palaces with an account of their mission, and to utter what shall be heard by courtly ears. But haply, Mrs. Fry may have thought that the subsisting relation between the Catholic population and the established church of Ireland, is unconnected with the sources of that discontent, that alienation between the professors of distinct creeds, which are universal in that country, and that it should very properly be omitted in that catalogue of grievances of which the Irish are wont to complain. But be it the delicacy of the courtier, or the device of the rhetorician, who skilfully evades what she cannot turn to advantage—

> ——— et quæ
> Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit,

the subject, at all events, has found no place in Mrs. Fry's elaborate disquisition on the moral condition of the Irish people.

In many of the suggestions contained in this pamphlet for the relief of the poorer classes from the immediate pressure of distress, we heartily concur. When numbers of unfortunate creatures are on the eve of perishing for want of food, we must not stop to speculate about the causes of their destitution before we proceed to redress it. But when the crisis is passed, are we not bound to do something to provide against its recurrence? Ireland sends from her ports every year, hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of every description of articles that contribute to the support and comfort of life, whilst a majority of the lower classes are without subsistence or clothing. Not a season goes round that does not see whole families starving upon the very soil almost, where the ox and the sheep are fattening, and the harvest ripening, to be transported in due time to distant countries[*]. It is conjectured that half the lands of Ireland capable of being made productive, have not been submitted to cultivation, and yet countless numbers of her able-bodied peasantry are obliged to emigrate, or half subsist at home for want of employment.

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* An Act of Parliament of the last session (7th Geo. IV., c. 43), shews, in a very striking manner, that the legislature is by no means disposed to relax in its efforts to give encouragement to the Church establishment of Ireland. By this act the archbishop or bishop of any diocese may form a district or parish where he pleases in it, and cause a church to be built there at the expense of the inhabitants. The 12th section of this act meets the contingency of the want of a church, in a manner that any where else, except in Ireland, would be accounted singular. "In case it shall happen that there shall not be any church upon any such parish, or part of a parish, &c., then the person duly authorised to give induction, shall and may deliver a *sod* or *turf*, in the name of seisin, and possession of such united and newly erected parish, which is hereby declared to be a good and valid induction to all intents and purposes."

These almost incredible anomalies are the offspring of that fatal system of misrule which gave its impress to every member of the social frame in Ireland—which strangled her manufacturing industry, because of the promise of its infant efforts, which created for the oppression of the agricultural population (and there is scarcely any other description in Ireland), the landed aristocracy, a body compared with whom, as they have existed for a generation, and as they still, we grieve to say, exist, the feudal tyrants in the most irresponsible days of their power were merciful and paternal. We are almost checked in our ardour to promote the success of the government plan of emigration with respect to Ireland, not that we doubt of its efficacy, as a means of relief to the unhappy people who are its objects, but when we know that its execution will be attended with such perfect impunity to the landlords, the authors of their ruin.

In insisting on the culpability of the landlords, are we not favouring Mrs. Fry's theory, that the miseries of Ireland are not to be ascribed to mere mis-government. But who made those landlords what they are? Who gave them an interest—who inspired them with a feeling, at variance with the happiness of the great mass of the people? Who armed them with the power of magistrates, to carry on the details of their domestic warfare—who invested them with the legislative privilege of taxing their county at discretion? Who, in short, formed the landed aristocracy, such as we now behold it in Ireland, but the government? And whilst we unsparingly condemn those who were but the instruments in a gigantic system of oppression, we do not the less reproach the government of Ireland for having created and endowed such agents with power. Where was Mrs. Fry's conservative tenderness for the morals of the lower orders, when the conduct of the Irish agricultural gentry escaped the vengeance of her pen? It has been proved in the face of the country, that they are licentious in their manners; and that, in the very highest of their ranks, examples are held out to the population of an habitual defiance of the law, when its rigours are provoked against them by their own

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[†] "In the town of Kilkee," says Mr. Nimmo, the engineer, in his examination before a committee of the House of Lords, in 1824, p. 131, "in the county of Clare, when I was passing through it, in the time of the distress, in the year 1822, the people were in a group at the side of the pound, receiving meal in the way of charity, and *at the same time, the pound was choke full of cattle ; of course, the milk of those cattle would have been worth something if it could have been obtained.*"

improvidence. We are astonished that, upon these fruitful topics, upon the enormous abuses of the grand jury system, upon the jobbing, the favouritism, the malversations, the perversions of the magisterial office, with which the Irish landlords stand accused, Mrs. Fry has observed the strictest silence. Above all we lament that she had not leisure to be initiated into the knowledge of that system of domestic tyranny, the most complete that ever existed, whereby the wretched tenant may be said to hold his life almost by the sufferance of his landlord. The latter lets out his land at what rent he chooses to fix, and upon any sort of tenure he pleases. The rent is always too great for the tenant to pay, and this, his perpetual inability, leaves in the landlord's hands a perpetual power over him; of the manner of exercising which we have a tolerably fair sample, in the evidence already referred to, of Mr. Nimmo, the engineer.

> "If I want a parcel of people to work for me at eightpence a-day, and they insist on being paid tenpence, I complain to the landlord that the people are demanding exorbitant wages, and that we cannot go on. We will not pay them those wages. The landlord, whose interest it is to have the work go on, in order that money may be paid to his tenantry, for the purpose of paying his rent, again sends instant notice, that unless they go to the work on the road at eightpence a day, all their cattle will be driven to the pound."—*Report of House of Lords,* 1824, p. 131.

As a counterpart to this picture, we cannot do better than furnish a specimen of the manner in which that other instrument of oppression, uncertainty of tenure, is occasionally put in force by the landlords. The case is quoted by Mrs. Fry from a pamphlet published in Dublin, in 1825:

> "'In many instances it has occurred, that a set of tenants have taken uncultivated poor ground, at the foot of a mountain, at a few shillings an acre rent, but without leases, being either deceived by promises, or unable to pay for the leases when taking the land: after a few years, by almost incessant labour, the ground being rendered of some value, these poor people have been forced to leave their farms, and remove higher up on the mountains, to begin again on unimproved ground: and it is no fiction to state, that those who began to cultivate the soil at the foot of a mountain have, by progressive removes, been ultimately placed as near its top as subsistence could be raised, being thus defrauded of the fruits of their early hard labour, and obliged to end their days in want, after spending their lives in toil and pinching penury; having the additional mortification of daily seeing the ground they had, in their youth, brought first into cultivation, occupied by others."'—p. 62.

We cite a second example of this sort of cruelty from the same pamphlet:

> "'About two years ago, Mr. ——, in the county of ——, took possession of a considerable tract of land, under an ejectment for non-payment of rent, and without giving the tenants six months' time to redeem, which, according to law, he was bound to do, actually threw down their houses or

bins, at the commencement of a severe winter, having turned the occu- nts out on the road; and some of them having made a sort of shed-roof gainst part of the walls that were left standing, he sent and had these eds pulled down, and the walls completely levelled, in order to drive the ople quite away, making many families destitute wanderers in that in- ement season.'—p. 32.

And, forsooth, it is out of a peasantry so instigated by profligate ample, so vexed by injury and wrong, steeped in poverty and fliction, that the legislature is to expect firm observers of the w, and the King peaceable and contented subjects! The Irish asant is ferocious; but when he is denied the fair fruits of his wn industry—when right is continually withheld from him—hen those, who are the appointed guardians of his welfare, are med against him, and habitually treat him as belonging to an in- rior rank in the creation—as requiring only an abridged supply of stenance and covering, compared with what is necessary for them- lves, can we hope that the peasant so dealt with, will always resist e impulses of revenge, that principle of "wild justice" implanted the heart of man; and when law and authority will not hear s appeal for redress, shall we presume to hope that he will not ek to right himself by acts of retaliation, cruel and brutal as they o often are in the extreme?

If Mrs. Fry had taken the necessary time to inquire into the al condition of the country—if she had, after witnessing the plorable state of the lower classes, traced the origin of the il to its proper source—if she had satisfied herself, as she sily might, that it is the law that is in fault, which separated e national community by a broad line of distinction, having the ssessors of wealth and property on one side, and the mass of e population on the other; and that hence arose all that hatred, alousy, and hostility, mutually entertained by both parties, hich have proved the source of vexatious oppressions on the e hand, and unexampled distress on the other: if she had been gilant and industrious in the examination of causes, as she candid in the exposition of effects; she would have dwelt far ss extensively than she has done, on the supposed absence of ligious education in Ireland, and on the necessity of adminis- ring it as a panacea for the grievances of the peasantry. And hen Mrs. Fry states, as she truly does, that 'the great propor- on of the offences committed in Ireland are such as arise from e violent, and often sudden impulse of unsubdued passion,' p. 77), we only wonder how the obvious conclusion, deducible om that fact, had not made its impression on her mind, namely, at offences of this character, seldom bespeak a depravity of eart, and least of all, are susceptible of the control of reason nd religious discipline, If it be true that instruction, and the eading of the Scriptures, is deplorably limited amongst the eople of Ireland, how comes it that the proportion of crimes in that country, is far inferior to that which the public records indisputably fix upon the population of England, where it certainly cannot be said that there is any considerable deficiency of moral and religious culture? If we compare also the *nature* of the crimes generally committed in either country, we believe it will be found, that the greater number of that class, which represent a state of deliberate immorality in the population, is not to be set down to the account of Ireland. And as Mrs. Fry has been pleased to provoke this comparison, we will indulge her with a short reference to the condition of her native Norfolk, that peaceful agricultural county which we had absolutely concluded she had by this time raised, by her spiritual exertions, into an example of virtue to the rest of the country. The Rev. Mr. Brereton, a clergyman of intelligence and sanctity, in his examination before a committee of the House of Commons, some two or three years back, gives a frightful picture of the demoralized state of a district in that county. "Out of seventy-seven births," he says, "which took place there, in a given period, no more than *twenty-three were legitimate!*" To the extensive degree of vice indicated in this statement, no one can pretend to say, that the motives which generally stimulate to crime in Ireland, could in the least contribute. Does it not rather tend to shew an absence of that moral and religious sense, which education and a familiarity with the Bible are calculated to convey? God forbid that a word should escape our pen, which could be properly referred to an inadequate conviction of the value of education, or that was at variance with the profoundest reverence for that sacred volume, containing as it does, a code of morality, far surpassing the wisdom and wit of man to devise. All we mean to contend for is, that they grossly abuse the public ear in this country, who hold up the reading of the Scriptures as a specific for national grievances, and a guarantee against the recurrence of popular disorders in Ireland, and who say even, that instruction and the Bible, can have any very great effect in changing the condition of the people for the better, so long as the moral and political system to which they are subject, with its manifold sources of corruption and degradation, continues the same. If Mrs. Fry would wisely apply the sacred volume in Ireland, she must circulate it amongst the members of its landed aristocracy—and if it but soften down their rigorous oppression of the peasantry—if, through its influence they imbibe sufficient charity to make them feel for the sufferings others, if it render them impartial as magistrates, honest as grand jurors, and merely just as landlords, we have no hesitation in saying, that the Bible, even without note or comment, would soon become a very popular book in Ireland. At present, the objection which the Catholic priesthood have to the general diffusion of the sacred volume, appears to us to be one rather of form than of substance. Without undervaluing the useful efficacy of the holy text, they, as we apprehend, would merely obstruct its circulation, either when adversely translated, or when unaccompanied by explanations, which, in their opinion, are necessary to the due understanding of its sense. At all events, whenever we are considering this subject, justice requires of us to remember that the Roman Catholic church alone has not furnished the whole of the opposition of which the Bible societies complain: some of the most eminent divines of the established religion in England and in Ireland, for learning and integrity, are to be found in the ranks of their most violent opponents. It is not then very fair, any more than it is strictly logical, to confound, as Mrs. Fry appears to do, a discouragement on the part of the Catholic clergy of the indiscriminate circulation of the Scriptures, unexplained by note or comment, with a disinclination to diffuse the blessings of moral and religious culture amongst the people. It is, indeed, impossible not to see that Mrs. Fry, in referring to the external state of the Protestant and Catholic divisions of Ireland, seems anxious to insinuate, that the benefits of education are not so highly appreciated in the latter as they are in the former portion of the kingdom. Now there is nothing so calculated to correct a tendency to vague assertion as the testimony of figures. Theirs is the still small voice which is sure to be heard at last above the clamour of declamation. The provinces of Ulster and Munster are very fair subjects of comparison, as to the respective means of education which they possess. Ulster may be considered as having a chiefly Protestant or Presbyterian population, whilst that of Munster is still more generally Catholic. Now what are the facilities for education in each? Let us assume that the children between the ages of ten and fifteen are those only who go to school in Ireland. According to the population returns of 1821, the number of children between these ages in Ulster was 248,596. In the table of schools and scholars returned to the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry, in the year 1824, and printed in the appendix to their ninth Report, we find that the number of scholars of every description at school in that year, in Ulster, was 141,882; so that, according to this calculation, there must have remained 107,074 children, in that province, between the ages of ten and fifteen, unprovided with the blessings of education. Let us apply the same process to Munster. In that province, the number of the above description of children in 1821, was 235,256; the number of scholars in 1824, was 191,093, leaving only 44,163 children, between the ages of ten and fifteen, without moral culture. But this is not all. We find from the last mentioned document, that the number of scholars provided with education by societies and parliamentary grants, was in 1824, in Ulster, 46,436; whereas, those so favoured in Munster, did not exceed 17,129, shewing that the vast majority of scholars in Catholic Munster, are maintained at the expense of the unencouraged inhabitants. Authenticated facts like these, must necessarily have their influence in a country, where the most extraordinary experiments are attempted for the purpose of disguising the real state of Ireland*.

There are some passages in this little work, of fearless testimony and sound political philosophy, which make us lament, that Mrs. Fry should have been obstructed by any accident or circumstance from ascertaining and exposing the truth in Ireland. She attests the vast diffusion of practical religious principle amongst the middle classes of society, the members of which she describes as being ever ready to promote any scheme of philanthropy, where their assistance could be of use. The Irish, she represents, as abounding in gratitude, and in no common degree alive to a sense of wrong; and that when injured and deprived of their just rights, they have both the acuteness to discern it, and the heart to feel it. 'There never was a people,' she says, 'in the management of whom a perfect equity and impartiality was more evidently requisite, than the people of Ireland; and it is in the highest degree desirable, that *every class* of the king's subjects in that country should, so far as is consistent with the safety of the state, be allowed the exercise of the same civil rights.'—p. 82. Until, indeed, a real equality of civil and religious freedom be established in Ireland—until the law shall be taught to forget the difference of creeds, all the provisions of the legislature, all the speculations of statesmen for the relief of Ireland, will prove but the nostrums of empirics, merely assuaging present symptoms, without diminishing the force and danger of the disease.

ART. IV.—*De la Sicile et de ses rapports avec l' Angleterre, à l'epoque de la Constitution de* 1812; *par un Membre des differens Parlemens de Sicile.* 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 320. *5 fr.* Paris: 1827.

THE attempts of a people to ameliorate their political condition, although premature and unsuccessful, are not the less entitled to the jealous record of the historian. Their example may serve as a beacon to guide other nations in their future course; to warn them of the rocks on which their predecessors foundered, and to light them into the haven of useful institutions and civil security. Such appears to be the object of the work before us, on the constitutional history of Sicily, and such is our purpose in reviewing it at the present moment, when the fate of another fair kingdom, and of another constitution (the latter bearing a great and ominous analogy to that whose annihilation is here registered), seems to depend on the caprice of an hour, and to give birth to very general anxiety.

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* In a London morning newspaper, which circulates very generally amongst the higher classes of society, we read the following paragraph, under the date of April 17, 1827:—'It has been found, that the lower Irish *acquire the Hebrew* with much greater facility than they do the English language: and one of the most powerful means which are now using in aid of the reformation in that country, is enabling them to read the Scriptures in that tongue!"—Poor Paddy studying Hebrew! It must be as a diversion from hunger.

Sicily, and its vicissitudes during the latter part of the last war, have been for some years altogether lost sight of; even at the moment of greatest interest to that kingdom, the feeble report of her politics was drowned by the overpowering tumult of nations and empires, struggling for their very existence, against a tremendous military despotism. No writer had till now, attempted to give a correct and detailed account of the important changes, which took place at that time in her condition. The author of the present work, though anonymous for obvious reasons, yet well known in the Parisian literary circles, is a Sicilian of distinction, and a member of the late legislature, cast, like many others, on a foreign land, he has occupied his leisure in framing this faithful narrative of the causes that brought on the reforms of 1812, of the obstacles which the new institutions met with, of their momentary success, their short duration, and their final overthrow in 1816.

There have been in our days so many lamentable instances of constitutions hatched and smothered almost in one breath, so many ill-digested efforts leading to the same lame and impotent conclusion, that a considerable measure of discredit has been cast, among sober-minded people, on the whole of those abortive schemes. An impression has been received abroad, that there was an innate vice in those constitutions, that their principle was too democratical to suit people accustomed to long ages of absolute rule, or rather misrule; that even had the new institutions been left undisturbed by external influence, they would have degenerated into factious anarchy or military despotism. We have no wish to enter into these questions; but we will claim a distinction at least for two of those attempts, which we consider as being entitled to respect from men of all parties; we mean the late constitution of Sicily, and the one still existing in Portugal. Whatever obloquy has been thrown upon the mania, as it has been called, of constitution-making, cannot apply to these two instances: for in both, the constitutions were in fact given to, and not wrested by, the people; they were not the work of a dissatisfied soldiery, not the device of secret associations; they were the grant of princes, the resolve of the high aristocracy of the land; they were graced with the cordial approbation and co-operation of the freest among European nations; they were given under the conviction of saving thereby the country from foreign invasion and internal misery; they proceeded guiltless through their career, amending, rather than destroying; turning a new fair leaf in the great book of mankind, without injuring any class of the community. The constitution of Sicily in particular, appeared remarkably adapted to the genius of the people. It was not a novelty, but rather a modern structure raised on the basis of the old institutions—the ancient parliament of the kingdom rendered more regular and more conformable to the wants of living society.

The work is divided into two parts. After glancing at the half-fabulous, half-heroic times of Sicily, at the Phenician and Greek colonies established on its sunny coast, as the pride of Syracuse, the wealth of Agrigentum, the splendour of Selinus and Egesta, which are attested by remaining monuments; and passing over the seven hundred years of the domination of Rome, during which Sicily was governed by Roman laws, and had its general and municipal *comitia* or assemblies, we find it sharing the calamities of the fall of the empire, a prey to Goths and Vandals, and to the not less baneful tyranny of the Byzantine emperors. About the ninth century, the turbaned hordes of Asia and Africa carried the Koran and the sword to its already desolated shores; but after the first violences of the conquest, the Saracens restored the island to security and peace, and even to prosperity; and Sicily, like Spain, found the yoke of Islam to be one of easy endurance. The natives preserved their religion and laws, by paying a tribute to the conquerors; agriculture and commerce prospered; the Arabs introduced those arts for which they were celebrated, and many plants of great utility.

Thus Sicily remained for two hundred and thirty years under the dominion of the caliphs, rich, quiet, and contented, until the local governors, elated with their wealth and prosperity, undertook, in the eleventh century, to cast off their allegiance to the sultans of Egypt, on whom they depended, and they then quarrelled among themselves for the supreme power. The Greek emperors availed themselves of their dissensions, to endeavour to recover that fine island. But another and a bolder race of men, from the farthest north, was approaching its shores. The Norman adventurers, having settled themselves in southern Italy, attracted by the rumour of war, and invited by the Sicilians themselves, crossed the straits of Messina, and landed in Sicily about the year 1060; having joined the natives, they drove away the Greeks, defeated the Saracens, and Count Roger, their chief, founded the Sicilian monarchy on the feudal principle.

The towns and lands were divided into two classes; two parts were given as *fiefs* to the military chiefs or barons and to the clergy, and the remainder was attached to the crown. Hence arose two jurisdictions; the barons had the administration of justice on their estates, and the crown named judges for its own districts, in which the Roman laws and the customs of the various races, Sicilian, Greek, Saracen, and Norman, that formed the population of the island, were still in force.

We find, in the accounts of the Norman kings, that the parliament, or general *comitia* of Sicily, composed of the barons and prelates of the kingdom, were wont to assemble on the occasion of a new sovereign's accession to the throne. Roger I. was proclaimed by parliament, in 1130, King of Sicily, Duke of Puglia, and Prince of Capua. William II., his grandson, surnamed the Good, was likewise proclaimed by a parliament held at Palermo in 1166. The statutes of this latter prince, were the foundation of the laws and liberties of Sicily. But the authority of parliament, at that remote period, was far from being defined. After the occupation of Sicily by the emperor Henry of Swabia, and the extinction of the Norman line, Frederic, Henry's son, King of Sicily, and afterwards Emperor of Germany, assembled several parliaments, in which he published *capitali*, or laws against the encroachments of the barons; he took from the latter the administration of criminal justice, he introduced a municipal council into every commune, and admitted two *prudhommes*, or notables, for every township, to sit in parliament. Thus the third order of the state, or commons, took their place, in the great assembly of the nation. The celebrated chancellor, Pierre des Vignes, assisted Frederic in the compilation of a new code. At the same time, Frederic caused Sicily to be acknowledged, by the diet held at Frankfort, as a kingdom independent of the empire.

After the defeat and death of his son Manfredi, Charles of Anjou took possession of Sicily; but his tyranny and rapacity, and the license of his delegates and soldiers, soon excited in the Sicilians feelings of the greatest exasperation against the French. The old historian, Malaspina, in speaking of the occurrences of that time, says that they are too shocking for recital. The Sicilian vespers were the result of so much oppression, and the parliament gave the crown to Peter of Aragon, Manfredi's son-in-law. Under the Aragonese dynasty, Sicily recovered its privileges and obtained fresh ones. Frederic, the third king of that race, one of the best sovereigns of Sicily, established the *giurati*, or municipal magistrates, who had the administration of corporate property, the care of the public security, of the weights and measures, and of the public granaries. These jurats were chosen by the councils of their respective communes. In the same manner the representatives to parliament were also elected. These national assemblies grew in independence and importance, under Frederic of Aragon. Having been elected by parliament, in opposition to the will of his own brother, the King of Aragon, he acknowledged ever after that he held the crown as much by the choice of the Sicilians, as by his hereditary right, and he promised that he would not declare war nor make peace without the consent of that body. Faithful to his word, he assembled it on every important occasion, and always opened it himself by a speech, according to the custom of the Aragonese cortes. He strictly forbade the barons to interfere in the communal elections, or to fill municipal offices. He limited the taxes which they levied on their vassals, and he authorised the sale of the fiefs, under certain restrictions. The reign of Frederic was the most brilliant epoch of the history of Sicily. Attacked by the pope, the Angevins, and by James, King of Aragon, the country stood true to its sovereign, and triumphed over its enemies. The war was supported by voluntary contributions, and the Sicilian ships were seen bearing the standard of the various districts which had equipped them.

After Frederic's death, the barons became again turbulent, until Martin of Aragon having ascended the throne, assembled a parliament in 1396, and enforced all the regulations of his predecessor. A militia was formed, independently of the feudal service; the commons were declared eligible to offices in the king's household, and to sit in the royal council; and, lastly, the parliament proclaimed that the commons had a right to resist the violation of any *capitolo*, or decree, previously sanctioned. Alphonso of Aragon, who was also King of Naples, respected the institutions of Sicily; he fixed the juridical system, and promulgated a code of laws digested out of the ancient statutes. His successor, John, King of Aragon, was the first to violate the independence of Sicily, by causing the general cortes of Aragon to declare the crown of Sicily as *inseparably united* to that of the former kingdom.

From this epoch, Sicily was governed by viceroys from Spain, until the early part of last century, when Charles III. was raised to the throne of Naples, and the Sicilian crown was joined to that of the latter kingdom. Neapolitan viceroys succeeded the Spanish in the government of Sicily. These officers were appointed in general for three years, and were assisted by a council called *sacred*, formed of the principal magistrates of the kingdom. Since the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic, the Sicilian parliaments had begun to meet regularly every three years, by convocation of the viceroy, who opened the assembly in person, and submitted the wants of the state and other objects, for its deliberations. The Sicilian parliament was composed of three *bracci*, or chambers, the ecclesiastical, the military or baronial, and the members elected on the royal domains. The first consisted of sixty-one members, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Palermo. The baronial *braccio* consisted of one hundred and twenty-four members, under the presidency of the first baron of the kingdom. Each baron had as many votes as there were communes in his fiefs. The third chamber reckoned forty-six representatives of the towns not feudal. The three orders held their sittings separately, and communicated with each other by means of messengers. The session was short, it ended by granting subsidies to the crown, under the name, however, of gratuitous gifts, which were raised in the proportion of one-sixth by the ecclesiastical order, and the remainder in halves, between the population of the feudal and that of the crown districts. The vote for subsidies being passed, each order asked some graces of the crown, and the end of the session was accompanied by the grant of abbacies, orders, and offices in the magistracy, to those members who had gained the patronage of government.

But degenerate as the institutions of Sicily had become, under the long misrule of Spanish viceroys, the parliaments still occasionally resisted the encroachments of the crown. The spirit lay dormant, but still existed, and could awake again. Meantime, however, flagrant abuses had crept into the election of magistrates and the administration of justice. Public spirit was nearly extinct; the nobles and the dignitaries of the church sought the sunshine of royal favour. Most of the lands of Sicily belonged to the barons, to the church, or to other corporate bodies. These lands had been originally given in feoffment, others had been acquired and formed into majorats or entails, and this was the case with most proprietors. The consequence was, that the eldest son alone was able to marry and support a family; the others had a small pension for life, and lived miserably; the daughters were often put into convents, where a slender pittance was allowed them. The vast lands of the nobility were let to speculators, for various periods, from three to nine years. These subdivided them, and let them to farmers; and these again often let part of their share to a third and poorer class of cultivators, who generally paid one half of the produce either in kind or in money. No cottages or barns, or sheds of any sort, met the eye on those extensive tracts; the labourers were either obliged to sleep in the open air, or to return to their villages, often at a great distance. The poor farmers, in common harvests, could hardly get enough to pay their rents, and reimburse the advances made to them during the year, to enable them to subsist. Thus, they dragged on a wretched existence, exhibiting the image of misery and famine, in the midst of a soil most luxuriant.

The system of the periodical migration of cattle, from the plains to the mountains and back again, without stabling or shelter being provided for them, obliged the proprietor to have two or three sorts of lands, often in remote parts of the island. The exportation of corn, oil and cattle, was not allowed without a special permission, which was dearly paid for, besides the difficulty of carriage to the sea side, owing to the want of roads, and the necessity of employing mules as the only means of transport.

The civil administration was entrusted to jurats, chosen among the notables by the attorney-general of the kingdom, from out of a list formed by the municipal councils. Their functions lasted two years, and consisted in managing the corporate property, which was very considerable: but, out of this fund, never was any amelioration effected in the roads or public buildings; a great portion of the revenue was consumed by peculators, and the residue, at the end of the year, was either expended in some useless festival or offered to the king as a gratuitous gift. Maritime trade was reduced to nothing; even the coasting trade was rendered almost null, by the continued dread of the Barbary pirates that hovered about those seas, no measures being taken to keep them in subjection.

The island was governed by a confused mixture of Roman and canon law, of Norman, Swabian, and Aragonese statutes, besides local and municipal regulations and customs, often in contradiction with one another. This gave full employment to a host of *compatroni, avvocati, causidici, procuratori, curiali,* and *agenti,* whose head quarters were at Palermo, where the great courts were established. Judges and magistrates in general were appointed for two years; they had no salary, but drew their perquisites from fees paid on the documents which they signed. They, therefore, were ready to grant any warrant, rule, or decision on exparte statements, reserving to themselves the right of retracting it on the complaint of the adverse party. The members of the king's household, the military, the monks, the clergy in general, and most of the people employed under government, were independent of the common courts. Each of these classes had its separate judges. The criminal code was barbarous: the torture was still in practice. The usual infliction was the application of red-hot iron plates to the soles of the feet, and forcing splinters of cane under the nails. The accused were also sent to a frightful sort of subterraneous dungeon, eight or ten feet long, and three or four wide, in which he was obliged absolutely to crawl. Water was constantly oozing through the walls, and such air and light as he enjoyed, were introduced through narrow flues. A little straw formed his couch, and bread and water his food. He was, besides, loaded with chains. As it was forbidden to keep a man more than forty days in these horrible cells, the fiscal advocate, whenever he wanted to elude this law of remaining mercy, used to have the prisoner transferred on the thirty-ninth day to a less loathsome chamber, and then, after two or three days, taken back to his former den. The bastinado was also often administered. The common gaols, especially those in the interior of the kingdom, were truly the abodes of filth and misery. There, men guilty of trifling offences, insolvent debtors, persons merely suspected, were mixed with criminals of the blackest character. There they often remained for years before they could see their judge, before even they were told the nature of the guilt they were accused of; and as long again before their trial was terminated. The accused was never confronted with the prosecutor or witnesses. Sometimes he was informed of the charge against him, only after the procedure was over. Every sort of fraud, intimidation, trickery or cruelty, was used by the magistrates, to wrest from the accused a full and circumstantial acknowledgment of his guilt, and the former gloried in availing themselves of this infamous power.

It was by no means rare to hear of persons obnoxious to, or suspected by, the government, being confined in some of the castles or presidii, by the simple act of the sovereign's will, *de mandato principis,* and much oftener by that of the influential minister.

The other branches of the administration were conducted in a similar spirit. The *guardia urbana,* or local militia, was utterly neglected, and hardly ever exercised. The regular troops consisted of Neapolitan regiments, recruited in the island, mostly from bad characters, or men kidnapped at public houses by recruiters. None but noblemen could hold officers' rank. The high military situations on the staff, were chiefly filled by Neapolitans, or even by foreigners.

There was at Palermo, a commission entrusted with the construction of roads. Funds had been granted to it by various parliaments, but they had always been applied to other purposes. No carriage road existed either across or round the island; the paths leading through abrupt mountains and intersected by rapid torrents, without bridges, afforded but a precarious means of communication during six months of the year, besides being infested by daring banditti.

The University of Catania, which had been founded by King Alphonso of Aragon, and where students took their degrees in the four faculties, had been for some time like all other public institutions, in a state of decay. Elementary instruction was in a deplorable state. Most of the communes were without schools for the poor, and hardly the tenth part of the population of Sicily could read or write. Education, such as it was, was in the hands of the clergy, under the superintendence of a commission, the members of which were named by the king.

The feudal power of the barons had been at various times shorn of most of its attributes by the crown, which lent a willing ear to the complaints of the commission against the nobles. But although the essence of old Norman feudality had vanished, some of its most vexatious privileges remained. The barons still had in their fiefs the *merum* and *mixtum imprium*, the exclusive privilege of the oven and mill, of the sale of provisions, the licensing of inns, and other prerogatives which were appropriately called *angarici*, from *angaria*, i. e. vexation.

The principle of employing strangers in preference to natives, had been strictly followed by the Spanish rulers, since the times of Ferdinand the Catholic, who recommended the continuation of this iniquitous policy in his will to his successor, Charles V. The wealthiest among the Sicilian nobility, deprived of every prospect of honourable ambition, left their country, and repaired to the court, first at Madrid, and afterwards at Naples, and there spent their ample revenues, which went to enrich foreign industry or foreign parasites. The church and the bar, were the only professions open to all, and which gave access to honours and dignities.

Such was the state of Sicily at the end of the last century, when the invasion of the French, provoked by the rash improvidence of the Neapolitan cabinet, obliged King Ferdinand to take refuge in that sea-girt portion of his dominions. The Sicilians were rejoiced to see their king; they expected that his presence would prove beneficial to them. But the court only thought of recovering Naples, and every thing else was sacrificed to that favourite object. Naples was reconquered in 1799, and Sicily was left again to misrule and neglect.

In 1806, Ferdinand took refuge in Sicily a second time, and now apparently without any further hope of recovering his continental kingdom. But instead of endeavouring to foster the resources of that island, from which, with the assistance of Britain, its government could baffle the power of their gigantic enemy, they continued in the same course of neglect of Sicilian interests, and of profligate expenditure. A colony of Neapolitan emigrants had followed the court, whose favours they monopolised; they formed the ministry, filled the superior ranks in the army, and most of the offices of trust and emolument; received pensions, and, in short, lived and throve at the expense of the Sicilians. The indignant dissatisfaction of the latter gave offence: measures of severity were resorted to; a system of *espionage*, imprisonment, and persecution commenced. The French, who were masters of the Neapolitan mainland, availed themselves of the discontent of the Sicilians, in order to hold communication with some of their partisans at Messina. Suspicions of their proceedings having reached government, a commissary was sent from Palermo, to unravel the thread of the conspiracy. This man acted with such dreadful rigour, that the English commander of the auxiliary forces, General Stuart, was obliged to interfere*. Meantime, the disorders of the finances increased, notwithstanding the liberal subsidy granted by Great Britain, and it became necessary to have recourse to parliament for supplies. The assembly was convened at Palermo in 1810. But the court did not find it, as formerly, a ready instrument of its will. A formidable opposition manifested itself in the baronial order, having at its head Prince Belmonte, one of the wealthiest, and the most enlightened noblemen of Sicily. Part of the supplies only was granted, and a great reform was introduced into the mode of raising them. All the landed property in the kingdom, whether ecclesiastical, baronial, or allodial, was taxed five per cent. on the income, and a general registry was ordered to be taken of all the estates in the island.

The court remonstrated, threatened, stormed, but to no effect: it was reduced to expedients to raise money; it laid a register duty on contracts and other public acts, which was evaded in most instances by the subtlety of the people; it put to sale some crown lands, and disposed of others by lottery. But these measures, besides their inefficiency, served to increase the popular clamour.

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* The historian, Botta, gives a dreadful account of the torments which were inflicted upon the suspected, mostly innocent, persons, in order to extract confessions from them. The horrors of Verres' government were renewed, to the dismay of the people of Messina.—*Botta, Storia d'Italia.* Book xxvi.

They gave rise at last, in 1811, to a spirited remonstrance, drawn up by Belmonte, and signed by forty-six of the principal barons resident at Palermo. It represented in respectful though energetic language, that the lately-adopted modes of procuring ways and means were unconstitutional; and it entreated his Majesty, should the necessities of the state require fresh subsidies, to assemble his parliament, as his predecessors had always done, in similar circumstances. This address was presented, in spite of all the obstacles the court threw in its way. The irritation of the latter, and especially of the haughty Queen Caroline, the great supporter of absolute power, was extreme. Belmonte, Villafranca, and three other barons, who had been the promoters and the bearers of the address, were arrested in the middle of the night of the 18th July, 1811, put on board a packet, and carried to the *presidii*, or rocks near the Sicilian coast, there to be separately confined under a strict guard.

On the morrow of this arbitrary act, Lord William Bentinck arrived at Palermo. His ship met the packet on board of which the exiled noblemen were. The disturbed state of Sicily had already attracted the serious attention of England, inasmuch as it endangered the safety of that important island. The instructions of the new British minister were, to enforce upon the court of Sicily the necessity of introducing a new, effectual, and more satisfactory system of government, which, by conciliating the people, and depriving the French partisans of all pretence for agitating the country, might render the connection between Sicily and England useful to the common cause, and repay in some manner the British nation, for the sacrifices in men and money, which she was called upon to make for the defence of her ally. After a long negociation, in which the British minister's firmness and honest sincerity of purpose baffled all the wily arts of the cabinet of Palermo, (the queen remaining inflexible) the indolent and irresolute king adopted, in January, 1812, the half measure, of quitting the direction of affairs under the plea of *ill health*, and naming his son, the hereditary prince, vicar-general of the kingdom.

The first act of the vicar was to recal the exiled barons; the obnoxious decrees of the preceding year were abrogated, the command of the Neapolitan troops was entrusted to Lord William Bentinck, and a new ministry was formed, at the head of which the Prince of Belmonte was placed. An extraordinary parliament was convened, and in the prince's speech to that assembly, (18th July, 1812), he recommended them to undertake the task "of reforming the abuses which might have crept into the state during the lapse of ages, and of enacting wise laws, capable of securing civil liberty and property." And after pointing to the bright example of Great Britain, and to the happy balance of powers in its constitution, his royal highness concluded, by exhorting his faithful Sicilians "to set to work for this important object, without being biassed on one side by too great a wish for rash innovation, or being restrained on the other by an excessive and almost *superstitious attachment* to old institutions, and the customs of our ancestors."

The three *bracci*, or orders, assembled each in a separate hall of the same building, and continued their sittings during the whole of that night. Twelve fundamental articles of a new constitution were agreed upon unanimously. The power of enacting laws and of levying taxes, vested in the parliament, subject, however, to the king's sanction; the independence of the judges and magistrates, the responsibility of ministers, the inviolability of person and property—such were the first bases of that memorable act. But what was still more honourable to the Sicilian aristocracy, was the readiness with which the barons themselves gave up their feudal privileges and emoluments, which formed with many of them the principal part of their revenues. Some families lost by this cession as much as three thousand pounds of yearly income. The clergy, on their side, renounced their separate jurisdiction, and agreed to join the barons in the house of peers.

These preliminaries were sanctioned by the vicar, after his having asked and obtained a special authority from his royal father for the purpose. The promulgation of them was received by all Sicilians with heart-felt satisfaction. The parliament continued their labours, apparently animated with the best feeling. A delicate, and perhaps ill-timed, question, came however to interrupt the harmony of the legislature. This was the proposed abolition of the *fidei-commissi*, and *majorats* or entails. It found the greatest opposition among the barons; Belmonte himself resisted it vehemently. The clergy, however, who, being doomed to celibacy, felt not the same interest in the debate, adopted the measure. The act was then laid before the council of state, previously to its receiving the prince's sanction, and it was rejected. This schism gave fresh hopes to the courtiers, and the other enemies of the new order of things. Several of the most influential barons began to manifest a dislike to the constitutional system; they had made important sacrifices, for which they expected some sort of compensation, instead of which they had been neglected by the new administration. After several intrigues, the parliament was at last dissolved, before it had completed the work of the constitution, or even the new financial arrangements.

A new parliament was assembled in the August of 1813. The anti-constitutional party in the house of peers, had had full time to make proselytes. By the accession of the clergy, they soon obtained the preponderance. In the house of commons there was a sad deficiency of experienced leaders. The absence of Lord W. Bentinck, then with the army in eastern Spain, gave additional courage to the enemies of the constitution.

The minister of finance, Prince Castel Nuovo, expecting to find among those who had some years before shewn themselves partisans of the French revolution, an equal zeal for the support of the new system, had favoured their election to the house of commons. These individuals were chiefly natives of Catania, and belonged to the profession of the law; the only mark they exhibited of their old Gallic republicanism, was a bitter hatred against the English, to whom Sicily, however, owed her actual political existence. Their love of liberty was but love of license, they were impatient of subordination of every kind. Their leader, an advocate, on one occasion, when some regulations were proposed to ensure decorum and fairness of discussion, opposed it, exclaiming, "The house will wear no fetters!" This opposition was joined by the malcontents of all descriptions, some of whom aimed only at the overthrow of the ministry, while others were secret adherents of the old court; which, as circumstances were not favourable to the doctrines of absolutism, endeavoured, by affecting to patronise democratic principles, to throw discredit on the representative principle.

It is a striking fact, that in the several attempts made in the south of Europe to establish a system of rational freedom, the French party, as it is called, has been most fatal to true liberty. The admirers of a profligate school of philosophy cannot be the champions of institutions allied to justice and humanity; their principles are too relaxed, their feelings too selfish, their views too material, to leave them any real warmth of generous and disinterested patriotism. Many of them made excellent instruments in the hands of Buonaparte, and they have been since oscillating between jocobinism and love of military tyranny.

After several changes in the ministry, and many futile discussions in parliament, the dissensions in the latter became so violent, and so personal, that, to avoid further scandal, it was thought necessary to dissolve the assembly, without even its having provided subsidies for the year. Lord William Bentinck had at this time returned from his Spanish campaign: he endeavoured to restore concord; Belmonte and his friends were again placed at the head of affairs, and another parliament called in 1814. The returns for the house of commons were this time very satisfactory. But the opposition in the house of peers proved still too formidable; and it was then that Belmonte, despairing of success, made a false step, which precipitated the ruin of the constitution. He proposed to the council of state to present an address to King Ferdinand, which, complaining of the hostile spirit manifested in the house of peers, urged that the most virulent of its members were individuals who enjoyed the favour and approached the presence of his majesty, and who cloked their opposition to constitutional measures under the plea of their attachment to the throne; it then entreated the king to terminate this scandal, by manifesting his disapprobation of those presumptuous men, adding, 'that if his majesty was not satisfied with the conduct of the government, he should himself resume the direction of affairs, and that the actual ministers and councillors would readily resign their places, rather than remain in the way of the pacification of the state.'—pp. 137—9.

It is inconceivable, observes our author, how Belmonte could have resolved upon such a dangerous measure. Perhaps he was the dupe of some secret intrigue. He was afterwards deeply affected at the consequences, which he had not foreseen; his health and spirits were broken down; and having soon after left Sicily for the continent, in order to plead the cause of his country before the ministers of the allied powers, he died of fatigue and exhaustion, a few days after his arrival at Paris.

Meantime the old court availed itself eagerly of the opening thus unwarily made. The king resumed the reins of government, a ministry was formed among the anti-popular party, and a re-action began to take place. Numerous emigrations of the popular nobles were the consequence.

The king opened parliament in July 1814, with a pompous speech. The members of the house of commons, being mostly obnoxious to government, were loaded with insults, by miscreants placed purposely in their way. The house of peers joined the new ministry, and addressed the king, requesting him to dissolve the house of commons, under the plea of the elections having been influenced by the late administration. This advice was immediately complied with, and a new chamber formed, of more *manageable* materials. It met in the October of the same year, and continued its sittings during seven months, without effecting any thing permanently useful. It frittered away all that precious time in squabbles with the ministers, not for the defence of the liberties of the people, but in the factious assertion of assumed privileges. It neglected to remedy the disorder of the finances, and drew upon itself several severe messages from the crown.

Political events now crowded on each other rapidly. Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and Murat commenced his imprudent campaign against the Austrian power in upper Italy. King Ferdinand, who had in vain asserted his right to the kingdom of Naples at the congress of Vienna, now saw the golden opportunity afforded him by the rashness of his enemy. He determined to approach once more with his troops his former continental dominions. Before leaving Palermo, he proceeded to parliament, and, in an imperious tone, announced his views to that assembly, insisting, at the same time, that the commons should provide the long-delayed ways and means, reminding them, that 'the vote of subsidies was not a spontaneous gift, which they could grant or withhold at pleasure; that it was the first of their duties; a duty, however, which they had not fulfilled for the space of a seven months' session.' 'After this, he allowed them six days to complete their deliberations. Should they still prove refractory, he 'would remember that he was the king and guardian of his people, and would *resume his original rights;* not longer, however, than necessity should require it.'

The house of commons granted all that was demanded, by imposing additional duties, authorising forced loans, and finally, giving up to the crown the county of Mascali, a national property, which had been but a few months before assigned for the improvement of the roads of the kingdom. On the 15th of May, 1815, a royal commissioner dissolved the parliament, and it was convened no more.

The battle of Tolentino decided the fate of Murat; and the Austrian general, Bianchi, took possession of Naples in the name of King Ferdinand. The king re-entered his ancient capital on the 4th of June. About the same time, he appointed a commission of eighteen members, to rectify and complete the work of the Sicilian constitution. In the instructions he gave to the commissioner, he made alterations in some of the fundamental points, and he reserved to himself the initiative, or right of originating the laws. But these instructions, and the commission altogether, were merely as dust thrown into the eyes of the Sicilians, to blind them while the death warrant of their liberties was preparing for execution. In fact, a secret article between the court of Naples and that of Austria, was signed on the 12th of June; by which, as a condition of Ferdinand's restoration to Naples, it was stipulated, that the Neapolitan government should not allow in its dominions any change or institution, not in harmony with the principles by which the Austrian territories in northern Italy were governed. The catastrophe was now approaching rapidly. Several decrees, inconsistent with the acknowledged rights of Sicily, were the forerunners of the final sentence of political annihilation. The army of Sicily was united to that of Naples. The sums voted by the Sicilian parliament were placed at the disposal of the Neapolitan minister. A new oath of allegiance, in which the constitution was not even mentioned, was introduced into Sicily. Arbitrary taxes were levied. The hereditary prince, who had remained as lieutenant-general, quitted the island; and the government was entrusted to a private individual. Arrests took place, especially of the editors of the public journals, whereby the journals themselves became extinct. On the 15th of May, 1816, another decree deprived the Sicilians of their ancient national flag; the Neapolitan colours being substituted in its place, under the plea of a convention with the Barbary powers, which required uniformity among the subjects of the same monarch.

The court had at one time flattered itself, that the last Sicilian parliament might be prevailed upon to vote the abolition of the constitution. But the house of commons, subservient as it was, would not disgrace itself so far. The next step of the Neapolitan government, was, to send emissaries over Sicily, to procure addresses from the municipalities, demanding the abrogation of the constitution. But even this attempt, to the honour, be it said, of the Sicilian people, proved fruitless. The proposal was received with indignation, and the result was quite opposite to the expectations of the court. In fact, many of the municipal councils, on the occasion of the return of the hereditáry prince, in the month of July, whilst addressing him in congratulation on the marriage of his daughter with the Duke of Berry, at the same time requested that he would call together a new parliament, in order to complete the constitution. The city of Termini gave the first example; Noto, Calascibelta, Marsala, Patti, Leonforte, and others followed quickly. Palermo, however, influenced by the court party, kept aloof. The government found itself thus by its own insidious arts, reduced to an embarrassing predicament. As usual, measures of compulsion and rigour were decided upon. Elated now with the possession of Naples, the cabinet ungratefully resolved to annihilate without mercy, the rights of that unfortunate Sicily, which had been their last refuge in the season of distress. There is something so heartless in this conduct of the Neapolitan court and ministers, that we cannot read the account of these transactions, without feelings of strong reprobation. The hereditary prince was, perhaps, the only person really attached to Sicily; but his influence either was withheld as useless, or proved ineffectual.

The advocate Don Cosimo Gallasso, who had solicited one of the addresses, that of the town of Misilmeri, was arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained a twelvemonth. The presidents of the municipal councils, who had voted the addresses, were sent for to Palermo, threatened with imprisonment, and obliged to retract. Domiciliary visits were inflicted on those who were suspected of holding intelligence with the interior of the country. But the liberty of the press had not yet been abolished by the law, and the *Giornalo Patriotico* continued to warn the Sicilians of the critical position of the country. The great criminal court, at the head of which was the Marquess Artali, the same who, some years before, had spread terror in Messina, seized the journal, and the implements of the press, and forbade the printers, under heavy penalties, go on with their work.

The deficit in the finances remained; and the king sent another decree from Naples, in which, complaining of the slow progress of the commission entrusted with the reform of the constitution, (which commission had never assembled, because it well knew that its services were not wanted), and of *an inconceivable coolness* in the public spirit of the municipal councils, which had prevented the completion of the *cadastro*, or registry of the landed property, his majestry ordered the usual taxes to be raised for the following year, without further authority.

At last, on the 8th of December, 1816, appeared the memorable royal *Editto*, by which King Ferdinand notified to his subjects, that the Congress of Vienna had acknowledged him as king of the united *kingdom of the two Sicilies*, a new title, in virtue of which, he styled himself Ferdinand I. He was before called Ferdinand IV., King of Naples and of Sicily. In pursuance of this, Sicily was declared an integral part, or in other words, a province of the new kingdom, and was submitted to the same general uniform plan of administration as Naples. Thus, both the new constitution and the old parliament, were, *de facto*, abolished at once. The only act of the constitution that was preserved, was the abolition of feudal rights, which deprived the barons of all their consequence, and the country of a check, often useful, on the absolute authority of the crown.

Previous, however, to this last stroke of power, the Neapolitan government, actuated by a sense of decency, not unmixed with some apprehensions of the consequences, made communications to the British minister, stating that alterations in the Sicilian constitution were in contemplation, that they had become necessary in consequence of the union of the two kingdoms, and that they were wished for by both parties. They were informed in answer, that the former interference of England, in 1811, had been dictated by necessity, in order to secure the internal tranquillity of Sicily, and its defence against the common enemy; that the English troops having now evacuated that island, in consequence of the general peace, the British government could not interfere in the internal arrangement of an independent state; that it trusted, however, that the new arrangements would be such, as not to curtail the liberties, and injure the happiness, of the Sicilians; and, moreover, the British minister's note stipulated explicitly, that those Sicilians, who had acted in concert with the English authorities during the late vicissitudes, should not be annoyed for their past political conduct.

It was probably owing to this friendly warning, that Sicily was not exposed to any sanguinary reaction, or to any of the horrors which we have witnessed in other countries. But, independently of open persecution, are there no means of annoyance; slow, but sure—noiseless, but effectual—which an absolute government can employ against obnoxious subjects? Our author informs us, that a number of individuals, high and low, attached to constitutional principles, were dismissed from their offices; and we have already seen, that others, even previous to the final abolition of the constitution, had been arrested, or obliged to emigrate. Our author gives the names of several noblemen among the latter.

It were superfluous to discuss now, the question, whether the political condition of the Sicilians was improved or deteriorated by the final change. All the quibbles of the Neapolitan minister* could not obscure for a moment the plain fact, that their liberties, and all their political guarantees, were utterly annihilated. Sicily became a province of an absolute kingdom. The Editto of the king of Naples, which accompanied the decree of the 8th December, 1816, provides, that "all the places and offices, civil and ecclesiastical, in the island of Sicily, should be filled exclusively by Sicilians, conformably to the capitoli of the sovereigns his predecessors." Therefore, this was no fresh boon imparted to the Sicilians. It likewise enacted, that the courts of judicature of Sicily, should continue independent of those of Naples; that one-fourth of the military commissions, diplomatic and household employments, should be reserved for the natives of that island; and, lastly, we find the following remarkable provision: 'The taxation of Sicily shall not exceed the sum of 1,847,687 ounces, as fixed by the parliament of 1813. No further tax shall be imposed without the consent of Parliament.' (p. 255). The last sentence, at the very time that both the new and old parliaments had become extinct, by the incorporation of Sicily with the absolute monarchy of Naples, and in the very decree which enforced that incorporation, was a most barefaced mockery. 'Besides,' exclaims our author, 'where is the authority entrusted with watching that the *maximum* shall not be exceeded? In fact, some duties have been repeatedly levied, and new ones introduced; but of course we are to believe, without exceeding the maximum.'

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* See the Marquess Circello's letter to Sir W. A'Court, appendix, p. 317. It is a curious document: it states, among other things, that King Ferdinand *was obliged himself to give a new organization* to Sicily, seeing that the commission he had appointed, had let eighteen months elapse without doing any thing!!

It is a lamentable reflection, that the ultimate result of the endeavours of the Sicilian people, assisted by their English allies, to improve their condition, should have been the loss of all their political titles and guarantees. Better had Sicily remained with her old parliament, an institution venerable in the eyes of the nation, and respected by all former dynasties and conquerors, Norman, Swabian, Aragonese, Castilian, Austrian and Bourbon.

'This constitution,' says our author, 'of an ancient origin, analogous to that of the English parliament, and coeval with the latter, was undoubtedly imperfect and vicious; it stood in need of reform; yet, such as it was, it still remained a great, an invaluable prerogative. Such as it was, the Sicilian parliament had resisted more than once, the arbitrary encroachments of Spanish viceroys, even as late as 1810; it had asserted boldly its rights, against the exaggerated pretensions of the court; it was the organ that at times, and when the occasion was most urgent, made known to the prince the wishes or the grievances of the people; such as it was, it was at least susceptible of amelioration, as much as any other national assembly. But now there is no longer any chance of improvement; it exists no more, and history, henceforth, will connect the extinction of the parliament of Sicily, with the occupation of that country by the English.'—p. 174.

To these grievous complaints, it is not for us to reply; we can only sincerely regret that there should have been ever a pretence afforded for them. Of all the countries in Europe, Sicily was perhaps the only one where the feeling of the people in general was favourable to our country; notwithstanding the difference of manners and of faith, there was a sympathy for the English among the Sicilians, which we have observed in no other people. With all their faults, with all the corruption entailed upon them by ages of misrule, they are a spirited and highly gifted race, composed of finer elements than their neighbours on the Italian continent; their country, too, is most singularly favoured by nature, valuable from its situation, and its fertility, lovely in its climate, and peculiarly interesting in its ancient history. An enlightened system of government might have raised that beautiful island to a rank among nations, might have made it the gem of the Mediterranean, a bright example to the surrounding communities who inhabit the shores of that classical sea, and thus have begun the work of civilization and social improvement, in the centre of the most magnificent regions of our hemisphere.

ART. V. 1. *The Three Heavenly Witnesses. A Vindication of* 1 John, v. 7, *from the Objections of Griesbach.* By the Right Reverend Benjamin Thomas Burgess, D.D.F.R.S., Bishop of St. David's (now Bishop of Salisbury). Second Editon. 8vo. Rivington. 1823.

2. *A Selection of Tracts and Observations on* 1 John, v. 7. 8vo. Rivington. 1824.

3. *A Letter to the Clergy of the Diocese of St. David's, on a Passage of the Second Symbolum Antiochenum of the Fourth Century, as an Evidence of the Authenticity of* 1 John, v. 7. 8vo. Rivington. 1825.

4. *Adnotationes Millii, Auctæ ex Prolegomenis suis, Wetstenii, Beugelii et Sabaterii, ad* 1 Joan, v. 7. *Una cum duabis Epistolis Richardi Benthleii, et Observationibus Joannis Seldeni C. M. Pfaff, I. F. Budei et C. F. Schnidii de eodem loco: Collectæ et Editæ.* A Thoma Burgess, Episcopo Menevensi. 8vo. 1822.

5. *Three Letters addressed to the Editor of the Quarterly Review, in which is demonstrated the Genuineness of the Verse of the Three Heavenly Witnesses, or* 1 John, c. v., v. 7. Ben. David. 8vo.

6. *A Specimen of an intended Publication, which was to have been entitled, a Vindication of them that have the Rule over us, for their not having cut out the disputed Passage* 1 John, v. 7, 8, *from the authorised Version; being an Examination of the first six pages of Professor Porson's Fourth Letter to Archdeacon Travis, of the MS. used by R. Stephens.* By Francis Huyshe. 8vo. Rivington. 1827.

7. *A Vindication of the Literary Character of the late Professor Porson, from the Animadversions of the Right Reverend Thomas Burgess, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., P.R.S.L. Lord Bishop of Salisbury, in various Publications on* 1 John, v. 7. By Crito Cantabrigiensis. 8vo. Cambridge: Deighton. London: Rivington. 1827.

WE are equally surprised and pleased by the renewal of the controversy, on the authenticity of the verse of the "Three Heavenly

Witnesses,' or 1 John, c. v., v. 7: surprised, because we thought the question had been long set at rest by the excellent disquisitions of Mr. Porson and Bishop Marsh: pleased, because we thought it highly probable, that it would contribute greatly to the increase of our actual store of Biblical learning.

The point in controversy is as follows:

In the received text of the original, the 7th and 8th verses of the 5th chapter of the 1st Epistle of St. John, stand as follows:—

7th. *Οτι τρεῖς ἑισιν οἱ μαρτυρõυντες ἑν τῶ οὑρανῶ ὁ πατὴρ, ὁ λόγος καὶ τὸ ἅγιον πνεῦμα· κὰι οὗτοι οἱ τρεῖς ἓν ἑισιν.*

8th. *Καὶ τρεῖς εἱσιν οἱ μαρτυρõυντες ἑν τῆ γῆ, τὸ πνεῦμα, καὶ τὸ ὕδωρ καὶ τὸ αἱμα: καὶ οἱ τρεῖς εἰς τὸ ἓν εἱσιν.*

In the authentic English version, the two verses are thus rendered:—

7th. *For there are three, that bear record in heaven; the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one.*

8th. *And there are three that bear witness in earth, the spirit, and the water, and the blood: and these three agree in one.*

The point in dispute is, whether the whole of the 7th verse, or, to speak with strict accuracy, whether the words *ἐν τῷ οὐρανῶ, ὁ πατὴρ, ὁ λόγος, καὶ τὸ ἅγιον πνεῦμα· και οὗτοι οἱ τρεῖς ἓν ἑισιν* in the 7th verse, and the words, *καὶ τρεῖς εισιν ὁι μαρτυροῦντες εν τῇ γῇ*, in the 8th verse, are genuine or spurious. If they are genuine, the text will remain in its present state; if they are spurious, the text will stand in the original *ὅτι τρεῖς ἐισιν οἱ μαρτυροῦντες, τὸ πνεῦμα, καὶ τὸ ὕδωρ, καὶ τὸ ἄιμα· καὶ οἱ τρεῖς εἰς τὸ ἓν ἐισιν*;— and in the English,—"*For there are three that bear testimony, the spirit, the water, and the blood, and these three agree in one.*"

The disputes, to which The Verse has given rise, may be divided into three stages;—1st, That, which arose in consequence of the omission of it by Erasmus in the second edition of the New Testament:—2nd, That, which began with the attack upon it by Sandius, in his Nucleus Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ, and his Interpretationes Paradoxæ in Johannem.—3rd, And that which was occasioned by the note in Mr. Gibbon's History, which produced the controversy between Mr. Archdeacon Travis, an advocate of The Verse, and Mr. Porson and Bishop Marsh, its powerful adversaries. It is remarkable that, in the second stage of the controversy, The Verse was supported by Mr. Selden, and attacked by Sir Isaac Newton.

So much has it engaged the attention of the republic of letters, that there is hardly a library in Europe, from the Vatican, to the Bodleian, or from Madrid to Moscow, in which the manuscripts of the Greek Testament have not been examined to ascertain its claim to authenticity. Apparently, the point in dispute is very simple; but it expands itself into a surprising number of topics of historical, theological, and literary inquiry.

The result of these discussions, if we believe the representations given by Bishop Marsh, in his preface to his letters to Mr. Travis, is, as follows:

' Of all the Greek manuscripts of the Catholic epistles now extant, of which more than an hundred have been quoted by name, independently of those which have been quoted in the aggregate, the passage has been discovered in only one: and that single solitary manuscript, is not only at least as modern as the fifteenth century, but has a remarkable reading at 1 John, v. 6, which was manifestly taken from the Vulgate; and, therefore, has neither sufficient antiquity, nor sufficient integrity, to be entitled to a voice, in a question of sacred criticism. To remedy this deficiency, various attempts have been made, to shew that there existed formerly, Greek manuscripts, which contained the passage, though it is rejected in general by those, which are now extant. It is true, that in attempts of this kind, there is little expectation of success: for the Greek fathers not only have never quoted the passage, even in their warmest disputes about the Trinity, which they certainly would have done, if the passage had been known to them, but actually quote the 6th and 8th verses in succession, without the words *εν τῶ οὐρανῶ ὁ Πατὴρ ο Λόγος καὶ τὸ ἅγιον Πνεῦμα και οὗτοι οἱ τρεὶς ἕν εἰσι καὶ τρεῖς ἐισιν οἱ μαρτυρουντες εν τῆ γῆ*. It is certain, therefore, that this passage was not in their Greek manuscripts. Nor was it contained in any of the Greek manuscripts, from which the ancient versions were made, not excepting, even in Latin. It is totally unknown to the MSS. of the old Syriac version: it is wanting in the new Syriac, or Philoxenian version, which was made in the beginning of the sixth century, and collated with Greek MSS. at Alexandria, in the beginning of the seventh: it is wanting also in the Arabic MSS., as well of the version printed in the Polyglots, as of that, which was published by Erpenius: it is wanting in the Ethiopic, the Coptic, and the Sahifdic: it is wanted in the MSS. of the Armenian version, and in those of the Slavonian, or Russian version; and lastly, it is wanting in the most MSS. even of the Latin version. To suppose, therefore, that the passage ever existed in ancient Greek manuscripts, is contrary to the rules of probability founded on actual experience."

We believe Bishop Marsh's statement is accurate: but it has not prevented a new advocate of The Verse from rising, and zealously urging its claims. The first we shall mention, is Mr. Nolan's "Inquiry into the Integrity of the Text of Greek Vulgate." All persons who have attended to the question, are aware that the grand arguments against the authenticity of The Verse, proceed on its total absence from all Greek manuscripts; and the total silence of all the ancient Greek fathers respecting it. Even the warmest advocates of The Verse admit, that these circumstances raise a strong objection to its authenticity. To remove it, Mr. Nolan suggests, that all the manuscripts of the Greek copies, which are known to us, are derived from the Alexandrine Exemplar; that this exemplar was formed and published, under the eye and direction of Eusebius, the celebrated bishop of Cesaræa, by the order of the Emperor Constantine; that Eusebius, in consequence of his Arian prejudices, and to favour the Arian cause, suppressed The Verse in this exemplar; and that, insensibly, this edition superseded all the others, and became the archetype of all the subsequent copies. To this, we reply, that this suggestion is not supported by one positive fact, or even by the slightest presumptive evidence; and that there are strong circumstantial proof and one decisive fact against it.

The only proof asserted in its support by Mr. Nolan, is a passage in the Historian Socrates. It is thus translated by Doctor Cave:—"It seemed good to me," the emperor writes in a letter to Eusebius, "to intimate to your holy wisdom, that you cause fifty copies of the Holy Scriptures, the use of which, you know to be absolutely necessary to the church, to be fairly transcribed on parchment, by antiquaries, accurately dexterous in that art, such as may be easily read and carried up and down for that purpose." Mr. Nolan's version of this passage, is different, and in our opinion, erroneous. According to this, the emperor directs the bishop, to cause translations to be made "of the Sacred Scriptures, whereof, you know," says the emperor, addressing himself to Eusebius, "the preparation and use to be necessary to the doctrine of the church." Admitting—but certainly not allowing—Mr. Nolan's to be the right translation, what does it prove? Surely it does not amount to a direction by the emperor, that Eusebius should tamper with the text; it only imports a direction to Eusebius to select such portions of the sacred text, as he should think most proper for the general perusal of the faithful. The passage, therefore, even in the version given of it by Mr. Nolan, is far from proving, what he wishes it should be thought to prove.

In other respects, a multitude of objections to Mr. Nolan's Hypothesis, immediately present themselves. 1. It certainly was much easier to falsify a text, before than subsequently to the invention of printing; but, even before printing was discovered, was such a suppression of an important verse, in countless copies, possible? The Greek text had been diffused over most parts of the Roman empire: St. Augustine informs us, that the versions of it were almost innumerable. Could Eusebius suppress The Verse in all the copies? or, in so many, as would make The Verse wholly disappear, or render its existence problematical? 2. This too, at a time, when the disputes on the Trinity, were at the highest, and the eyes of every Christian were steadily and earnestly fixed on every thing, by which the arguments for or against the Trinity could be supported or weakened? 3. Add to this, that the Alexandrine, was not the only exemplar—there also were the Western exemplar, or that, which was used in Italy, Africa, and the other parts of the Roman empire, in which the Latin language was spoken:—the Edessen, from which the Syrian and Persian versions were made: and the Byzantine, or Constantinopolitan, which was used in the greatest portion of the European parts of the territory, which afterwards formed the empire of the East.

Surely the influence of Eusebius was not sufficiently powerful to enable him to erase The Verse, from all the copies made from all the exemplars? or to prevent its insertion in them; especially, as many of the territories, in which they were circulated, favoured the Homoousion? 4. We know with what animosity the Arian controversy was conducted at this period; that Eusebius was always considered the champion of Arianism; and that every crime or failing, that could be proved against him, would have been eagerly seized and published. If Eusebius had been guilty of the sacrilege imputed to him by Mr. Nolan, how comes it, that no mention or insinuation of it has reached us? That we find no intimation of it in Athanasius? None in Jerome? We know the searching questions put to Eusebius, at the synod of Tyre, by Potamon, bishop of Salamis, respecting his supposed idolatrous compliances. If at this, or any subsequent time, there existed any suspicion of his having expunged The Verse, would not some zealous defender of the divinity of Christ have noticed it? 5. These circumstances appear to us to afford strong arguments against Mr. Nolan's Hypothesis: we think the following fact is decisive against it. The New-Syriac, or Philoxenian version, does not contain The Verse. Now, this version was compared with the Greek copies at Alexandria, in the beginning of the 7th century; consequently, The Verse was not in these copies. We have dwelt the longer on Mr. Nolan's Hypothesis, because it appears to us the only novelty which has been brought forward during the present stage of the controversy.

Another and truly respectable advocate, The Verse has found in bishop Burgess. While he adorned by his learning and virtues the see of Bangor, from which he was afterwards translated to the see of Salisbury, he published the several works, with his name, which are mentioned in the title of the present article. In these he has argued for the authenticity of The Verse with great learning and zeal.

It is not usual, and in general, it is not proper, for a writer in one review, to take notice of an article in another;—hostilely it should never be done,—

> *Corsaires attaquant Corsaires*
> *Ne font pas leurs affaires.*—REIGNIER.

But, on the present occasion we cannot forbear mentioning with praise, the critiques in the Quarterly Review, for March, 1822, and December, 1825, on the Bishop's Vindication, and his subsequent publications in favour of The Verse. Both these critiques are written in the language of respect and deference; this his Lordship is entitled to receive from all who address him. Whoever is the author of them, they do him honour.

We see little to be pleased with in Mr. Huyshe's "Examination". We think that Crito Cantabrigiensis accurately characterises it, when he says (p. 292), that "Mr. Huyshe has assumed an hypothesis without distinctly describing it; and that the reader is left in a disagreeable state of uncertainty, with regard to the author's meaning. His decisions are accompanied by short unwarrantable reflections upon the living and the dead, often supported by no substantial reason." Here, we must take leave to observe, that the advocates of The Verse have too often confounded the disbelief of its authenticity, with the disbelief of the doctrine, which it is alleged to prove; and argued from the former to the latter. They should recollect, that Erasmus, Luther, La Croze, Simon, and Michaelis, who disbelieved the authenticity of The Verse, believed the doctrine of the Trinity. To their number, we add with pleasure, the learned prelate who now fills the see of Peterborough. Crito Cantabrigiensis (p. 389), informs us, that Mr. Huyshe has transmitted "his Examination," with a printed circular letter, to each of the English bishops. We think their lordships will pass the same judgment upon it, as Crito has done.

The 'Vindication of the literary character of Mr. Porson' by Crito, is excellent: it discovers great learning, and great critical acumen; and while the writer shews an honourable zeal for the defence of Mr. Porson's character, he never exceeds the *moderamen justæ tutelæ*, the moderation of just defence.

We read with great pleasure in his preface, that he has it in contemplation, to favour the public with an "Inquiry into the rise and progress of the text of 'The Heavenly Witnesses,' in the Latin Church." We most earnestly wish that he will carry his intention into effect: he will confer by it, on the republic of letters, particularly on Biblical scholars, a signal obligation. Should he do it, we recommend him to throw the secondary, or collateral, topics of the investigation into notes, or an appendix, as they overwhelm the great points, on which the fate of The Verse really depends, and by which it must ultimately be decided, and which distract the reader's attention from them. We also beg leave to call his notice to two points,—the Confession of the African prelates, and the silence of the ancient writers on the first interpolation of The Verse. In our opinion, the adversaries of The Verse have not as yet sufficiently answered the arguments in favour of its authenticity, furnished by these circumstances.

Crito's work is generally attributed to Doctor Turton, who has lately, *plaudentibus bonis omnibus*, been raised to the chair of Regius Professor of Divinity, at Cambridge. We read, with great pleasure, the tribute of praise to the memory of Doctor Hey, a late Noresian Professor. We agree in all he says of this gentleman's learning, discernment, and never surpassed modesty or moderation. We wish much to see a new edition of his Lectures; we recommend that an ample syllabus of their contents should be prefixed to it, and that it should have a copious index. In some places, annotations would be useful.

If such an edition be determined upon, we hope Crito, of Cambridge, will be its editor.

ART. VI. *Rambles in Madeira and in Portugal, in the early part of 1826; with an Appendix of Details, illustrative of the Health, Climate, Produce, and Civil History of the Island.* 8vo. pp. 380. London: C. & J. Rivington. 1827.

THOSE of our readers who are happily exempt from phthisis, asthma, rheumatism, and the other various diseases, for the cure of which the island of Madeira has long been so celebrated, will possibly think that they could find very little matter in the work before us, deserving of their attention. From such an opinion we are not much disposed to dissent. Madeira has been visited by so many voyagers, described by so many authors, extolled by so many physicians, and painted by so many artists, that one can scarcely conjecture why it should, at this hour of the day, be made the leading subject of a traveller's volume. Nor has the author contrived, by calling to his aid the graces of style, or the warmth of imagination, to impart to his theme any degree of attraction beyond its own native merits. His descriptions of the different scenes of the island, were intended, as he informs us, originally to accompany a pictorial publication, containing views of Madeira, drawn on stone, by several eminent hands. That those descriptions are tolerably accurate, we have had an opportunity of judging, as we have compared several of them with the prints, and found them to correspond. But we must confess that without the assistance of the lithographer, the text would be seldom interesting, save to such as may meditate a residence in that island, or to those who, like ourselves, never feel tired of exploring every valley and mountain of this fair globe, which may present itself to the mind, through the creative medium either of the pencil or the pen.

Dr. Heineken, a physician, who sojourned for some time in Madeira as an invalid, states, as the result of his own experience, that the island is "remarkably healthy." "From most of the diseases," he adds, "peculiar to warm climates, it is exempt, and many of those, which in more northern latitudes, from the frequency of their occurrence, and epidemic or endemic characters, become a scourge, are here either altogether unknown, or but slightly felt." At the same time, he considers it "both useless and deceptive to send the majority of those labouring under confirmed *phthisis pulmonalis*, either to Madeira or elsewhere." The justice of this remark is made fully evident from a paper lately communicated to the Edinburgh Medical Journal, by Dr. Renton, from which it appears, that out of forty-seven cases of confirmed phthisis, forty-four died; of the remaining three no account had been received. To those, however, who are likely to benefit in any degree by a change of climate out of England, Dr. Heineken thinks that Madeira "holds out advantages which are not to be met with, combined, in any other quarter of the globe."

'The temperature of Madeira is more equable (contrasting day with night, and summer with winter) than that of any other place. Our rains are violent, almost tropical; but they are also periodical and circumscribed, and never lingering and teasing. We are entirely free from the piercing keen winds which are met with more or less all over the continent of Europe, and enjoy throughout almost the whole of the summer, although more partially than between the tropics, "the trades," and land and sea breezes, which there prevail. We have no tolerably built edifices, and the streets of Funchal are narrow, steep, and irregular, with white, staring, unseemly houses—but shade, a free current of air, and coolness, are thus promoted, and it boasts the anomaly of a city without smoke or dust, and with all the advantages of a sea-side village.

'On the continent, places of public amusement abound—here there are none—a fortunate circumstance to most invalids. The society is confined and uninteresting, and variety is a charm we know but little of—but is not society (meaning, be it understood, by the term "parties") any thing but desirable to a sick man? The interior of our houses affords about as much comfort as those of French and Italian houses, for this is an article which an Englishman must make, go where he will from home; and I know from experience that it may be made with tolerable ease here. We have no carriages of any description, and our roads are steep and wretched. An invalid can walk only within his own garden, or upon the public walk, if he happen to reside in its immediate vicinity, for there is not another yard of level ground within his reach. These are the great objections to the place as a residence for sick persons, and insuperable objections in some respects they are—but they are partly palliated by a complete freedom from dust, by the facility of taking slow horse exercise, and the absolute prohibition which the circumstances of the place and surface impose upon its ever becoming injudiciously violent, and by the comparatively few days, even in the winter, in which the weather would render a carriage necessary—desirable and convenient it would frequently be.

There are four English boarding-houses in Funchal, the terms of which average from a dollar and half, to two dollars a day for each person, with, of course, separate sleeping rooms, but a sitting and dining room in common; they all have private sitting rooms, I believe, for those who may choose to pay accordingly; but in one only, as far as I am informed, can apartments and meals, distinct from the general establishment, be procured. Single individuals, or families of two to three persons may, at any of these, be very sufficiently accommodated; but if they expect to meet with establishments upon the scale of those at Brighton or Cheltenham they will be deceived. Larger families may procure furnished houses at the rate of about two to four guineas a week; for although only one house is ostensibly set apart with this intention, yet others are always to be met with: *apartments*, either with furniture, or without, cannot be had, and there is no such thing as boarding and lodging with a private family. From the great hospitality of several of the resident English, it is not, however, a very unusual thing for individuals to remain, during the winter, guests in a merchant's house, and there they enjoy most of their country's comforts and conveniences.

'Speaking as an invalid, and at the risk, perhaps, of being thought needlessly inclined to detail, and derogating in some measure from my professional character, I will suggest, that individuals of my own sex, who cannot command such letters of introduction as will insure them a warm reception as inmates during the whole period of their sojourn in some friend's house, had better at once take up their residence in a boarding-house; and that, unless they can bring with them a steady, sober (for it is a land of wine) servant, who has lived with them for years, and is in every respect to be depended upon, they will find such an appendage a very useless burden; for not one English man-servant in ten is worth his salt after a week's residence here. Ladies, unaccompanied by a gentleman, will find an English woman-servant almost indispensable, (they are not to be hired here), and at one of the boarding-houses at least can insure privacy, without the annoyance of house-keeping. A family in a furnished house will be subjected to greater inconvenience and trouble, than any other description of visitors; for they cannot do either entirely with or entirely without, native servants, and few such are to be procured who speak our language, or conform sufficiently to our modes and customs; but by bringing with them a man and woman-servant with the requisite qualifications, and obtaining here as many additional Portugueze as may be necessary, the difficulties will be in some degree surmounted; and if, bearing in mind that they are about to occupy a house furnished after a foreign mode, and in a warm climate, they provide themselves with those *minutiæ* which their habits may suggest, they will in other respects experience comparatively few privations.

'After it has been determined by his medical advisers that a change of climate is necessary and likely to be attended with adequate advantage, that this deserves the preference, and that he can here obtain all which can render a residence in a foreign land, at least, tolerable to an invalid; the remaining question seems to be, to what period of time it ought to be extended. I am decidedly of opinion, that as a *preventive* alone where symptoms of consumption, and especially in a consumptive family, have threatened, it would be well worth the sacrifice to spend a winter or two in Madeira—that in most of the incipient stages of disease, *several* ought to be passed here—that in what goes under the general term of "incipient phthisis" in the profession, nothing short of a residence for some years, (the winters in town, and the summers in the country), can be of any permanent avail—that in the more advanced stages, the sufferer must submit to total expatriation, and that only with the expectation of prolonging life—and that in the still more advanced steps of the malady, he will be as well, or perhaps much better, in his own home and surrounded by his friends.'—*Appendix*, pp. 339—342.

So much for the character of Madeira, as a residence for invalids. As a place of commerce, it is so well known that we need hardly stop to say a word on the subject. The number of English who have counting-houses in Funchal, and splendid mansions in its neighbourhood, is so great, as to render them wholly independent of the Portugueze for society. They are remarkably hospitable to their countrymen who visit the island—so much so, that whenever a British man of war enters the harbour, it is a signal for the principal merchants to desire "open house" to be kept, during the stay of the vessel within their horizon. 'A peculiar feature of Madeira life,' says our author, 'is the number and constant succession of strangers whom we meet here. Besides those that call for wine, most vessels, going south of the line, are glad of any excuse to take this little fairy-land in their way, and the inhabitants are thus favoured with a sight of a great part of the personages, whom official duties may call to the charge of the various departments of our East and West Indian administration.' We shall extract our author's general account of the face of the island.

'It may be shortly described as one mass of mountain, rising to the highest summits in the centre—descending on the north to a range of lofty cliffs which confine the ocean—and to a lower and gentler character of coast on the south; and riven throughout with deep ravines and valleys, which radiate to the sea in all directions.

'The cultivation is confined to the coast, or to the bottoms of some of the valleys; and occupies altogether a very small proportion of the whole surface. Vines form the chief feature; for the corn grown scarcely supplies a two month's consumption to the inhabitants.

'The towns and villages are invariably situated on the sea coast, and commonly at the outlet of a ravine, but where the bottom is fertile and the surface permits, the cabins and quintas are often scattered up a considerable extent of the valley.

'It is in the upper and wilder windings of these ravines that the more striking features of the Madeira landscape are almost exclusively found. The mountains are steep and lofty, but so massed together that they do not, except in two or three instances, present that variety of summit and outline which forms the chief effect of such ranges; and were it otherwise, the narrowness of the island would not allow you to get far enough off to seize them in the proper point of view. The same circumstance rather diminishes the interest of the scenery in another respect. Ascending one of the central heights, the sea is often discovered at no great distance on both sides; we thus see the limits of the wilderness at once; and this map-like survey of it necessarily disturbs that illusion of incessant intricacy and untravelled extent, which we love to encourage in our mountain or forest explorations.

'Nothing of the kind can possibly be finer than the ravines themselves: the blackness and precipice of the cliffs that enclose them, and the dark laurel forests by which they are shadowed, give them a character peculiarly their own, and quite distinguishing from any similar scenes elsewhere. Perhaps the effect is further heightened by the singular transparency of the atmosphere; and the indescribable *blueness* of the vault which we always see overarching the chasm above. With a less prodigal shower of light and colour from the sky there would be the danger of a too great predominance of gloom.

'The other fine circumstance in Madeira scenery is the sea. The whole coast of the island presents a range of cliffs or headlands, varying in its altitude from two hundred feet to nearly two thousand. They are for the most part of a dark, umbered, volcanic aspect; and on the north—where the mountains rise almost immediately from the beach, and the forests are at hand in the full spread of their aboriginal shade—the prospect discloses a succession of cliff and chasm which, in the grandeur of their character, form no unfitting barrier to the magnificent waste of waters that breaks beneath them.'—pp. 144—146.

In point of economy, nothing is to be gained by a residence in Madeira. House rent, meat, &c., are not lower than in England. Wines, of course, may be had at a more reasonable price, and those too, notwithstanding the prejudice which has for some years run against them, of the best description that can be grown in any part of the world. Our author justly praises them for their combined qualities of richness, body and flavour. What can be more delicious than the Malmsey, excelling in its strength, sweetness, and smoothness?—or the light Tinto, with its Hermolen flavour?—or the Bual, of Burgundian descent?—or, above all, the Sercial, 'combining with the ordinary richness and flavour of the Madeira, an ærative and stimulancy, as it were, of spirit, that leaves nothing to be desired?' As these Madeira wines have lately gone rather out of fashion, a change in the public taste of which we wholly disapprove, we are happy to add the following note in defence of them, which we find in the Appendix.

'Nothing can be more unfounded than the common prejudice, that much of the wine imported from Madeira has been originally brought from Teneriffe, or the other Canaries, and afterwards exported as the real produce of the island. The strictest and most effectual measures are taken to preclude the introduction of any foreign wine whatever; insomuch that it is not without some difficulty and going through certain formalities, that permission can be obtained to import that of the mother country itself. Champagne and claret are occasionally seen at the merchants' tables, but the sort of connivance which permits the smuggling (in vessels constantly arriving from Europe), of a few cases of these wines for the luxury of a small class of individuals, of course implies nothing as to the facility for the introduction of any considerable quantity of the growth of a foreign and rival island, with which, moreover, there exists little or no direct intercourse whatever. For the rest, the Madeira merchant need not go to Teneriffe for an inferior article, as the vineyards of the north of his own island would sufficiently supply him in that respect; and there is reason to believe that in the extraordinary demand occasioned by the high prices that prevailed during the late war, an admixture of the north wines was resorted to as the means of meeting it. The deterioration thence arising in the qualities of the wines has probably contributed, in a considerable degree, to the change which has since taken place in the fashion for Madeira. The merchants, sensible of the sort of prejudice which they had to contend against, have of late paid peculiar attention to the improvement of their wines, and the general quality of the produce now exported is probably superior to that of any former period.

'Mr. Barrow estimates the quantity annually exported at 15,000 pipes. The export of last year (1825) was not much less—14,500. This, however, was considerably above that of the years preceding; and the excess is, no doubt, attributable to the encouragement given to exportation, and, perhaps, to speculation, by the reduction of duty. The whole growth of the island varies from to twenty-five to thirty thousand pipes[*].'—pp. 310, 312.

We are happy to find in the author before us, a rare instance of discretion and impartiality, in speaking of the morals, religion, and manners of the inhabitants, both of Madeira and Portugal. He hazards no rash opinions, he utters no vulgar tirade against their collective or individual characters. On the contrary, he judges them in the true spirit of Christian charity and wisdom. He modestly and properly declines hazarding the communication of impressions, which, from being hastily formed, could hardly bear the stamp of correctness, particularly when they refer to matters which require much time for observation. In this respect, he differs widely from the author of "Six Months in the West Indies," who repaid the hospitality of the Portugueze at Madeira, by libelling them in the grossest terms. One story particularly we remember, about a resident in one of the convents, which was wrought up by that gentleman into a romance. The writer now before us, notices the tale, and says that it has no foundation whatever.

In the same manner, after his sojourn in Portugal, he found that Mrs. Baillie misrepresented many things which he had an opportunity of examining with his own eyes, and that she omitted almost every feature that could soften the general character which she has given of that country.

The views[†] to which we have already alluded, exhibit twenty-six scenes, selected with much taste from different parts of the island, by the Rev. Mr. Bulwer. They are admirably drawn on stone, and reflect great credit on the press of Messrs. Englemann.

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[*] 'The following is an abstract of Custom-house returns for the last five years:—

1821 - - - - -	10,115 pipes.
1822 - - - - -	11,143 pipes.
1823 - - - - -	8,129 pipes.
1824 - - - - -	10,979 pipes.
1825 - - - - -	14,432 pipes.

Of the exportation of 1826 I have not the exact return; but it did not much exceed 10,000 pipes.'

[†] Views in the Madeiras, executed on stone, by Messrs. Westall, Nicholson, Harding, Nash, Villeneuve, Gauci, &c., &c., after drawings made from nature. By the Rev. James Bulwer, M.A. F.L.S., &c. &c. Folio. London: C. & J. Rivington; Carpenter & Son; and Engelmann & Co. 1827.

ART. VII. 1. *Les derniers des Beaumanoir.* Par M‘Keratry. 4 vol. 12mo. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Delaunay. 1826.
2. *Frèdéric Styndall, ou la fatale année.* Par M‘Keratry. 5 vol. 12mo. Paris: Delauney. Londres: Treuttel & Wurtz. 1827.

M. KERATRY is of that small class of men, who, born in the midst of revolutions, have passed through all their changes, but continued to preserve the esteem of every party. When he was scarcely twenty, he appeared on the stage of public life, to which he was called by a petition he addressed to the constituent assembly, against the abolition of the law of *droit d'ainesse.* He was the companion of General Moreau in his studies: at a later period he became the particular friend of Bernardin de St. Pierre, of Legouvé, of the Abbè Vauxeles, and of Talma, and he, at present, enjoys the confidence and affection of all whom France reckons amongst the most honourable members of society.

During the reign of terror, M. Keratry was arrested by the cruel Carrier, and saved from death by some college friends. Under the empire, he lived retired at the extremity of Bretagne, cultivating philosophy and letters, and contributing to the happiness of his neighbourhood, whose love for him was veneration. At last, after the restoration, he was called to the chamber of deputies, by the suffrages of his fellow citizens, and there he defended with equal courage and ability, the political rights which were attacked by the agents of the counter revolution.

The charter existed no longer; an anti-national ministry, for a half liberal law of elections, substituted aristocratical elections; the liberty of the press was suspended by it, and the censorship established. After having, from the tribune, repulsed the disastrous laws which had been imposed upon his country, M. Keratry united himself entirely to the party of Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, and Benjamin Constant, and attacked in some powerful pamphlets the iniquitous measures of the oppressors of France. It was then that the works appeared which were entitled, "Historical documents" and "France such as she has been made," in which the author presented a faithful picture of the successive invasions of the aristocracy in every branch of power. But these publications had no better success than the bold address of the constitutional deputies. The ministry triumphed; in vain did Keratry oppose the Spanish war; it was determined on; in vain did he rise with honest indignation against the odious privileges of the gaming tables and the lottery, their privileges were continued: convinced by this, that all his efforts were in vain, in a chamber devoted to absolute power, and sold to the ministry, he scarcely appeared again at the tribune, but became one of the most energetic correspondents of the *Courrier Francais,* and gave the intervals which politics left him, to the cultivation of literature and philosophy.

Before the publication of the romances on our table, Mr. Keratry was advantageously known to the public, by a volume of tales and idyls after the manner of Gesner, and by some morals in prose, among which we remember a very pleasant production in the style of Sterne, remarkable for that mixture of the gay and the serious, which we call humour; and, above all for its moral and philosophical inductions; it is equally distinguished also for the richness of its thoughts, the strength of its style, and the grandeur of its images. We must not forget, either, his treatise on the existence of a God, and on the immortality of the soul, of which the best praise is, that it has added new proofs of the truths on which the edifice of society is established. We cannot resist the temptation of giving our readers the following extract from the last-mentioned work, which seems to us one of the most profoundly intellectual passages in the French language.

'The Divine Being is really the only positive being that merits this denomination. He is independant, and exists independantly, because his existence, and the manner of it, are not accidents. He is a Being alone in his kind: he is the Being of beings. There is not, there cannot be a being independant of Him, because the only positive qualities which he has enabled us to comprehend, have their source in him. The good, the fair, the just, the honest, emanate from Him, and make part of his essence; the bad, the deformed, the unjust, the unfit, are his negations. He is a necessarily existing Being, for without Him the universe would have eternally slept in nothing. This globe, which presents to me a thousand different appearances, the organization of vegetables, the motion of fluids, the various configuration of solids, and the mixture of the one with the other, exhibits the appearance of a fairy-land. Animals traverse it like wandering shadows: man, himself, approaches and hazards a few trembling steps on this theatre of illusions. He here begins a character which he is to continue elsewhere. As I said before, being every where escapes me, and I see nothing but God, who merits the title, because he alone possesses its attributes. I could know nothing without him. The gravitation of solids, the vegetation of plants, the assimilation of the juices in animal bodies, the sensibility which attends the exercise of their organs, the perceptions which they produce in the brain, the relations which result from it, the morality which is connected with it, all these phenomena, I say, confound me, torment and distract me, where He is not; all is developed, explained, and harmonious, from the moment we become sensible of His presence. I say then of Him, and I say it of Him alone, that HE IS.'

As the drama is divided into various species so also is romance. One, like Gil Blas and Tom Jones, has for its object to show us what the men of every country are when placed in particular situations; another, as the New Heloise and Clarissa Harlowe, describes the different appearances of one passion; while a third, as the Exalté of M. Picard, and the Vivian of Miss Edgeworth, always make the events subordinate to the description of character; while the novels of intrigue, like those of Smollet and of Pigault and Lebrunn, subject the characters to the events.

Of these different kinds M. Keratry has preferred that of the Nouvelle Heloise; his 'Dernièrs des Beaumanoir,' of which we shall say only a few words, because it has been published more than two years, and has lost the charm of novelty, is a lofty, bold, and pathetic conception! The principal character, Mr. Dermot, is a man well born, endowed with much energy, and many good qualities, but whose violent and unmanageable passions have led him to the commission of a horrible but almost involuntary crime. Culpable as is Mr. Dermot he interests us, because his crime was not premeditated, was the effect of a sudden excitement, and of an illusion produced by a concourse of singular circumstances, and because, moreover, he expiated it by a long repentance, and the complete sacrifice of his existence. We pity the victims, those three ladies of Helvin, who, all struck by the blow which one had felt, and all experiencing the same sentiments, fell, one after the other, under the weight of the same misery; but we pity them without detesting the author of their calamity; and by the example of Mr. Dermot, we are taught to guard ourselves with severity against yielding to the impulse of violent passion.

Frederic Styndall, the principal character of La Fatale Année, like the hero of the 'Derniers des Beaumanoir,' is also a sort of victim to fatality. A mysterious veil envelopes his existence; young, rich, virtuous, loving, and loved by, the Princess Charlotte, of Oldenbourg, nothing seemed to oppose his happiness, and of this happiness he refuses the possession. It is a sad and afflicting picture. Love is represented in all its moods; but the intervals of happiness and peace are momentary, whilst those of grief and anguish are prolonged without end. It is, if we may be allowed the expression, a long scene of death, which opens with the view of a scaffold, and terminates in suicide; there is something fantastic and inconsistent in the mystery which envelopes Styndall, but there is, also, a magic interest, an inexhaustible train of deep and lively feelings, attached to the extraordinary conduct of this young Englishman.

The scene is laid at Vienna; round Frederic and Charlotte are gathered the principal personages of the Court of Marie Theresa. Among them are seen, the poet Metastasio; the physician, Van Swietan; the maître-de-ballet, Noverre; the learned Samereny-Duval; the Baron Holger; and the antiquary, Winkelmann, who was afterwards assassinated by a wretch whom Frederic and Charlotte had saved from the scaffold, on the first day of their acquaintance. These secondary characters are ably drawn, present some well seized peculiarities, and give a degree of variety to the picture, in which Styndall and Charlotte occupy the principal place. These are, in fact, the two persons who move, who interest, who overcome us. Curiosity is excited without ceasing, by the frightful secret which hangs over the destiny of the hero, and conducts us to the very moment of the catastrophe, through a series of attractive descriptions and engaging details without leaving time for reflection.

There are few heroines of romance more interesting than the princess of Oldenbourg. She is an emblem of grace, beauty, and goodness. Her character offers a strong contrast to the reserve of her lover. She gives her faculties full liberty, she expresses her sentiments as they rise and affect her, and is at all times inspired by talent and affection. How attractive does she appear to us, when, happy in a new and requited love, enchanted with the present, and smiling on the promises of the future, we see her sitting on the bank of the Danube, relating to Frederic the history of her life, and endeavouring to explain to him the different expressions under which love is presented to the women of England, France, and Germany. Soon, however, her form, like her happiness, is seen to fade; but melancholy gives it a sweeter grace; and when she learns that her lover has fled—when she rushes to him, delays his departure, and tears from him the fatal secret which had been hidden in his breast—when afterwards she receives him dying into her palace, and seeks his last adieu—our tenderness, admiration, and pity are raised to the highest point.

> ‘ La princesse s'avança lentement. A la distance de quelques pas, elle quitta le bras de Duval, et le devançant sans rien changer au calme, l'on pourrait dire à la solennité de sa marche, elle arriva près du fanteuil où reposait Sir Styndall. Là, elle s'arrêta un moment, pour contempler ce visage paisible et ce front où respirait encore la douce majesté de la veille, car tout semblait épurée dans cette tête. Ensuite elle s'agenouilla en silence, et prit la main de Frédéric, qu'elle porta à ses lèvres. Celles-ci y restèrent collées pendant quelques secondes. Le baiser donné à la morte fut chaste et plein de respect. La main légèrement soulevée, fut rendue, avec une certaine lenteur, à sa première place. Après s'être acquittée de cet hommage, Charlotte, quittant son attitude inclinée, dans le même silence, chercha le bras de son affligé compagnon, et sortit de la salle basse. Seulement, quand elle en eut franchi le seuil, elle se retourna, et regardant le corps, elle prononça ces paroles: “ Nous venons de voir pur la dernière fois une des êtres qui a le plus honoré notre espèce sur la terre. Moi, qui l'ai connu, je puis vous le dire, à la face du ciel, que, sans doute, il habite presentement!' ”

After the example of J. J. Rosseau, in his nouvelle Heloise, M. Keratry, shewing himself faithful to the honourable cause of morality and religion, has inserted in his romance, some useful and important truths. His work, attractive by its story is, above all, admirable for its discussions on the great question of social order. The frivolous minds that are accustomed to nothing but the languishing songs of newly fledged poets of either sex, will, no doubt, be weary and disgusted with the philosophical dissertations sprinkled through the romance of M. Keratry. We are willing to allow, that distracting the attention as they sometimes do, from the principal persons of the tale, they more than once weaken the interest; but notwithstanding their length, they will please the friends of religious toleration, whose opinions they support; and the philanthropists, who desire abolition of capital punishments; but not those who consider the church as a necessary appendage to the establishment of the state.

The 'Derniers des Beaumanoir' have been translated into English, and enrich the literature of America. Frederic Styndall will be considered as not less worthy of translation into our language. Besides powerful conceptions and pictoresque images, it possesses something peculiar to itself, and a degree of originality, which is too generally wanting in modern compositions. Exposed, indeed, to the examination of a severe critic, this publication would exhibit more than one fault. A contemplator of nature, M. Keratry frequently carries the speculation and the idea which interest him beyond all due bounds; exercised in profound and philosophical pursuits, his pages present a metaphysical tinge, little accordant with the spirit of romance; excited, moreover, by his taste for the fine arts, (to which he has devoted two large works, an eloquent treatise on the arts of imitation, and some delightful letters on the exhibition of the Salon, in 1819,) he shews too great a tendency to occupy himself with this branch of human science, and has given sixty pages of his last work to a definition of beauty, without adding scarcely one new idea to those which had been already published in the Encyclopédique Moderne, to which he is one of the most distinguished contributors.

The style of M. Keratry is always original and rapid, often animated and brilliant, sometimes eloquent and persuasive; to which excellences we must oppose the faults of an affectation of new words, of the use of unnatural metaphors, and even of obscurity in his language and in the construction of his sentences. Would not the Acadamie Française hurl its anathema against such a sentence as this, 'Ce dit, Van Swieten se jetta avec humaeur dans un fanteuil, où il ne desserra les dents, selon sa coûtume, quand il ne s'en allait pas après avoir épanché sa bile.' We could point out many similar errors; we could also say to M. Keratry, that the oath, which he has put more than once into the mouth of Styndall's servant, is never used by a valet in the presence of his master; and that the word 'gentleman,' frequently added to the name of Sir Frederic, sounds as badly to an English ear as the word 'monsieur,' employed by us to signify a Frenchman, does to the ears of our neighbours. But these are slight blemishes, which are lost sight of in the midst of the interesting scenes, the profound discussions, and the brilliant pictures which abound in M. Keratry's two romances.

Art. VIII. 1. *The Keepsake for* 1828. 8vo. pp. 312. 1*l.* 1*s.* London: Hurst, Chance & Co.

2. *Friendship's Offering. A Literary Album, and Christmas and New Year's present, for* 1828. 12mo. pp. 385. 12*s.* London: Smith, Elder & Co.

3. *The Christmas-Box. An Annual Present for Children.* Edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F.S.A. 12mo. pp. 233. London: Ainsworth. 1828.

It is admitted, we believe on all hands, that the art of engraving has seldom produced a more exquisite series of embellishments, than those which adorn 'The Keepsake' for the new year. Between the number of these gems, for most of them deserve the name, and the price of the volume, higher though it be than that of any of the other annuals, there is really no apparent proportion. The portrait of Selina alone, not to mention the seventeen other plates contained in the book, would have been valued a year or two ago at the sum for which itself and the whole of its companions may now be purchased—a fact that can only be accounted for on the supposition that a very large impression of the work has been struck off, and that it is likely to be very soon exhausted.

In external appearance, as well as in the beauty and variety of its engravings, 'The Keepsake,' beyond all question, excels every one of its rivals. It is bound in crimson silk, and being a size larger than the other publications of its class, it appears to great advantage in their presence. Mr. Charles Heath, who has produced most of the plates, and to whom the art in this country is indebted for much of the pre-eminence to which it has attained, is we understand the principal proprietor of the work; and to his taste we are to attribute the unprecedented elegance, both of its general design, and of its admirable execution, so far as its ornamental department is concerned.

The Selina, already mentioned, forms the frontispiece. It is from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Of the other plates we prefer 'Rebecca,' 'The Peasant Girl,' 'The Rivals,' 'The Convent of Chaillot,' 'The Ghost laid,' and 'Virginia,' all of which are finished in the most perfect manner. Hylas is also a charming specimen of art, applied to a classical subject. Though we do not think it necessary to particularize the remaining plates, yet we must say that there is not among them, one that can be considered of an inferior character.

Thus far our praise is justly due to 'The Keepsake,' and it will have been seen that we measure it out with no reluctant hand, as we consider the volume certainly the first of its kind in point of embellishment, that has ever been produced in this or in any other country. But if we do not mistake the prevailing taste of our fair countrywomen, to many of whom this work will no doubt be presented, we think that, after they have feasted their eyes on the engravings, they will look into the written matter for entertainment of a still more engaging and more permanent nature. We can assure them that if they do, they will be extremely disappointed. They will find in it scarcely a single page, either of poetry or prose, which is at all likely to please their taste, still less to instruct their understanding.

We are far from wishing to criticize the literary portion of this, or of any other publication of its kind, with the seriousness which may be required of us on other occasions. It is evident that in such volumes, addressed as they are to the kindly feelings, and to the pleasant and gentle engagements, or rather disengagements, of life, the lighter strain must generally predominate, and that nothing is more becoming in them than a good humoured smile, tempered now and then by a shade of affectionate thought, or even of poetic or romantic enthusiasm. But if they are to be worthy of the intelligent and well educated persons for whom they are intended, something surely they should contain, in the way of dainties for the mind, as well as for the eye. At least, when we find so much care, and talent, and expenditure bestowed on one department of such a work, as we see in the present instance, we deem it not too much to expect that its accessories, particularly those connected with literature, shall be in reasonable keeping with the other splendours of the volume.

This is far from being the case with 'The Keepsake.' The editor (Mr. Ainsworth, we believe), states in his preface, that his 'desire has been, that its pervading characteristic should be an elegant lightness, appropriate to the nature and objects of the work.' One part of his 'desire,' he has certainly accomplished: many of his pages are light—very light, indeed—so much so, that they may be said to contain literally nothing: but as to the 'elegant,' we have searched for it in vain. We have observed in several papers, attempts at wit and pleasantry, but they resolve themselves sometimes into mere abruptness, and often into gross buffoonery. There is nothing like a due proportion of verse, mingled with the prose, and even of that proportion there is not a line that deserves the name of poetry. The following verse is a fair sample of the whole:—

'Matter is musical; and Trees *have* sung—
(Not Orpheus' trees, who merely ran about,
Like standing corn, all ears without a tongue).
Horse-tails engender music—souls, like trout,
By most insidious horse-hair are drawn out.
Death's musical—a great composer grown,
Whose overtures we can't well get without
Incessantly he marks his notes in stone;
And, though no harpsichord he plays, performs in bone.'—p. 77.

The prose papers are (with one exception) all very insipid. One of them, 'The Convent of Chaillot,' should never have found a place in a work of this description. Two or three of them are evidently borrowed from novels in embryo, and are miserable performances. Indeed, with all our respect for Mr. Ainsworth, we must say, that if it had been his object to mar Mr. Heath's enterprise, and to prevent his engravings, and those of his assistants, from producing all the effect which, in themselves, they are calculated to operate, he could not have been more successful. Of course, we impute to him no intention of the kind; on the contrary, we believe that he put forth all his exertions, in order to produce a collection of compositions worthy of the embellishments which they were intended to accompany. But he appears to have been wholly destitute of the literary strength necessary for such an undertaking. He boasts in his preface, that he has been seconded by 'writers of the most approved talents.' We can only say, that we have not been fortunate enough to discover in this work, the least trace of their labours. It affords us no pleasure to speak thus severely, as it may be considered, of the literary demerits of 'The Keepsake;' but independently of those motives of impartial justice by which we are governed, we really think it a pity, that a volume of so much intrinsic beauty should, upon examination, be found to be composed of such contemptible materials.

We have admitted of one exception to this remark, and as the article to which we allude, is evidently the work of a writer thoroughly acquainted with his subject; and as it exhibits within a brief compass, a clever summary of the proceedings at the opera house, during the last season, we shall extract a portion of it.

'Since the beginning of the season we have had four new operas, and four debutants: yet the want of novelties has been complained of. Several revivals and importations have been spoken of,—the Orazzi and Curazzi (in which Pasta sung with such eclât at Paris), the Ginevra di Scozia, the Elizabetta, the Ratto di Proserpina, the Gabriella di Vergy of Caraffa, &c.; and these, it is hoped, are only postponed.

'After Madame Pasta's arrival, in the beginning of May, the *opera buffa* gave way to the *opera seria;* and the characters in which she appeared last year were successively repeated, with the exception of the Desdemona and the Nina, omissions which the admirers of Pasta had reason to regret: of these repetitions the Medea and the Semiramide seem to have been favourites. Her Medea is undoubtedly the grandest piece of acting which has appeared since our Siddons trod the stage in the zenith of her powers. The music, however, is throughout lamentably beneath the supernatural grandeur of the subject. What would the enchanter Mozart have made of the Medea,—he who could throw such a dreamy and mythological splendour into the Zauberflötte?

'The music of the Semiramide, though it strikes at first as deficient in melody, wins upon the ear and imagination by its grand harmonies, and the brilliancy of the concerted pieces. It is a series of thefts from beginning to end, not only from Rossini's former works, but from other composers; yet there is a wide difference between the plagiarisms of mediocrity, and the appropriations and adaptations of a man of genius. We are *impatientés* by the cold, ill-disguised imitations, the passages borrowed and disfigured (we dare not say stolen) in the Maria Stuart and Didone. But Rossini exhibits his " rich thievery" with all the audacity of conscious talent. The *motivo* of one of Mozart's best known melodies runs through the whole of the Semiramide. Every body knows this, and every body who listens is enchanted. Pasta's Semiramide is one of her grandest efforts; and it is not the least instance of her extraordinary genius, that in this and other operas (the Otello, for instance), she can produce such marvellous effect in music composed for a voice and a style the very antipodes of her own—those of Colbrand Rossini.

' Beside these repetitions we have had four new operas (that is to say, new *here*). La Vestale (music by Spontini) was produced at the opening of the theatre in December, and supported principally by Madame Caradori and Curioni. In this opera, and the Schiava de Bagdad (Pacini) Caradori, always delightful, sung enchantingly. With much of graceful modesty she unites such genuine feeling and exquisite taste, that she shines even in Pasta's brilliant orbit. And when these two, whose powers thus deliciously harmonise, act together, the effect is beautiful. The inimitable caressing tenderness of action as well as voice, which Pasta throws into the last scene of the Romeo; the expression of rapturous fondness with which she accompanies the *last* song in the Tancredi, would loose somewhat of their poetry and delicacy, if we had a male and female singer before us.

'The music of Maria Stuart, by Signor Coccia, (produced for Pasta's benefit) is *heavy;* and Pasta's Queen of Scots, with all its excellence of execution, appeared a failure in point of conception: it wanted softness.

' The Didone, by Mercadante, was afterwards got up for the benefit of Madame Toso Puzzi: but the music is without much claim to originality, or brilliancy, or power. It contains, however, some beautiful things, as Didone's first song, and the admirable finale and chorus of the first act,

" Son qual fiume, che gonfio d'umori,"

which rushes along like a torrent of mingled harmony,—the duet, " Ah non lasciar-mi-no," and the superb trio, " Nascesti alle pene." A malicious wit observed, that Madame Puzzi was, on this occasion, a most correct representative of Eneas, showing his apathy in her action, and his falsehood in her notes! The lady did her best, but she evidently had not had time to study her part.

' Among the debutantes, the first that appeared was Mademoiselle Fanny Ayton. The characteristics of her singing and acting were great cleverness and self-complacency. Neither her voice, nor her style, nor her person, appears to be calculated for the Italian Opera. Madame Puzzi sang for the first time in Argia, in Pietro L'Eremita. She has a fine voice, a fine figure, and a fine face. In a room she is very elegant and lady-like, and she is a brilliant and efficient concert singer. She shines in a bravura air, and she fails in a recitative, from the total want of dramatic power and feeling. She appeared to most advantage in Zoriade.

' Madame Brambilla is decidedly the most successful debutante of this season. Her voice is of a species rarely met with in perfection: a contr'alto of infinite richness, and, in the literal meaning of the word, *mellifluous*. She is very young: her face, without being regularly beautiful, is captivating, from its charming expression; and her eyes are splendid. With such a voice, and such a pair of eyes, what may not be done? but the first is not yet matured, and the latter are yet inexperienced in their own power. So much the better!

'Zucchelli was here in April, and left an impression not easily effaced. His voice is a bass (what the Italians call a *basso-cantante*) of marvellous sweetness, purity, and flexibility. He sung admirably in the Gazza Ladra, and in the Turco in Italia.

'To him succeeded Filippo Galli, a name famous in Italy. Galli's voice cannot be compared with that of Zucchelli in the quality of its tone. It has a certain coarseness, not pleasant at first, but he is an accomplished singer. Buffo singing appears to be his forte, though, since his arrival, he has generally sung in serious operas. Assur, in Semiramide, is his chef-d'œuvre in his style. He sung for the last time, in this character, on the 29th of July, and took his leave amid shouts of "Bravo, Galli!"

'The Opera closed the following Saturday (August 4th) with the third performance of the Didone. The season had been unusually protracted, yet the house was full and brilliant, and the audience properly enthusiastic. On this occasion Madame Toso was indisposed and sung feebly. Curioni performed his part with unwonted spirit and power, and in the trio, "Nascesti alle pene," excelled himself. Madame Pasta was called forward at the conclusion of the Opera, and took her leave, for the season, with much feeling and grace, amid a tumult of applause.

'It would seem invidious in these Opera Reminiscences to pass entirely over two admirable performances of French tragedy at the Opera House (the Semiramis and the Merope of Voltaire) for the benefit of Mademoiselle Georges. This lady must have been, some years ago, a beautiful creature, and she still retains considerable dignity and grace while in repose; but movement is fatal to her.

'As an actress, Mademoiselle Georges is a magnificent specimen of a particular school. She declaimed her interminable speeches with great volubility and discretion: she made all her *points* tell, and never lost an opportunity of producing an *effect;* but her performance appeared more a succession of sparkling passages, rapid transitions, and startling contrasts, than one harmonious whole. By assuming, on her first appearance, a character with which Madame Pasta had become almost identified, Mademoiselle Georges provoked a comparison not altogether favourable to herself. In truth, she is generally a little too much occupied with herself, her regal sceptre, her gorgeous drapery: art is not sufficiently hid by art. It is plain, that she might be easily and successfully imitated by a good mimic; for her style is full of those angles and projections, which a mimic quickly seizes. But Pasta's flowing and undulating grace, her antique simplicity and Italian *disinvoltura*, are the desperation of a mimic: she is not one of a species or a school, but sole and individual,—therefore inimitable. She wears neither jewels nor sceptre, and needs them not—"all her acts are queens," and her grand and classical simplicity, her unforced, unobtrusive, and truly regal grace, were, in point of effect, like a Raffaelle or Giorgione compared to one of the French pictures in the Luxembourg, at which the Parisians lift up hands and eyes, and are *extasiés*—as they are, or were, with Mademoiselle Georges.'—pp. 307—312.

As there is nothing in the Keepsake to require further observation, we proceed to the 'Friendship's Offering,' which, without aspiring to be compared in point of embellishment, with the work just noticed, is greatly superior to it in literature. It is edited by Mr. C. Knight, and considering the advanced period of the season when his duties commenced, we have been surprised to find, that he got through them with so much expedition and success. He has contrived to collect together a sufficient number of articles, which, though none of them are marked by any great degree of excellence, are all "readable" enough, and may serve to wile away an hour or two of a winter's evening. We were much pleased with the taste and fancy displayed in the design of the presentation plate, by Mr. W. Finley. In most of the Annuals, if not, indeed, in all of them, space is scarcely allowed in this important page, for the names of the "donor" and "donee," to borrow a phrase from the lawyers. But here, those who may be poetically inclined, have full room even for a verse or two of compliment, within as pretty an inclosure as they could possibly desire. The engraved title-page looks too heavy and elaborate, but the remaining plates, eleven in number, are really very creditable to the publishers. The subjects have been selected with great judgment, as suitable to a work of this description; and for the most part, they appear to us to be engraved in a chaste artist-like style. If there be no gems amongst them, neither are there any paltry prints, little better than woodcuts, introduced, as in some of the Annuals which we have seen, merely for the purpose of swelling out the list of embellishments.

The Sylph, engraved by W. Humphreys, from a picture painted by J. Wood, which some of our readers may remember to have seen at Somerset-house last season, is a performance of no ordinary simplicity and beauty. The countenance is angelic, and the attitude is sufficiently aerial. The form, perhaps, is a little too substantial for such a being. There is not much to be admired in the mere workmanship, if we may use the expression, of the Italian Vintage Scene, painted by C. R. Bone, and engraved by Le Petit. Yet it is impossible to look upon the group which it exhibits, and the umbrageous trees, amidst which they are seated, and the brilliant skies shining over them, without feeling pleasant associations crowding on the mind. Pretty, also, to say the least of them, are 'The Italian Wanderer,' amusing some children with the feats of his dog; 'The Rustic Wreath,' with the charming story appended to it by Miss Mitford; 'The Orphans,' and 'The Cottage Panorama.' 'Titian's last Picture,' deserves still greater praise, as do also 'Virginia Water,' and Witherington's 'View of Bombay.' The latter is engraved by T. Jeavons, an artist, whose name is almost new to us. He has here given a specimen of ability, which promises to be of the very highest order in his profession. Those who have seen the painting, must admit the admirable fidelity with which it has been transferred to the plate. What can exceed in beauty the feathery lightness of the palmyra trees, or the bright tranquillity of the sea sleeping beyond them?

Of the verses contained in this volume, we may say, that they are fully equal to those which we have seen in the best of its rivals. This, perhaps, is no great compliment. Mr. Knight has himself produced some respectable lines, and one or two of his associates have followed his example. In turning over the pages, however, a second time, it is wonderful how little we can find in them, deserving of quotation. The following stanzas are anonymous, but they are among the best in the volume:

'My far off-home, my home of love,
Each passing hour to thee I fly;
I rarely raise my eyes above,
But prayer is pleading in my eye.
If smiles the morn, if stars look bright
In heaven's clear and splendid dome,
I sigh, half sad, in that pure light,
And ask if all be bright at home?

'Some thought, some hope, to thee all true,
Upon my heart is ever waking;
While thousand fears what time may do,
Still keep its restless pulses aching.
If seas run smooth, and all aloft
Looks fair, as o'er the wave we roam,
I fondly trust an air as soft
Is breathing health around my home.

'Does aught provoke a laugh, a smile,
As fancy calls some thought away;
Oh! even then I pause awhile,
To ask if all at home be gay.
But, oh! when sad and lone I lean,
In musings, o'er the gliding sea,
I ask, if looks as sad are seen
In eyes that weep warm tears for me?'

Who, may we ask, Mr. Knight, is the Rev. J. Moultrie? His name alone is sufficient to deter any reasonable man or woman from perusing his verses. We found so many of them, however, in the work before us, that we were compelled to read a few, and certainly a more unmusical collection of lines it has been seldom our misfortune to sleep over. They are as bad as a dose of opium. The following Palinodia we find without a name; the reader will have no difficulty in discovering the author.

'There was a time, when I could feel
All passion's hopes and fears;
And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal,
By smiles, and sighs, and tears.

The days are gone! no more, no more,
The cruel fates allow;
And, though I'm hardly twenty-four,—
I'm not a lover now.
Lady, the mist is on my sight;
The chill is on my brow;
My day is night, my bloom is blight;
I'm not a lover now!

'I never talk about the clouds,
I laugh at girls and boys,
I'm growing rather fond of crowds,
And very fond of noise;
I never wander forth alone
Upon the mountain's brow;
I weighed last winter, sixteen stone,—
I'm not a lover now!

'I never wish to raise a veil,
I never raise a sigh;
I never tell a tender tale,
I never tell a lie;
I cannot kneel as once I did;
I've quite forgot my bow;
I never do as I am bid,—
I'm not a lover now!

'I make strange blunders every day,
If I would be gallant,
Take smiles for wrinkles, black for grey,
And nieces for their aunts:
I fly from folly, tho' it flows
From lips of loveliest glow;
I don't object to length of nose,—
I'm not a lover now!

'The Muse's steed is very fleet,—
I'd rather ride my mare;
The Poet's hunt, a quaint conceit,—
I'd rather hunt a hare;
I've learnt to utter yours and you,
Instead of thine and thou:
And, oh! I can't endure a Blue!—
I'm not a lover now!

'I find my Ovid very dry,
My Petrarch quite a pill,
Cut Fancy for Philosophy,
Tom Moore for Mr. Mill:
And Belles may read, and Beaux may write,
I care not who or how;
I burn my Album Sunday night;—
I'm not a lover now!

' I don't encourage idle dreams
Of poison or of ropes ;
I cannot dine on airy schemes,
I cannot sup on hopes :
New milk, I own, is very fine,
Just foaming from the cow ;
But, yet, I want my pint of wine —
I'm not a lover now !

' When Laura sings young hearts away,
I'm deafer than the deep ;
When Leonora goes to play,
I sometimes go to sleep ;
When Mary draws her white gloves out,
I never dance, I vow ;
" Too hot to kick one's heels about ! "
I'm not a lover now !

' I'm busy now, with state affairs,
I prate of Pitt and Fox ;
I ask the price of rail-road shares,
I watch the turns of stocks :
And this is life ! no verdure blooms
Upon the withered bough.
I save a fortune in perfumes ;
I'm not a lover now.

' I may be, yet, what others are,
A boudoir's babbling fool :
The flattered star of Bench or Bar,
A party's chief or tool ;
Come shower or sunshine,—hope or fear,—
The palace or the plough,—
My heart and lute are broken here ;—
I'm not a lover now !

Lady, the mist is on my sight,
The chill is on my brow ;
My day is night, my bloom is blight ;
I'm not a lover now !'

The author of "Gilbert Earle," has filled the middle of the volume with a tremendously long story of the old regime in France, entitled 'Auguste de Valcour,' and divided into three parts ! Heaven forgive him ! He is one of the most declamatory, and most unrelenting sentimentalists of the day. Mr. Knight has illustrated the engraving of the Orphans with a very pathetic tale, which we should have been tempted to quote, had we not still before us, Mr. Crofton Croker's delightful 'Christmas-Box' for children.

Shall we say that, although somewhat advanced beyond the age of those for whom this little work has been composed, we have read it through, and have derived from it more real amusement, than from all the new Annuals together ? The stories are all well calculated for the interesting years to which they are addressed, though, perhaps, we ought to complain of one or two of them as being too terrific. We do not object to a fair admixture of giants and fairies, and hobgoblins; but they should not be carried too far, as they are, we think, in one or two instances. The fable of the 'Enchanted Ass,' is most humorously told, and besides this, there are several others that display Mr. Croker's peculiar genius for droll fiction, among which we must rank his version of Homer's, or some other old Greek bard's 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice.' If any gentleman can put his hands in his pockets, and hear this story read aloud without bursting into frequent laughter, we recommend him to send for the undertaker at once, and get his measure taken for the other world.

'It is now some years ago since a mouse, running away from a cat, dipped his whiskers into a lake, in order to cool the heat into which he had got in the course of his run. While he was doing this a frog, who happened to be swimming about among the reeds, saw him, and took a fancy to his appearance. Frogs in those days could speak; so he addressed the stranger with all the civility in the world.

'"Sir," said he, making the best bow a frog could, "may I take the liberty of asking your name, and the place you come from? Your appearance and manners bespeak you a perfect gentleman, and I hope you have perceived that I too have an air of a court. My name is Puffcheek—Prince Puffcheek, son of King Mud, who is sovereign in these parts; and my mother is a respectable froggess, of Italy, whose family comes out of the Po. You could not oblige me more than by coming over to our palace, and taking a quiet dinner with the family. I shall do myself the honour of introducing you to the best society, male and female, of Frogland."

'"It is evident," said the mouse, "that you, sir, are not in the best society yourself, or you would not ask my name. Every body worth knowing, in whatever condition, knows that I am Crumbsnatcher, son of old Biscuitbiter, and his amiable wife Gnawloaf, daughter of that high-born monarch, Bacongrub. My mother reared me in a shady retreat on figs and bonbons, and all kinds of good things. How is it possible that I could accept your invitation? We live in quite different styles. Your estate is the water,—I dwell on the land. Whatever is the food of mankind I eat, without giving myself any trouble about preparing it. I am not afraid of men, although they are so big; for often have I gone into their beds, and bit their very big toes, while the owner slept away, never once thinking of me. There are, to be sure, some enemies I don't like—particularly two, There's the trap, a horrid invention, the bacon or toasted cheese of which smells sometimes so tempting, that there is no passing it by. And the cat—the cat—is the worst of the two, for she can thrust her paw into the very hole in which I lie, and pull me out. But, except these little difficulties, I am very well off. I eat bread of the finest flour, and cakes, made with raisins, and eggs, and saffron, and citron, and other sweet things, My tooth nibbles the most delicious slices of ham, and livers daintily covered with the whitest cauls of fat. As for cheese, the best of Gloucester is always at my service: but what I pride myself most upon is pudding—Pudding! a food which is fit for an angel, and which Mons. Ude makes with his own hands six days in the week;—sometimes plumb—sometimes batter—sometimes rice—sometimes custard—sometimes orange—sometimes apple;—but all good—and all made for me. Do you then think that I could go with you, and fast upon river-weed, or watercress, or kale, or boglily, or——"

'"Why," says the frog, laughing, "you have a great deal to say upon the affairs of the kitchen; but still, I can assure you, there is something worth seeing among us water folks. We have the art of swimming and walking; so that we are always at home on land and water. Come then, and pay us a visit. Get upon my back, and I'll float you pleasantly to my father's palace, where you shall be well treated."

'The mouse in an evil moment consented, and got upon Prince Puffcheek's back. He found it very pleasant for a while, as long as he was close to the shore; but when he got out into the middle of the lake, he wished himself back again on land, and he soon had reason: for as they swam along towards the palace of Frogland, who should pop his head above water but a water-snake. It was no wonder that Puffcheek was frightened; for nobody, whether frog or man, likes to be eaten up in the cool of the evening by a snake; and so he ducked down. This was very well for him, but very bad for his friend, for poor Crumbsnatcher could not swim; and, in spite of his high descent, and good feeding, he was drowned, after leaving a hearty curse upon the rogue of a frog, who had seduced him into the water.

'A very respectable mouse, who held a high office at court, of the name of Lickplate, happened to be on the bank when the young prince was drowned. He was very sorry to see the death, but very glad to have the first news. So he scampered away, and having told it to every one he met as a great secret, it was soon spread about. Old Biscuitbiter, the father, was of course much grieved for his son and heir, and immediately called a meeting of the mouse parliament, to lay before them the horrid villainy committed by Puffcheek, and witnessed by Lickplate, who attended quite ready to swear any thing.

'"I am a most unhappy father," said old Biscuitbiter, wiping his eyes with a cobweb which he used as a pocket handkerchief. "Three of the most beautiful children that ever gladdened the eye of father I have lost. The great enemy of the mice, that green-eyed monster, with velvet paws and spring nails, made a meal of my eldest son, whom she caught one morning nibbling a slice of bacon in the pantry. My second, poor innocent, was choked in a trap; and now that villain Puffcheek has drowned my third baby in the most shameful way in the world. Are we to put up with this? Is it not our bounden duty to punish the wretch? Let us go into the field at once. It is a just and necessary war."

'"Yes," said Lickplate, throwing up his hat, "it is a just and necessary war!"

"A just and necessary war!" said all the other members, throwing up their hats; and accordingly they voted the supplies.

'The army was not long in mustering, and a fine army it was. They had walnut-shells for helmets, and needles, which they stole from the housekeeper, for lances; they wore peascods for cuirasses, and their boots were stout barley straws. They were proud fellows, when old Biscuitbiter drew them up; and their grand trumpeter, Signor Grashoppero, sounded the war charge. You must not think, however, that the frogs were idle; for as soon as they heard of the muster of the mice, they came up to the top of the water, croaked as loud as they could; and when the mice saw them, they sent an ambassador, a gentleman of the name of Creeppot, son of old Nipcheese, a great man in Mouseland.

'"Gentlemen," said he to the frogs, "I have the honor of informing you that I am sent by the right honourable the high court of parliament of the mice, to declare war against you, for the death of that most noble and puissant prince Crumbsnatcher. It is our intention to sink, burn, and destroy you one and all; and I beg leave to assure your excellencies of my high consideration, with the most sincere wishes for your long life and happiness."

'So saying, the ambassador withdrew; and the frogs formed themselves into a committee, King Mud in the chair, to take his message into consideration. The conduct of Puffcheek was so much blamed, that he was called on for a defence.

'"Mr. Chairman," said he, "I am a most ill used frog—very ill used, upon the honour of a prince. This Crumbsnatcher had the folly to think he could swim like us; and in trying to do so he was drowned. That's the whole, upon my honour. (*Hear, hear!*) But the independence of our country is now at stake, (*loud cheering*), and it is no time to be talking of mere abstract questions of political economy. (*Hear, hear!*) Let us first beat the enemy, and then inquire who is right or wrong. We have only to get them into the water; and then, having pulled them under, drown them. This is a matter of much more consequence than asking *why* we are to fight. I say, let us fight: and that's all." (*Tremendous cheering from all sides*).

'They accordingly determined on war, and, arming themselves with sharp pointed rushes, set out to meet the enemy. A band of hornets flew before them, sounding the charge. Of course there were thunder and lightning, and omens in the sky; for these are things which historians note as always accompanying matters of equal importance with the wars of frogs and mice.

'When they met it was a bloody battle. It would be endless to tell all the turns it took: how Bigcroak killed Lickplate—and King Mud was slain by Creephole;—how Pride-o'-the-puddle, in revenge, knocked Creephole's brains out with a pebble; and was himself smashed in pieces by Nipcheese;—how Crumbsnatcher, the younger, was blinded by a lump of mud flung by Dirtdabble; and how Puffcheek, the cause of all these calamities, had his leg broken by old Biscuitbiter, father of the drowned prince, and was obliged to hobble off, and duck into the lake. This gave the mice great confidence; and their chief warrior, one Crustchaw, headed so dreadful a charge against the frogs, that the frog nation were in danger of being for ever blotted from the face of the earth and the waters.

'In this conjuncture, what was to be done? Are we to let the frogs be killed, and deprive the Frenchmen of their favourite food? No! that never would do: and as they have no help below, they must look for it above.

'In those days there was a god named Jupiter, and a jolly god he was: so he heard all this hubbub, and, having nothing better to do, looked down through his trap door to see what was going on.

'"Ho!" said he, "the frogs are ruined and undone. Crustchaw there is as fierce as a Russian Cossack of the Don, and he is determined on putting an end to all the family of the croakers. What must we do to prevent him? What do you think," said he, "Mars, my man?" turning to a rough looking fellow in a hairy cap and blue pantaloons, who was god of war.

'"Why," said the god of war, "I do not exactly know,"—and he turned up his left moustachio with his right hand—"I don't exactly know, 'pon honour."

'So King Jupiter took a pinch of snuff, and finding the whole affair was left to himself, he flung down a thunderbolt, and ordered a new force into the field. Down they came at command—fine troops indeed—anvil-backed, crook-clawed, waddle-gaited, nipper-mouthed, skale-skinned, bone-boddied, flat-spined, shoulder-shinned, eight-footed, two-handed, no-headed,—Who were they?—

'Crabs, my dear, crabs.

'And the crabs, accordingly, fell upon both parties, nipping and snipping heads, and legs, and tails off of both. It was a great stroke of the Olympic ministry, for it gave a triumph to neither party. Both ran, the mice to their holes—the frogs to their caves:

Just as the orb of setting sun
Shot forth its parting ray:
This dreadful war was thus begun
And ended in a day.'

We wish that we could place before the reader some of the excellent wood cuts by which the stories are illustrated. But as we cannot gratify him in this, we must recommend him to get the book, and after he has laughed over it, to present it to one of his juvenile friends. It will be the talk and wonder, the terror and sport of the nursery, until the next Christmas shall bring round a similar gift. We should not omit to add, that the volume contains one of the best ballads that Sir W. Scott has ever produced, entitled, 'The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee;' and a short history of the late war, from the pen of Mr. Lockhart, written in a clear, familiar style, admirably adapted to impress children with a knowledge of the leading events of that perilous contest.

ART. IX. *Practical, Moral, and Political Economy; or, the Government, Religion, and Institutions most conducive to Individual Happiness and to National Power.* By T. R. Edmonds, A. B. Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 304. London: Wilson. 1827.

THIS is one of the strangest performances we have met with for a long while, not to be a mere *jeu d' esprit*. That the world is not every thing it should be, is one of the oldest and most familiar of common-places. And no other text, perhaps, since the origin of authorship, has been so plentifully preached upon by the makers of books, whether poets, physicians, or philosophers, as the shrewd but cautiously expressed conclusion of Marcellus, that "*something* is rotten in the state of Denmark." Here is a work, however, of far more stupendous pretensions than any thing we have before had in this line of publication. Mr. Edmonds' notion of the matter is that *every thing* is rotten, and that there is no chance of our doing any good until we shall have pulled down the existing social edifice to the very foundations, and constructed another in a different style of architecture altogether. All the luminaries of reform that have hitherto appeared among us, are, compared to him, mere rush-lights before the sun. Radicalism itself is a mere milk and water philosophy to his—which is, indeed, the only true radicalism. For what claim have speculators, whose boldest aspirations never soared beyond annual parliaments and universal suffrage, to be named in the same year with him who will be satisfied with nothing short of such a renovation of human affairs, as shall supersede the necessity for parliaments or government altogether, and who insists upon the establishment of universal equality among men, not merely in respect of such trifles as civil rights and privileges, but in regard even to the gifts of nature and fortune themselves, to moral, intellectual, and even physical endowments, and all the power, happiness, wisdom and virtue attendant upon them! Ordinary revolutions, even the most sweeping of them, are poor affairs, truly, to the sort of work Mr. Edmonds would produce, if he had a kingdom or two to make a few experiments upon with his practical, moral, and political economy. The unstooling of a few moping autocrats, and the kicking down here and there of a crazy and worm-eaten throne—a mere re-chiseling of the Corinthian capitals of the state—a passing commotion among the *summa fastigia rerum*—would, in his estimation, be exploits hardly worth chronicling. The application of his regenerating wand, would, like that of Milton's Comus, "thread the joints, and crumble the very sinews" of society. There would not be a family, nor an individual, in the community, whose whole condition and concerns would not be turned upside down by it.

Considering the great novelty of many of his doctrines, we have been very much struck by the cool and *sans ceremonie* style, in which Mr. Edmonds carries on his expositions. Sir Isaac Newton has often been referred to with admiration, for the unostentatious simplicity of manner with which, in his Principia, he unfolds, one after the other, his sublime discoveries, conducting his reader through the mazy mechanism of the heavens, as a man would lead his friend through his garden, and thus illustrating so beautifully, his own fine similitude, that, in all he had learned of nature, he felt himself to be but as one gathering pebbles on the sea shore. Mr. Edmonds, too, has very much of a pebble-gathering air, we must confess, in enunciating his discoveries; but somehow or other it does not produce quite the same effect with that of Sir Isaac. This fault cannot be in the discoveries themselves, which, although mostly confined to the earth, are as original and astonishing as any the heavens themselves have ever produced. There is this difference between the two cases, however; and here we suspect, lies the cause of the undeniable superiority of Mr. Edmonds' work, in the respect to which we have alluded, as compared with the Principia,—that Sir Isaac has thought fit generally to favour us with the demonstrations of his propositions, which ordinary readers really do feel to be a considerable help in such difficult departments of inquiry; whereas, Mr. Edmonds evidently scorns every thing of this kind, as very far indeed beneath the dignity of philosophy, and speaks, from the beginning to the end of his volume, very much, as it may be supposed, the oracle of Delphi would have done, had that celebrated personage have thought of giving the world a treatise on moral and political economy—affirming, repeating, assuming, insinuating, but seldom or never condescending to reason. Our author, we do not doubt, has the very best reasons in the world for acting in the way he does as to this point; but still it is a pity, we cannot help thinking, that he should have felt himself bound to adopt so very unusual a manner of proceeding—particularly as he does not, so far as we remember, put in his claim to special inspiration, by way of apology for expecting us to take his averments upon trust.

These remarks, however, refer merely to those parts of Mr. Edmonds' work which are occupied with the assertion or application of the principles of that new philosophy, of which he has come forward as the preacher. Whenever he makes his escape from the seduction of that *ignis fatuus,* which in general keeps him skipping about after so fantastic a fashion, and carries him over hedge and ditch with such breathless and plunging impetuosity, he can demean himself, it must be allowed, soberly and rationally enough. Many of his disquisitions, indeed, display not a little ingenuity and acuteness; and, could they be separated from the unintelligible portion of the volume, would claim for their author the reputation of both a sound and a subtle thinker. Nearly the whole of the third book, for instance, which is intituled 'On the Moral and Mental Faculties and Affections,' is marked by good sense, and a spirit of vigorous and enlightened speculation, which often, at least, sets old truths in a new point of view, and not unfrequently exposes vulgar errors with great felicity and success. What we may call the *system* of moral and political economy, however, which the work advocates or assumes, seems to us, we confess, a very dark and chaotic mystery indeed. What we principally complain of is, as we have said, that, quite new and opposed to the prevailing creed as the author's faith in so many respects is, he not only does not think it necessary to bestow a single page in explanation or defence of several of its most startling peculiarities, but has not even thought proper to give us, in any part of his works, so much as any regular or tolerably intelligible exposition of the series of items or propositions of which it is made up; so that we are in fact obliged merely to collect what we can of it by inference from the general strain of the work, at the risk, of course, of not unfrequently misunderstanding possibly its true nature and tendency, as well as of remaining in utter ignorance throughout, of the principles or reasonings upon which it is conceived to rest. Certainly very odd, and, as appears to us, decidedly erroneous and indefensible notions are taken for granted, and proceeded upon as unquestionable, without a single sentence having been devoted to either their development or vindication. Occasionally, to be sure, one of them is put into something like the form of an aphorism, or direct assertion; but the paradox is not a whit the more digestible for being thus dogmatically administered to us. The effect of all this is whimsical enough upon the uninitiated reader, and resembles nothing we have ever experienced so much, as the sensation with which one hears a clever, and, generally speaking, sensible man, who happens to be crazy upon one particular subject, suddenly intermingle in his discourse some allusion to the unfortunate theme, when he is sure to descend instantly, and, by a single leap, from the realm of daylight and *terra firma*, to that of "Chaos and old Night." In making our way through the present publication, we accompany the author, in like manner, now and then, for a good many pages, without meeting with any thing to excite an uncomfortable sensation; when, all at once, forth comes a sentence or a paragraph so wildly out of tune, that we can only listen in helpless astonishment; and with a consciousness of our inability at all to comprehend the matter, that is at once painfully uncomfortable, and, even to ourselves, ludicrous in the extreme.

We will do our best, however, to lay before our readers an outline of what we conceive to be the views of the author, in so far as we can gather them from the very detached and immethodical way in which he has chosen to present them to us. And, first of all, be it known, that the new plan for the regulation of human affairs, of which Mr. Edmonds is the patentee, is called *par excellence*, the *Social* System—a name which, we presume, is meant to inform us, that hitherto there has been no such thing in the world as society, in the true sense of that term, and that all the existing institutions of states are in reality of an anti-social character and tendency, as compared, at least, with those which it is now proposed to substitute in their room. Hitherto, for example, communities have been in the habit of subdividing themselves into families, consisting sometimes of not more than four or five individuals, and these connected with each other by no more rational tie, than the purely accidental circumstance of their natural relationship. 'The happiness and knowledge of civilised men,' however, Mr. Edmonds assures us (p. 250, 251), 'might be very much increased by men's obeying the dictates of nature, and associating together like other gregarious animals. Nature has not collected any of the lower animals together by the ties of relationship, nor has it connected man by any such ties. The mutual attachment generated by a community of interest, has been mistaken for a natural bond.' In laying down the outlines of the new system, accordingly, he proposes that every family should consist of a thousand persons at least, who should all reside in the same house, dine at the same table (feeding, by-the-bye, only on vegetables), and kennel, two in each bed, in one spacious dormitory. We quite agree with our author, that this arrangement, besides its recommendations on the score of economy, would be amply sufficient, as he expresses it, 'for the gratification of the gregarious propensities of man.' Our eating, drinking, and sleeping, however, are not the only points as to which we are to be regenerated by the New System. Mr. Edmonds has found out that there is a certain quantity of hard labour necessary for our health and happiness—that that quantity amounts exactly to two hours a day for every full-grown man, and one hour and twenty minutes for every woman; and that this is also, by a curious coincidence, the very quantity which would be required from each individual, in order to keep up a sufficient supply for the whole community. One of the fundamental laws, therefore, of the modern Utopia, will be a statute (*vide* p. 37), imposing upon every member of the commonwealth, the obligation of labouring for this portion of every day, at 'some settled, useful, manual occupation.' Such a regulation, Mr. Edmonds remarks, will 'compel the rich to take as much exercise as their bodily health requires,' and will be even to them, therefore, of the nature of a privilege rather than of a burthen. We wonder it has never occurred to any of our legislators, that, even under the present condition of society, this convenient principle might be applied with excellent effect very much in the way here proposed; and that nothing, for example, could possibly be more unobjectionable than an act of parliament, compelling our nobility and gentry of both sexes, to perform for a couple of hours every day on the treadmill, merely for the sake of preserving them from the miseries of inactivity and *ennui*. The persons thus considerately remembered by the state, would themselves, at all events, we are sure, be grateful beyond expression for so flattering, and withal substantial a proof of the public regard; and both gentlemen and ladies would go through their daily exercise with the most edifying zeal and solemnity imaginable. To return, however, to Mr. Edmonds and the System. All useful labour, according to this philosopher, consists in the production of the four necessaries of lodging, clothing, food, and national defence; and in the new commonwealth, therefore, it is for these things alone that people are to be permitted to labour. Of the producers of luxuries, the only classes that are to be tolerated are poets, novelists, artists, dramatists, public singers, players, and dancers; as for expensive furniture, horses for pleasure, domestic servants, and even (*vide* p. 292) butchers' meat, 'the taxes,' he observes (p. 158), 'should be so heavy on those articles, as almost to amount to a prohibition on their consumption.' All useful commerce too, it seems, 'consists almost wholly in the interchange of corn, clothing, and machines,' and such commerce alone, of course, would a wise government permit its subjects to engage in. 'One of the commonest kinds of useless commerce,' says Mr. Edmonds, 'is where manufactures are exchanged for gold; the exchange of manufactures for wines is a very useless, and even a pernicious commerce, in most cases; the trade in tea, coffee, &c. is also useless:' in fine, 'most of the foreign, and part of the domestic commerce of England, is no further useful than as it increases the labour expended on the useful arts (of ship building &c.), and diminishes the labour expended on domestic services and the useless arts.' Even the two or three legitimate species of commerce, however, never ought to be allowed, except under very considerable restrictions. Thus the policy of a free trade in corn, seems to be considered (p. 86), as at the best, extremely problematical; nearly the same opinion is expressed as to a free trade in shipping; and that nation, we are told expressly, 'acts most foolishly, which gives her own efforts to those of other nations, to deprive herself of the advantages she is enjoying, by allowing a free trade in machinery and artisans.'

Our intercourse with other countries being thus regulated, upon the establishment of the new *regime*, according to these simple and enlightened principles, the next step will be to abolish the institution of private property, which is obviously a mere relic of barbarous times; to put an end to the use of money, of which it is impressively remarked, that 'one would imagine its invention must have proceeded directly from his Satanic majesty!' 'The much vaunted principle of private or individual competition,' too, is to give way, in the bosom of every man, to a newly-invented spring of action, of an entirely different construction, to be called, we believe, the principle of co-operation, and possessing, according to the ingenious author, a multitude of advantages over its predecessor, which he very elaborately enumerates; although with a natural enough sense of what he owes to himself as its discoverer, he declines, of course, for the present, communicating to the public the secret of the manner in which it is to produce the wonderful effects ascribed to it. 'It is extremely probable,' however, we are assured (p. 130), 'that if capital were set free, and well guarded by simple laws of property, all the agricultural capitals in England would gradually and rapidly unite themselves into one great capital, of which the present landed proprietors would be the principal shareholders. In a similar manner, the capitals in each trade would become larger and larger, until they collected themselves into large single capitals. When the labour employed in the different arts has been collected into very large distinct capitals, all these distinct capitals will probably be united under one government or head!' One or two of these probabilities seem to us, we confess, to wear a somewhat "questionable shape," coming upon us, as they do, with so dogmatical an air, and in a state of such primitive nudity, or rather skeleton-like rigidity and fleshlessness; but this arises merely, we suppose, from the awkwardness of a first rencontre, and the feeling will pass away, we have little doubt, as we get more familiar with our new acquaintances.

The mischiefs arising from the use of money, and the institution of private property, are not, however, the only inconveniences appertaining to the existing state of society, for which Mr. Edmonds professes to be in possession of infallible remedies. The existence of crime, and the unfortunate tendency of population to outgrow subsistence, are disposed of in an equally summary manner by this nimble reasoner. 'If punishment always immediately followed crime, there would,' he avers, 'be no crime, and in a few generations there would remain no desire of committing crimes. The innate passion for justice would then become so strong, *that no laws, written or oral, would be required for the well being of society. Men would then have attained that perfection of moral feeling which exists in a society of ants, among which no system of rewards and punishments is necessary to induce each ant to contribute its just proportion to the common fund of labour!*' 'The best way,' again, we are assured (p. 113) 'to keep population on a level with necessaries, or the best cure for pauperism, *is a tax on propagation.*' Nay, in a subsequent part of the work, (vide p. 277), we are expressly told, that 'if the extent of the country admits of no increase of population, the general government will inquire of the scientific class, what number of births annually are necessary for the preservation of the population at its stationary number. *The government will not allow the annual births to exceed this number, and they will not allow the sickly and weak in body or mind to propagate, to the exclusion of the healthy and vigorous in body or mind. A certain number of births will be required annually, and the government would act with great injustice to the present and future generations, if it took the births from the weaker part of the population instead of the stronger part.*' There is something indicative of no little originality of mind, at least, it will be admitted, in the conception of this clever device for turning the tables upon nature. It proceeds, certainly, upon a somewhat unusual view of the functions of the Secretary for the Home Department, who has not hitherto been empowered, we believe, in any country, either to grant licenses or to issue interdicts as to the matter, here proposed to be subjected to the control of government. Of course, however, if nations are to be treated in all other respects merely as so many herds of cattle, no person can object to the adoption of the common precautions, on the part of those who have the charge of them, to preserve the purity of the breed.

Such is the Social System, 'the limit,' as Mr. Edmonds assures us, 'towards which all governments tend, and at which they cannot fail to arrive sooner or later.' The British nation, it is consoling to know, is that which is destined first to attain this consummation so devoutly to be wished; upon which, it seems, it is immediately to set about spreading the system over the rest of the world, at the point of the bayonet. 'The instrument,' says Mr. Edmonds, 'by which nature has secured the universal diffusion of knowledge, is war, or the law of the strongest; and nature invariably connects strength or power with knowledge. The power of the nation which first adopts the Social System, will so far exceed the power of other governments, that they will fall an easy conquest to it; and be compelled to adopt the same social system.' The blessings of war, indeed, is a favorite theme with the author. 'A nation, like England,' he remarks in one place, 'which can produce the necessaries, plain food, clothing, and lodging of the whole population, by means of the labour of the third part of the population, may expend the labour of the remaining two-thirds in the arts of war.' The following piece of reasoning, however, contains the most elaborate exposition of his views upon this subject, which we have found in the work; and as Mr. Edmonds is evidently a little vain of his argumentative prowess on this occasion, he will feel obliged to us, we do not doubt, for giving the passage entire. The logic, as our readers will observe, is here and there somewhat precipitate in its movements; but the writer, for all that, cuts his way to his conclusion with a straight forwardness and disregard of all impediments not often displayed in this particular species of conflict.

> 'Knowledge is power. If any readers will allow me to assume what I shall hereafter shew, that 'knowledge is happiness,' I will prove the startling paradox, that the law of the strongest, or war, is one of the most benevolent institutions of nature. A nation which has much knowledge is powerful and happy; a nation having little knowledge is weak and unhappy. Beneficent Providence has so ordained it, that the powerful are continually bringing the weak under their subjection. When a powerful nation has subdued and occupied a weak nation, it diffuses its own customs, institutions, and opinions among the people of the conquered nation. The consequence will be that after a few years, the conquerors and conquered will become one nation; and the conquered nation will have exchanged their very erroneous opinions, for the less erroneous opinions of their conquerors. If the conquering should endeavour to keep the conquered nation in perpetual subjection to it, the attempt will be vain, because neither of two nations having equal knowledge or equal power can keep the other in subjection. The conquered nation will thus, at the expense of a short period of trouble, have acquired a permanent addition to its knowledge, power, and happiness; such an addition which (as), if left undisturbed, it would have been an infinitely longer period in acquiring. The conquered nation will receive knowledge by compulsion, which is the only method by which nations ever make a sudden and considerable advance in knowledge.'—pp. 198, 199.

In sober seriousness, however, we fear we can hardly flatter Mr. Edmonds with the assurance that his present publication is likely to excite much admiration, either for himself or his system. For ourselves, we frankly confess that, although we have read the volume with some attention, we feel ourselves still just as completely in the dark, as to the subject of which it treats, as we were before we opened it. The author's notions seem to be, upon the whole, pretty similar to those of Mr. Owen, of parallelogram notoriety; and his reasonings in support of them, are certainly quite as extravagant and unintelligible as any thing we have ever met with, even in the lucubrations of that philanthropic cotton-spinner. To us, this vaunted co-operative system seems one which, even if its introduction among us were desirable, would demand for its maintenance nothing less than the overthrow of some of the more fundamental enactments of nature and Providence. For how, in the first place, is it even to be set up? Where is the force that is to wrest from those to whom, not human institutions merely, but the law of nature itself may have given the means of acquiring a superiority in wealth or dominion over their less fortunate fellows, the benefits of which, in this way, they have become possessed, or may possess themselves; relinquished, as we presume all such exclusive advantages must be, before the co-operative Utopia can be any thing more than a dreamer's vision? Is the brute force of the multitude to accomplish this revolution? As rationally might we expect it to be brought about by a conspiracy among the wild beasts of the forest. The mere mob might, perhaps, trample down and tear to pieces much of what is great and intellectual in any particular country, by some sudden and unexpected insurrection; but it would be only the convulsion and alarm of a moment; and after the first explosion of the popular tempest had done its work, the great law of nature would re-assert its rights, and the power that had disturbed the moral world would be as inevitably driven back from the scene of its temporary inroad, as are the waves of the ebbing tide from the shore over which they have been permitted for a few hours to domineer. It is not, besides, by any irruption of popular violence, surely, that the stage of the world is to be cleared for this political millennium, whose anticipated tranquillity and peacefulness would be but inappropriately heralded, one should think, by any such devastating and destroying convulsion. Are we then to expect this renovation of all things, of which our prophets speak so confidently, from the spontaneous acquiescence of the talented, adventurous, and industrious classes themselves, in their own robbery and degradation, and their voluntary proffer to share every thing, which their skill and labour can obtain for them, with their idle or incapable brethren? We do not think it likely that even a momentary fit of enthusiasm will ever induce them to act so madly as this comes to; but certain we are, at any rate, that the delirium would not last long, and that many years before even another generation had come in the room of that which had witnessed this wild act of abdication, the earth would see those by whom it had been perpetrated, resume the pre-eminence and authority they had so unaccountably cast away from them, and trample on the co-operative system, and all its parallelograms, with the uttermost contempt. But nobody is to be idle, nobody incapable, under this blessed order of things! All are to be equally gifted, equally assiduous, equally every thing that is good and proper, when this new *regime* shall have been established! We dare say they will, when it shall; but till then, it were just as safe perhaps to reason with regard to human beings upon the supposition that they are really such. It will be time enough to hold them to be angels, when we perceive their wings beginning to sprout. That event and the institution of the co-operative system will, we imagine, take place much about the same time.

But in what way is this said system to promote the welfare and happiness of men, even if we could contrive to set it up, and bring it into operation? If we may trust to the picture drawn of it by the author before us, it would appear to threaten us with one or two novelties which most people, we suspect, would hardly be disposed to consider as blessings. What are we to think, for one thing, of such an annihilation of the personal liberty of every individual, as would be requisite, in order to secure his punctual conformity to the requirements of a national discipline, as rigid and interfering as that of a camp itself; its principle, in fact, being, to permit nobody to act simply according to his own inclinations, in any one case, in which his conduct might be of the slighest importance to any other member of the community? It is nothing, that all the restrictions thus imposed upon him are, or are asserted to be, ever so wise and salutary; that philosophy evidences the most lamentable ignorance of human nature, which forgets that restraint of itself is to man always a grievance; or does not perceive that, if carried to such an extent as is here proposed, it would go as far to make life insupportable, and to wither up every more noble faculty of the soul, as the most grinding slavery itself. What else, in truth, would it be, than the most intolerant slavery, for people to be prohibited, for example, as it is here recommended that they should, from indulgence in any species of luxury which the state might deem unprofitable and detrimental; from the employment of their capital, except in partnership with all others belonging to the same class or profession; from spending a day without working, at least, a couple of hours, at some useful handicraft; and amongst a multitude of similar annoying or paralyzing regulations, from marrying or rearing children—for that, as we have seen, is actually proposed—unless they shall be considered by the government to be possessed of such physical and mental endowments, as may probably enable them to improve the breed, should they be permitted to try the experiment? Or, to take another view of the matter, what motives are to induce men to do any thing, when all personal interest in their exertions, or all but a perfectly insignificant and utterly uninfluential fraction, is lost to them? We are told, that the arts are to make the most astonishing advances under the *social* system. Yet, under that system, no man is to gain any thing—except, perhaps, the approbation of his own reason and feelings, which is a reward he does not owe to the system at all—by excelling all his brother artists to any degree that he may. Is this the way to encourage genius, invention, application? or will even a few premiums, for that, we perceive, is recommended, distributed by agricultural societies, enable such a plan as this to operate in any other way upon the human mind than as a benumbing frost, beneath whose life-extinguishing gripe, its powers would shrivel up and perish, like autumnal leaves? And yet we are told of the rapid advancement it promises to the arts and sciences!

But is it really necessary to prolong an argument upon a point so very plain and indisputable, or to spend another word in demolition of a theory, so entirely made up of mere shadows and mockeries of the imagination? This system mistakes altogether what human nature actually is. If we could get men to go like watches, merely by the easy process of winding them up at certain stated intervals, a co-operative republic might do tolerably well. It is that plan, certainly, for carrying on the affairs of nations, which, more truly than any other, may be described as founded upon mathematical principles, and as having about it by far, most of the prim and quaker-like precision of abstract science. It regards mankind, as if every individual of the species had just as determinate a character, as one of the nine digits—or rather, it does not make allowance for even that much of diversity among the several merits of a population, but actually sets to work with men, women, and children, as if they were, in all respects, merely so many repetitions of one another. It does not recognise any thing like passion or folly in human nature at all. In the eyes, in short, of a zealot of this political faith, man is the least complicated of all the pieces of mechanism that have ever been constructed;—and instead of possessing a being instinct with ten thousand conflicting appetites, and "servile to all the skies' influences," is deemed to have hardly more than a single spring of action for the regulation of all his movements.

Can a philosophy, setting out from premises such as these, possibly end in any other than the wildest and most vicious conclusions? The condition, in truth, to which the application of its principles would reduce humanity, would be found to be little superior to that of the brutes that perish. It would leave to us, indeed, the breath of existence, but hardly, if it might, any thing beside. It would take from man, "the paragon of animals," all the kingly glory of his state, and bring down the pride of his uplifted forehead and mounting eye, to gaze for ever on the ground, until, like the dumb creatures that browse upon its surface, all his tastes and affections should be centred there, and "this most excellent canopy the air, this brave over-hanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire," should have, indeed, become nothing more to him, than "a foul and pestilential congregation of vapours." Genius and poetry, and all the finer breath of mind, would depart before this winter of the world, and leave the dried and hardened heart to its darkness and its apathy. Little, in that case, need we concern ourselves, about the mere wheelwork of that machine of government, which might be devised to preserve the political being and relations of society. All that had given to our nature, either its grace or its grandeur, would be gone; and not much, indeed, would it matter, what should become of the earthly dregs that might be left.

ART. X. *The History of Painting in Italy, from the Period of the Revival of the Fine Arts, to the end of the Eighteenth Century.* Translated from the original Italian of the Abate Luigi Lanzi. By Thomas Roscoe. 6 vol. 8vo. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1828.

IT is impossible for any one who carefully examines the sources of that amazing perfection in the art of painting, which it is the glory of the Italians to have arrived at, not to be convinced, that the paramount cause of this admirable success is to be found in the innate genius of the people themselves. There is scarcely a village throughout Italy—not to speak of cities and towns—which did not give birth to an almost uninterrupted succession of artists, of more or less merit, but all exhibiting proofs that they enjoyed an exquisite perception of the beautiful. The land teemed with men of ability in the arts, hundreds of whom would have attained celebrity for their names, in any other country, but in that, where capacity and skill were rendered cheap, by the possession of them being so general. In no other part of the world were there so many artists;—in no other part of the world were there such successful ones. From the moment that the impulse, communicated to the human mind by the revival of painting, was felt in Italy, master rose after master, each surpassing the "specious miracles" of his predecessor, until at last, a wonderful consummation of mind-informed dexterity,—brought about by various hands,—was achieved, which gave the canvass form and features, that almost ceased to be distinguished from those of the living creation.

This innate power of the Italian mind experienced no small encouragement from accidental circumstances. Their religion must have had its effect upon the natural genius of the people:—a religion, which is wont to employ lively and impressive representations, in order to strike the senses, and affect the passions—and which inculcates the duty of striving to conciliate the Divine favour, by the dedication of structures, made by the vastness of their proportions, and the splendour of their embellishments, as much as it is possible for the toil and opulence of man to render them, worthy of their object. The proof of the influence exercised by its religion upon the progress of the arts in Italy, is to be found in the fact, that the most surprising monuments of architectural and pictorial excellence are connected, in their institution and appropriation, with the sacred purposes of the national worship.

A great deal is, doubtless, due to the encouragement of wealthy families in Italy, who patronised the arts, no less from being inclined by taste, than being impelled by a fortunate direction of those motives which lead, too often, the aristocratic bodies of other nations, to a sacrifice of riches, neither creditable to themselves, nor useful to society.

After contemplating these facts, can we feel astonishment, that the interests of the fine arts absorbed every care of the Italians through each gradation of society: that they supplied the grave questions to be agitated in their public assemblies, as well as the popular topics of their domestic converse: and that they opened, for ambition and patriotism, that field of exertion which, in all other countries, is found to exist in the sphere of politics alone?

The narrative of the progress, the decline, and vicissitudes of the arts in Italy, is not alone remarkable for the attraction which belongs to the curious details of amusing or affecting incidents: it becomes a history of the deepest import, whilst it exhibits the mind of man arrived at one of its most exalted stages of improvement, accomplishing those triumphs, which are at once the trophies of his power, and the tokens of his superior destiny.

In a country, where an interest in the promotion of the fine arts, and in the personal characters of those by whom they were immediately advanced, was so universal, it is natural to suppose that materials would not be wanted, for their complete and satisfactory history. The Abbe Lanzi intimates as much, by avowing in the outset, that he offers neither discovery nor novelty to the public, and that he contributes very little in the way of fact which has not been already known. His claims to our attention depend upon a different sort of merit. The history of painting in Italy was, in strict parlance, long before the public: but its constituents lay scattered in hundreds of disconnected volumes, all of which were far from being easily accessible to the public. Besides, many of its most valuable events were to be gleaned from occasional productions, in which facts were sought to be made subservient to personal and party views. The object which the Abbe Lanzi proposed to himself, and which, indeed, he has eminently attained in this work, was to furnish a connected history of painting in Italy, in which its leading events should follow each other in regular series; its remarkable revolutions should be pointed out; the causes which led to them should be specified; and due notice should be bestowed on those distinguished men, whose genius had an influence on the progress of the arts. This narrative, which exhibits the traces of the utmost diligence and the most scrupulous regard to accuracy, is interspersed with critical views, so philosophical, so eloquent, and so just, as to convince us of the thorough competence of the Abbe Lanzi for the task which he has undertaken. The extent of his general erudition, appears abundantly throughout his work. To vast and varied acquirements he united uncommon powers of intellect, together with an enthusiastic love for the beauties of the art, to the study of which he devoted himself from an early period of life;—with what success, is attested by the favourable reception of his treatises on various branches connected with that subject.

Completeness and impartiality as to its details are not the only merits of this work. To the connoisseur it will form a guide to facilitate his acquaintance with the peculiar styles, and their varieties, of the great masters;—a species of knowledge which it is the more difficult to convey, although of the greatest importance to possess, inasmuch as a strong degree of resemblance is often to be traced in the productions of professors altogether different in their general characters, whilst, on the contrary, a considerable variance of manner is to be found, in compositions, that are undoubtedly the work of the same hand.

Upon the generation of living artists themselves, these volumes must necessarily be productive of the most wholesome effects, in holding up examples of success sufficient to rouse the ambition of the most phlegmatic; in convincing them that to the conquests of industry and perseverance, art appears unwilling to fix any bounds, or to impose any impediment; and in furnishing them with those true principles, which alone lead to excellence in their sphere. Nor is the utility of this work to be overlooked, in disseminating amongst all classes a just taste for, and sound opinions upon, the arts.

For various reasons, arising out of the perplexed nature of his subject, the author determined, as the most convenient and lucid mode of arrangement, to compose a separate history of each of the fourteen schools of painting in Italy, which, in fact, is only a history of each of the particular styles that were adopted by the principal masters and their disciples. But so intimately blended are the events and characters of one with those of every other, that, in conducting the narrative of any individual school, the writer is only carrying on the general history of the whole. The more interesting part of the work is that which commences with the epoch, (the beginning of the sixteenth century,) when the distinct styles or schools began to be formed; and to that portion we shall principally confine our attention.

The first volume treats of the Florentine school, of which Leonardo Da Vinci and Michael Angelo Buonarotti were the two great luminaries. Da Vinci, however, though strictly a Florentine, and contributing not a little to form the style of his native school, was, nevertheless, better known, and more generally followed at Milan; and in connection with the pictorial history of that place, it is proper to consider his character and influence. The genius of Michael Angelo stamped itself on the Florentine school: he and Da Vinci were both characterised by superiority in design. In exploring this untrodden path of art, Michael Angelo displayed powers at once scientific and magnificent. Man, in his works, assumes for the first time, a nervous, muscular and robust form: his fore-shortenings are bold: his expression is full of energy and vivacity. His wonderful success in delineating the human figure in its various attitudes, may be ascribed to his knowledge of anatomy, (to the study of which he devoted twelve years of intense application), and to his early attention to sculpture. He neglected elegance and finish: he therefore appears sometimes rather an anatomist than a painter. Still, every work of his shews nature, and facility. His chisel was preferred to his pencil by the best critics: he himself confessed the justice of the general opinion, for he painted but little, and indeed, the majority of his productions in that department of art, now extant, are mere outlines. His cartoon of the battle of Pisa, prepared for a competition with Da Vinci, is a proof of his consciousness that his strength lay in design. The artist was not satisfied with 'representing the Florentines cased in armour, and mingling with their enemies; but, choosing the moment of the attack upon their van, while bathing in the river Arno, he seized the opportunity of representing many naked figures, as they rushed to arms from the water:' and by this selection, he was enabled to introduce an innumerable variety of fore-shortenings, and attitudes, in the contrivance of which he was certainly unrivalled. This cartoon has perished: some pretend that it was destroyed through envy of Michael Angelo's genius. The delicacy of his taste entailed upon this artist no small quantity of extra labour: every chisel, piercer and file employed by him in sculpture, was fashioned by his own hands; and no colours were used by him in painting that were not of his own preparation. Pope Julius required of Michael Angelo, that he should paint the ceiling of his chapel in Rome. The artist was totally unused to work in fresco. He called in the aid of the best painters in that department, and with the diligence of a pupil he watched their progress. As soon as their labour was accomplished he effaced it, and began the work afresh without any assistance. His Last Judgment, in the Sistine chapel, is a monument of the grandeur of his genius. Andrea, Rossi, and Frate, gave grace, spirit, and an admirable mode of colouring and casting of draperies to the Florentine school: but the influence of Michael Angelo's style, as his life, survived that of his cotemporaries. The disciples of this school designed from his sculptures alone. 'They transferred into their compositions that statue-like rigidity, that strength of limb, and those markings of the origin and insertion of muscles, that severity of countenance, and those positions of the hands and figure, which characterised his sublimely awful style; but, without comprehending the principles of this extraordinary man, without thoroughly understanding the play of the softer parts of the human figure, either inserting them in wrong situations, or representing, in the same manner, those in action and at rest; those of a slender stripling and of the full-grown man. Contented with what they imagined grandeur of style, they neglected all the rest. In some of their pictures, we may observe a multitude of figures arranged one above the other, with a total disregard of their relative situations: features that express no passion, and half-naked figures that do nothing.' The decline of the Florentine school was retarded by the genius of several artists of extraordinary merit. Titi diversified the monotony of its style: the taste of its disciples was still farther improved by Cigoli, who appears to have acquired from Corregio a fine effect of light and shade, and to have joined to scientific designs and judicious perspective, great vivacity of colouring. At a later period, the manner of Pietro da Cortona, the founder of a style which combines facility with taste, became the fashion with Florentine artists: but it produced no very eminent painters.

The Sienese school of painting is characterised by unusual vivacity. Its artists captivate by the agreeable selections of their colours, but particularly by the hair of their heads: as distinguished from the philosophical school of Florence, that of the Sienese may be said to be poetical. It displays a peculiar talent for invention; 'animating with lively and novel images the stories it represents, filling them with allegory, and forming them into spirited and well constructed poetic compositions.' But the Sienese professors of art are incapable, by reason of their vivacity, of attaining perfection in design. The school is not an original one, and it produced no painters of extraordinary eminence.

The Roman school distinguished itself by a studied imitation of the beautiful models of antiquity: it aimed at the sublimity, the elegance, and severe taste displayed in those productions of art. But its chief merit, and its most lasting glory, consists in having given to painting a Raffaello. This wonderful being was a perfect artist in his minority. Those who hear of his achievements, and are apprised of his fame, will scarcely believe that he died at the age of thirty-seven.

The supremacy in his art, accorded by the universal judgment of mankind to Raffaello, is not so much the reward of his excellence in one, as it is of his success in so many of its highest departments. When we contemplate the style of his designs, as it is developed in those uncoloured drawings, which now form the chief ornament of cabinets, we look with astonishment at the contours, and the grace, precision, diligence, and genius, which they exhibit. The

figures of the two youths, in his Burning of the City, one c
whom is in the act of leaping from a wall, to escape the flame
while the other is fleeing with his father on his shoulders, shew
that in his knowledge of anatomy, Raffaello was equal to the be
masters, whilst in chasteness of design, he surpassed them al
He aimed particularly at perfecting his heads: but those of hi
women, the most of them having been drawn after the model c
that of his own Fornarina, are deficient in dignity. Indeed hi
delicate figures, are generally inferior to the standard of his usu
excellence. The complexion of the principal female portrait, i
his Transfiguration, is painted with a grayish tint, which make
it an exception to the character of perfection attributed to th
heads of this celebrated picture. The true empire of this maste
is in the heads of his men—nothing can be more admirable tha
the expression of age in his Patriarchs, of simplicity of life in hi
Apostles, and constancy of faith in his Martyrs. 'But his counte
nance of Christ, in the Transfiguration,' says the Abbe Lanz
'in which he has developed all his combined ideas of majesty an
beauty, may be considered the master-piece of Raffaello, an
seems to me the most sublime height to which the genius of th
artist, or even the art itself, was capable of attaining.' It is i
this quality of expression, that Raffaello leaves all competition
a distance. The truth of the observation may be better unde
stood than exemplified, that all his figures appear as if they we
governed by a sentiment of the mind; whereas, those of mo
other masters, seem the imitation of tragic actors from the scene
Hence, he has been justly called, "the painter of mind."

'But all these great qualities,' observes our author, 'would not hav
procured for Raffaello such an extraordinary celebrity, if he had n
possessed a wonderful felicity in the invention and distribution of h
subjects, and this is, indeed, his highest merit. It may with truth be sai
that in aid of this object he availed himself of every example, ancient an
modern; and that these two requisites have not since been so united
any other artist. From a thousand circumstances he selected those alo
which can interest us; he arranges the actors in the most expressi
manner; he invents the most novel modes of conveying much meaning
a few touches; and numberless minute circumstances, all uniting in o
purpose, render the story not only intelligible, but palpable. Vario
writers have adduced in example, the St. Paul at Lystra, which is to
seen in one of the tapestries of the Vatican. The artist has there repr
sented the sacrifice, prepared for him and St. Barnabas his companion,
to two gods, for having restored a lame man to the use of his limb
The altar, the attendants, the victims, the musicians, and the axe, su
ficiently indicate the intentions of the Lystrians. St. Paul, who is in t
act of tearing his robe, shews that he rejects and abhors the sacrilegio
honours, and is endeavouring to dissuade the populace from persisting
them. But all this were vain, if it had not indicated the miracle whi
had just happened, and which had given rise to the event. Raffael
added to the group the lame man restored to the use of his limbs, no

easily recognised again by all the spectators. He stands before the apostles rejoicing in his restoration; and raises his hands in transport towards his benefactors, while at his feet lie the crutches which had recently supported him, now cast away as useless. This had been sufficient for any other artist; but Raffaello, who wished to carry reality to the utmost point, has added a throng of people, who, in their eager curiosity, *remove the garment of the man to behold his limbs restored to their former state.*—vol. ii., p. 98.

Indeed, every performance of this great master's pencil wears an air of reality, that seldom fails to produce a complete illusion in the mind of the spectator. His portraits have been known to be taken for the living originals, by those who were intimate with the latter; and it is related, upon undoubted authority, that Cardinal Datary approached the picture of Leo X., painted by Raffaello, with a bull, and pen and ink, to obtain the signature of his holiness.

Fortunately for the arts, the brief life of this illustrious master was one of incessant activity. Those monuments of his genius, which adorn the chambers of the Vatican alone, would serve as models of perfection in every department of painting. His various works are enumerated, and all his beauties dwelt upon by our author, with an elevation of feeling, an eloquence of language and propriety of judgment, altogether worthy of the dignified subject; forming an example of lofty criticism, such as proves that, like another Longinus, he participates, in some measure, in the excellence which he commends. The manner in which the death of Raffaello is mentioned, and his personal character described, is not the least beautiful passage in this portion of the work.

'After this effort (the painting of the Transfiguration) he never resumed his pencil, as he was soon after suddenly seized with a mortal distemper, of which he died in the bosom of the Church, on Good Friday (also the anniversary of his birth-day), 1520, aged thirty-seven years. His body reposed for some days in the chamber where he was accustomed to paint, and over it was placed the noble picture of the Transfiguration, previous to his mortal remains being transferred to the church of the Rotonda for interment. There was not an artist that was not moved to tears at this affecting sight. Raffaello had always possessed the power of engaging the affections of all with whom he was acquainted. Respectful to his master, he obtained from the Pope an assurance that his works, in one of the ceilings of the Vatican, should remain unmolested; just towards his rivals, he expressed his gratitude to God, that he had been born in the days of Buonarotti (Michael Angelo): gracious towards his pupils, he loved them, and intrusted them as his own sons; courteous to strangers, he cheerfully lent his aid to all who asked his advice; and, in order to make designs for others, or to direct them in their studies, he sometimes even neglected his own work, being alike incapable of refusing or delaying his inestimable aid. All these reflections forced themselves on the minds of the spectators, whose eyes were at one moment directed to the view of his youthful remains, and of those divine hands that had, in the imitation of her works, almost excelled nature herself; and at another moment, to the contemplation of this his latest production, which appeared to exhibit the dawn of a new and wonderful style; and the painful reflection presented itself, that, with the life of Raffaello, the brightest prospects of art were thus suddenly obscured.'—vol. ii., pp. 87, 88.

The public calamities which befell Rome in 1527, first led to a decline of the arts in that city; a great number of artists appeared, however, in the pontificates of Gregory, Sixtus, and Clement the Eighth: but impure taste and mannerism prevented any of them from rising to distinction. The true principles of taste were afterwards revived in the Roman school, by the works of Caravaggio, and some of the masters of the Caracci school, who had been invited thither. The continued influx of the best artists from the rest of Italy into Rome, is always sure to have the effect, if not of producing great masters in the persons of any of its natives, at least, of preventing the art from degenerating too much.

The Neapolitan school ranked in ancient times amongst the very first in Italy. It does not possess a manner so decidedly peculiar as most of the other schools: it is rather an union of the styles of the best: it is prolific in artists who were remarkable for great rapidity of execution, which, unfortunately, excludes correctness of design; and in this last quality the Neapolitans are known to be deficient. The artists of their school, likewise, lost all the advantage that is to be gained from the cultivation of ideal perfection: they were content to draw their heads and the attitudes of their figures from common life, unlike a Raffaello, who always presented them with imagined, yet not unnatural beauty. The Neapolitans were chiefly remarkable for fertility of invention and expedition in composition, but they wanted application and care.

The great characteristic of the Venetian school of painting, is perfection of colouring; and such was its surprising superiority in this branch of the art, that some persuaded themselves, and actually declared, that nature had bestowed a more brilliant hue on objects in Venice than elsewhere. Others again, affected to believe, that the tints of the Venetian artists resulted from a secret mode of manufacturing the colours. But the truth appears to be, that a peculiar method of laying on the colours, was immemorially practised by the painters of Venice. They first prepared a chalk surface; over this white ground, layers of different hues were laid upon each other, and from this process arose that combined softness, brilliancy and transparency, which distinguish the paintings of the Venetians. They understood better than any other artists, the true principles of harmony in colours. Their skill was not confined to the fleshy parts; but it displayed itself in the curious imitation of drapery of all sorts, velvets, stuffs, and crapes, but above all, of works in gold, silver, and other metals. The spectator is always surprised and delighted, by the effect of their ornaments on pictures. The great boast of their school was

Titian. In his early productions, all of which were marked by extraordinary genius, he affected practical minuteness. In his picture of the Pharisee offering money to Christ, many of his figures offer examples of this laborious exactness. The hairs of their head might be distinctly counted, the pores of the flesh were visible, and, what was still more surprising, objects were seen reflected by the pupils of their eyes. It was not until his thirtieth year, that this master produced his first specimen of what may be called the decided Titian style. The lucid clearness and liveliness of colouring, which characterised the Venetian school, were carried by him to the utmost point of perfection.

'He was in the habit,' observes the Abbe Lanzi, 'of employing only few and simple colours; but they are such as afforded the greatest variety and contrast: he knew all their gradations, and the most proper occasion for their application and opposition to each other. There appears no effort, no degree of violence in them; and that striking diversity of colours, which seem to strive one above another, for the mastery as it were, in his pictures, has all the appearance of nature, though it is an effect of the most bold and arduous art. A white dress, placed near a naked figure, gives it all the appearance of being mingled with the warmest crimson, while he employed nothing beyond simple *terra rossa*, with a little lake in the contours and towards the extremities. Certain objects, in themselves dark and even black, produce a similar effect upon his canvass; and which besides enlivening the adjacent colour, give force to the figures, wrought in with gradual middle tints. It is said to have been his favourite opinion, transmitted to us, that whoever aspires to become a painter must make himself familiar with three colours, and have them ready upon his pallette; these are white, red, and black: and no artist, while attempting the fleshy parts, must expect to succeed at once, but by repeated application of opposite tints, and kneading of his colours. Titian was aware, that red brings objects nearer to the eye, that yellow retains the rays of light, that azure is a shade, and adapted for deep obscure. No other artist likewise was more accurately acquainted with the mutual power or equipoise of the above three colours, upon which the harmony of pictures so much depends; an equipoise, too, so difficult in practice, to which not even Rubens, however excellent a colourist, perfectly attained. In the number of his figures, Titian is inclined to be moderate; and in grouping them he displays the finest unshackled art; an art, which he was fond of exemplifying by comparison with a bunch of grapes, where a number of single ones compose the figure of a whole, agreeably rounded, light through the openings, distinct in shades, in middle tints, and in lights, according as it receives more or less of the solar rays. No contrasts are to be met with in these compositions, that betray a studied effect; no violent action, that is not called for by the incidents of the story. The actors in general preserve their dignity, and a certain composure, as if each seemed to respect the assembly of which he formed a part. It is on all hands admitted, that, as a portrait painter, Titian was quite incomparable. He was no less successful in depicting the passions of the mind. The death of St. Peter the martyr, at Venice, with that of a devotee of St. Antony, at the college of that name in Padua, display scenes, than which I know not whether painting can afford us any thing more terrific in the ferocity of those who strike, or more full of compassion in the whole attitude of the falling Saint. Titian was equalled by none in his landscape; and he was careful not to employ it, like some artists, as a mere embellishment; several artists esteeming themselves so highly in this particular, that they hardly scruple to present us with cypress trees growing out of the sea. But Titian makes his landscapes subservient to history, as in the horrific wood, whose dreary aspect adds so much to the solemnity of St. Peter's death; or to give force to his figures, as we perceive them in those pieces where the landscape is thrown into the distance. His natural manner of representing the various effects of light may be best gathered from his martyrdom of St. Lawrence, belonging to the Jesuits at Venice, in which he displayed such an astonishing diversity in the splendour of fire, in that of torch lights, and in that of a supernatural light, which appear to fall upon the martyr. He likewise expresses with the utmost felicity, the time of the day in which the ascent is supposed to have taken place, and he frequently selected night-fall, drawing forth all its most beautiful attributes for the canvass. It is well known that he underwent extreme labour in the completion of his works, and, at the same time, was very solicitous to conceal the pains he bestowed upon them. Yet in some of his pieces, such spirited and resolute strokes are to be met with, as seem to imprint upon every object the true character of nature; to attain, at once, the points that have been long laboriously aimed at, and perfectly to delight professors. To this practice he adhered in the zenith of his fame; nor was it until the near close of his existence, that falling a victim to the plague, when within a year of completing a century, both his hand and eye failing him, his style became less elegant, being compelled to paint with repeated efforts of the brush, and with difficulty mingling his tints. Vasari, who saw him once more in 1566, even then was no longer able to recognise Titian in Titian, and it must have been much more difficult in the few following years. Yet, as is customary with old age, he was not at all aware of his failings, and continued to receive commissions until the final year of his life. There remains at St. Salvatore, one of these pictures of the Annunciation, which attracts the spectator only from the name of its master. Yet when he was told by some that it was not, or at least appeared not, to have been executed by his hand, he was so much irritated, that in a fit of senile indignation, he affixed to it the following words "Titianus, fecit, fecit."—Vol. iii. pp. 143—150.

But Titian was a much better artist than a master; he was averse, it is feared, from the most ignoble motives, to impart instruction. Hence, there are very few painters who can be strictly said to be his disciples, although the Venetian states long abounded with productions variously formed on his peculiar manner. In a succeeding age, this school gave birth to a number of the very greatest ornaments; amongst whom the most justly celebrated, are Tintorretto and Paul Veronese. Mannerism, however, the usual corrupter of the arts, subsequently reduced the high character of the Venetian school, and its decline was further precipitated by the intermixture of exotic styles.

Of the five schools of Lombardy, the first two, those of Milan and Modena, chiefly followed the style of Raffaello. The third, the school of Parma, was altogether influenced by Correggio, one of the most original and engaging painters of whom Italy could boast at any time. In the department of design he was so successful, as to be selected by the Caracci for the model of their school at Bologna. He was a consummate master of colouring. His pictures are distinguished by a clearness and brilliancy, which give them an appearance as if they were viewed through a glass; and in the evening, when the tints of other paintings become gradually obscure, the colours in those of Correggio seem to sparkle with something of a phosphoric effect.

'But his grand and mastering quality,' observes the Abbe Lanzi, 'his crowning triumph and distinction above all other artists known to us, is his thorough knowledge of lights and shades. Like nature herself, he does not present objects to us with the same force of light, but varied according to the surfaces, oppositions, and distances: it flows in a gradation insensibly increasing and diminishing, a distinction essential in aerial perspective, in which he is so great, and contributing finely to the general harmony. He observed the same principle in his shades, representing the reflection of colour upon each, in so delicate a degree, that though using them so abundantly, his shadows are always varied like nature's, never monotonous.'—vol. iv. p. 107.

The character of the Parma school of painting, presents us with the peculiarities of Correggio, but variously modified. United to a fine style of chiaroscuro, its artists have attained great excellence in foreshortenings. The institution of an academy, in 1757, and the encouragement of the great, have contributed very much to sustain the art in Parma.

A distinguished family of artists in Cremona, projected a school of painting in that city, which should embrace the united perfections of all the great masters of Italy. They produced a number of eminent artists—but being deficient in ambition, and, above all, wanting a principle of unity in their efforts, the school very quickly fell into decay. The Cremona school, being the fifth of those of Lombardy, contributed no name of general celebrity to the art.

The catalogue of the schools of Lombardy closes with that of Milan, to form which, the works and instruction of Leonardo da Vinci, a Florentine, as we before observed, so essentially contributed. This illustrious master, who came to Milan at the close of the fifteenth century, is justly called the father of modern painting, for it was his vigorous genius that first broke through the bonds of the old style. He was endowed with vast penetration, and this quality made him an indefatigable and accurate observer of objects. He possessed a rich imagination, which enabled him to give the charms of ideal beauty to his subjects—he applied science and philosophy, in which he was profoundly conversant, to the art, and all those powers, intuitive and acquired, were governed by the greatest natural sagacity. A great cause of his success was the exquisite refinement of taste by which he was distinguished. It provoked him to the most extraordinary efforts, in which, if he failed to reach his own ideal standard of perfection, he certainly went far enough to deserve, if not the first place, at least a place in the first rank of pictorial artists. The principal feature of his style is the grand effect of his chiaroscuro. Hence, in his pictures, and those of his school, we observe that magical power of relief which makes the figures, and particularly the faces, appear as if they were starting from the canvass. The work which is most connected in popular recollection with the name of Da Vinci, is his "Last Supper," of which the following elegant sketch is furnished by our author.

'All history is agreed in celebrating this picture as one of the most beautiful paintings that ever proceeded from the hand of man. It was painted for the refectory of the Dominican fathers, at Milan, and may be pronounced a compendium, not only of all that Leonardo taught in his books, but also of what he embraced in his studies. He here gave expressions to the exact point of time best adapted to animate his history, which is the moment when the Redeemer addresses his Disciples, saying, "one of you will betray me." Then each of his innocent followers is seen to start as if struck with a thunderbolt: those at a distance seem to interrogate their companions as if they think (that) they must have mistaken what he had said: others, according to their natural dispositions, appear variously affected: one of them swooned away, one stands lost in astonishment, a third rises in indignation, while the very simplicity and candour depicted upon the countenance of a fourth, seem to place him beyond the reach of suspicions. But Judas instantly draws in his countenance, and while he appears as it were attempting to give it an air of innocence, the eye rests upon him in a moment, as the undoubted traitor. Vinci himself used to observe, that for the space of a whole year, he employed his time in meditating how he could best give expression to the features of so bad a heart: and that being accustomed to frequent a place where the worst characters are known to assemble, he there met with a physiognomy to his purpose; to which he also added the features of many others. In his figures of the two St. James's, presenting five forms, most appropriate to the characters, he availed himself of the same plan, and being unable with his utmost diligence, to invest that of Christ with a superior air to the rest, he left the head in an unfinished state, as we learn from Vasari, though Armenini pronounces it exquisitely complete. The rest of the picture, the table-cloth with its folds, the whole of the utensils, the table, the architecture, the distribution of the lights, the perspective of the ceiling (which in the tapestry of St. Peter, at Rome, is changed almost into a hanging garden), all was conducted with the most exquisite care; all was worthy of the finest pencil in the world. Had Leonardo desired to follow the practice of his age in painting in distemper, the art at this time would have been in possession of the treasure. But being always fond of attempting new methods, he painted this master-piece upon a peculiar ground formed of distilled oils, which was the reason that it gradually detached itself from the wall.'—vol. iv. pp. 244—246.

This magnificent picture was found half decayed, in about fifty years after it was painted. Various attempts were made to restore it; but such are the vicissitudes which it has undergone, that nothing now appears in the picture from the hand of Vinci, but three heads, which may be said to be rather sketches than paintings. The school of Milan gradually sunk into decay, although three academies had been successively raised to encourage it.

In the sixteenth century, painting in all its branches attained a degree of perfection, which seemed incapable of any further advancement. Nothing was left to future masters, therefore, but imitation; and they, in many instances, were too easily satisfied with their own hasty performances. Indolence and impure taste seemed to threaten the art with speedy corruption, which it was beginning to experience when the school of Bologna started up, to be an asylum, as it were, for the protection and encouragement of all the best styles in Italy, and to teach a method of imitation so correct and judicious as to deserve the title of a style in itself. The family of the Caracci became illustrious, by being the founders of this school. By their various genius, their unwearied labours, and disinterestedness—a quality which is hereditary in the masters of this school—Bologna was enabled to give back to each of the Italian schools, in the time of need, those sound and true principles of art for which she herself, in the first instance, had been indebted to them all. The history of the Caracci, and their school, for which we must refer the reader to the pages of the Abbe Lanzi, forms a brilliant section in this work.

It now only remains for us to notice the schools of Ferrara, Genoa, and Piedmont. The paintings of the artists of the first, bear the peculiar marks of the fervid and inventive genius of the Ferrarese, and shew their superiority in historical and classical knowledge. The school of Genoa is one of the numerous offsprings that proceeded from the style of Raffaello, and it is distinguished in Italy for having produced an unusual number of painters in fresco. The school of Piedmont is the latest of all those which we have enumerated, in its origin. It has given birth to several distinguished artists—but it deserves to be noticed more on account of what it promises,* than what it has performed.

To pretend that, in the foregoing notice, we have furnished any thing like an indication of the multitude of interesting details contained in these volumes, would be as offensive to truth, as it would be unjust to the author of as singular a monument of labour and diligence as modern literature can boast of. Neither do we attempt to insinuate that we were able to suggest any adequate notions of the admirable tact and skill shewn in his arrangement, in which, without excluding any topics necessary to the purposes of his history, the Abbe Lanzi disposes of every personage and event in the rank that is due to their relative importance. And if we have been deficient in these respects, we feel that we have still more failed in giving a proper idea of the accurate and discriminating mind of the critic, or of the perfectly judicial impartiality of his opinions; and when we compare our imperfect analysis of his work with our own impressions of the author, we are sensible how little we have been able to transfer to our pages any portion of those lineaments of taste, graceful propriety and eloquence of language, or of that spirit of regulated enthusiasm, which are diffused through the 'History of Painting in Italy.'

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* This present time, it should be remembered, belongs to a period long gone by.—Rev.

With respect to the merits of the translator, the most obvious one is, that of having given to British literature a work of the very highest value, at no inconsiderable sacrifice of time and trouble. The magnitude of the task will excuse more inadvertencies than he has committed: we know how difficult it is for an English translator, even under the most favourable circumstances, to succeed, at all times in disengaging the meaning of a foreign writer from the idioms in which it is conveyed, so as to give it an air of ease and nature in its new disguise. But in general, this version has much of the force and precision of style, which belong to the original.

ART. XI. *Austria as it is: or Sketches of Continental Courts.* By an Eye-witness. 8vo. pp. 228. London: Hurst, Chance & Co. 1828.

THERE is, perhaps, no part of Europe, with the domestic and every-day life of which we are so little acquainted, as Austria. Travellers, particularly those of our own country, who have visited that empire, have found themselves generally so uncomfortable there, in consequence of the actual, or apprehended, interference of the police, and of their well-founded fears of being perpetually surrounded by spies, that they have usually been disposed to quit such disagreeable quarters with all convenient speed. A very short residence at Vienna, would teach them, that to commit any memoranda on the state of the country, or concerning its government, or its inhabitants, to writing, would be a task of some danger, even if it were not attended with difficulties, that to a foreigner are almost insurmountable. For such a person to make inquiries upon the most common subjects of political interest, would be only to attract the more marked attention of the police. Even if he have numerous letters of introduction to private individuals, he is permitted to see but the external features of society; and generally speaking, he can do little more than visit the theatres and public buildings, and repeat from catalogues and guide-books, the same dull details which had already abundantly wearied the public ear.

The work before us, however, bears all the tokens of having been written by an Austrian, or at least by a person who is intimately conversant with the whole fabric of society in that country. We imagine that he must have been educated in England, or that he has been here a sufficient length of time to enable him, not only to think, but to write, like a John Bull. We do not mean as to his style, which frequently betrays an alien hand; but as to the freedom, and the unprejudiced intelligence, with which he delivers his remarks on every subject.

Nothing can less resemble the usually grave and pondrous manner of German tourists, than the sketches contained in this volume. They are full of materials, always interesting, and sometimes wholly new; they touch chiefly on those topics, upon which a stranger would most wish to obtain information; and they unquestionably afford the clearest and most animated picture of Austrian life, which we have yet seen. They present us with several anecdotes of the royal family, and of the Austrian, Bohemian, and Hungarian nobles; but they do not stop with the higher circles. They introduce the reader to the middle and lower classes of the community, and place them before him in a strong light, not decked out in their holiday robes, but in their plainest and homeliest attire.

The impression which this work leaves upon the mind, as to the character of the great mass of the people of Austria, is decidedly favourable to them. Attached to their sovereign on account of his personal dispositions and merits, they are a frugal and industrious race, and only want education and knowledge to teach them to shake off the yoke of an absolute monarch. That yoke the Austrians do not severely feel at present, as Francis is popular amongst them, and he has done every thing that an autocrat can do to conciliate the affection of his people. But when he ceases to reign, it will entirely depend on the character of his successor, whether they will submit to be taxed without even the formality of asking their consent. There is not a more complete system of tyranny established in any part of the world, than that which prevails in Austria. The emperor is the centre, round which every part of that system moves, and towards which it tends; and if ever that centre lose even a particle of its attraction, the whole machine will necessarily get out of order, and finally fall asunder.

The Austrians, however, properly so called, are far behind the Bohemians, and still farther removed from the Hungarians, in all that concerns the influenee of public opinion, and the growth of public spirit. The latter, particularly, seem to be advancing with rapid strides towards the era of their regeneration. For some time their representatives have been on bad terms with the emperor; complaints of their turbulence have escaped his lips, though uttered in calm, cautious, and polished phrases. They, on their parts, have evinced a national spirit, which, though it has not yet flamed out in all its fervour, has given indications of it existence, and of its vigour, that are not to be mistaken. Let us hear our author on this subject.

'Francis was never a favourite with this lofty nation of noblemen. His plainness and common manner, so much admired among his German subjects, and so well calculated to make them forget taxes and oppression, they do not hesitate to call vulgarity. With a growing discontent, since the reign of Joseph the Second, they watched over their rights, joined but coldly in the wars of Austria, and were even, during the eventful period of 1809, with difficulty prevailed upon to furnish more troops than their stipulated contingent. Though they refused the offer of Napoleon to choose a king of their own, yet to see their king subservient, as Francis showed himself to Napoleon, and then to act so perfidious a part, mortified them exceedingly. During the time of the wars, and while the emperor was guided by the counsels and influence of their nobility, they overlooked the encroachments attempted at different times, and even the suspension of the sittings of their Diet. Repeated petitions were presented, yet they never complained loudly. Things have, however, changed, and assumed a rather serious aspect, since Metternich was placed at the head of affairs. Repeated encroachments on their constitution, and, above all, the engrossing of the sole power, formerly possessed by the whole body of the aristocracy, by their sovereign, roused the indignation of this nation, in a manner which alarmed even the phlegm of his majesty. Francis himself is little fond of his lofty Hungarians, with whom his broad and short way, "I will," would not do; and though he flattered them, apparently in every manner he could, yet he did every thing in his power to retaliate on them for their indifference and stubborn neglect of his imperial dignity. They are excluded from trade with the rest of the empire, and considered, in fact, as strangers.

'Exports and imports are subject to the same duties as coming from a foreign country. His policy, with respect to the Greeks, who confess the same religion with, at least, 4,000,000 of Hungarians, contributed, with the fluctuating value of the depreciated currency, not a little to augment their indignation. The freedom with which they proceed in their parliamentary discussions offended his majesty more than any thing; and when he complained that they were sitting four weeks without deciding any thing, one of the magnates, Count P——, rose and said, "His majesty has been seated thirty years on the throne of Hungary, and has not done any thing for us."'—pp. 124—126.

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'Francis is well aware of what is going on, and so are the principal characters; and hence the thousands of secret spies, watching, not the foreigners, but his own subjects; his repeated visits to Bohemia and Hungary; his remission of the outstanding taxes and contributions to both kingdoms; and his endeavours to secure the succession to his beloved son Archduke Francis Charles,—whom he thinks more able to master the impending storm than the Crown Prince:—but, with all his endeavours, he will not be able to lay the rising ghost. Silent, deep, but embittered, this people go on: Francis has instructed them in the art of dissimulation and treachery, and the successor of Francis will reap the fruits of it. The deep-rooted habit of obeying, a certain reverence towards his age, and, above all, the well-known omniscience of the emperor and his designs, will keep them in obedience as long as he lives, and as long as he is able to pay his spies and his army of officers; but the load of the public debt, the financial confusion, is too great, and the resources of the

German hereditary dominions are too exhausted, to permit a long continuance of this system. Opposed as the Hungarians are with their whole and unexhausted strength, and only waiting for the favourable moment, they will raise the standard of opposition, and the rest will follow. The ties of honour and good faith which bound the Austrian subjects to their emperor are entirely broken, and the death of Francis will disclose scenes of which we never dreamed.'—pp. 133, 134.

The discontent that at present prevails in Hungary, is, however, in a great measure confined to the upper classes; the peasantry, who are in a state of vassalage, take as yet little, if any interest at all, in public affairs. In this respect, they differ from the peasantry of Bohemia, who are not the property of their lords, and who may sell and purchase estates, and do many other acts which are only compatible with a freehold system. They have also various judicial tribunals, which would seem powerful enough to protect them from oppression, at least, on the part of the nobles. But they are ruled, nevertheless, by such a crowd of masters, in the character of government officers, and are taxed so severely, that their freedom is worse than positive slavery. Hence, says our author, 'they are slavish, insidious, treacherous! There is a gloom brooding on the countenance of the Bohemian, or, as he prefers to style himself, Czechian, which makes him unfeeling. Music is the only thing which clears up his melancholy brow. The gloomy stare of his countenance brightens; his sharp grey eyes kindle and beam with fire and sensibility; the whole man is changed.' They have a tradition that one of their early warriors lies asleep with five hundred of his followers, beneath a wild solitary mountain on the road from Toplitz to Prague, 'waiting for the thunder-clap which is to rouse him and lay open the doors of his prison, from whence he will sally forth to deliver his countrymen from the yoke of the foreigners, whom they call *hiemezy*, intruders.' They still possess the mere shadow of their ancient constitution in their diet, which sits twice a year with great pomp, but only for the purpose of *registering* the amount of the taxes, and agreeing to complimentary addresses to the emperor. It is obvious, however, that even the retention of this shadow may one day prove of importance to the Bohemians; for when we want an efficient instrument, it is a great point gained to have all the materials ready to our hand, and in some measure seasoned. If we may believe our author, who appears to have been recently among the Bohemians, they are strongly disaffected towards Austria, and entertain a lively sense of their political degradation. Italy also, he thinks, sighs for her dukes, and Venice for her doges, and even the Tyrol is far from being indifferent to the desirable blessings of a constitutional government.

But let us pass from such grave matter to lighter themes. It is a relief to turn from politics to the following cheerful picture of an Austrian village.

'The distance from Zuayra to Vienna is thirty miles on the Imperial road. The more interesting road is, however, through Ratz, Kremsk, and Potten. We took the latter. The country from Zuayra westward is almost an uninterrupted vineyard, softly rising and descending on the eminences, and now and then interrupted by an orchard or by wheat-fields in the lower grounds. There is a calm, an hilarity spread over the whole, which is reflected in the laughing countenances of the lads and maids employed in stripping the vines of their superfluous branches and leaves, to hasten the ripening of the grapes. Many as we met, all of them offered us grapes. As the forerunners of the villages are always the same wine-cellars, at the distance of fifty yards. They are dug into the ground, and generally vaulted. The entrance to them is through a stone building, containing the wine-press, and a room or two for the entertainment of the proprietor and wine-buyers. Waggons loading for Vienna, Bohemia, or Moravia, are waiting before the doors, and, as this trade cannot be carried on without frequent libations, we were sure of being invited at every such stand to share in them. These cellars, from forty to fifty in number, are each overshadowed by walnut trees, which guard the entrance; two banks and a table are commonly raised under them. The villages themselves bespeak a serenity and a wealth which you will not find elsewhere throughout the continent. A brook is a necessary ingredient to an Austrian village; its banks are lined with willows, horse-chesnuts, and walnuts. At some distance the houses run down in long rows. A thatched roof is as great a rarity as a tavern. The inhabitants being cultivators of the grape, prefer to take a glass, or rather a flagon, at home. The houses are from one to two stories high, covered with tiles, and provided with green shutters. On both sides, before the house, are small gardens with green or yellow painted railings, through which the passage to the house-door is left open. You enter through a wicket which is in the large door. The first room is the visit-room; it is generally painted, and furnished with an elegant stove, two bureaus, half a dozen chairs, and a sofa. In the midst is a large table covered with a Tyrolian carpet, on which two flagons and a number of tumblers are placed. The other rooms are furnished in a less sumptuous, but clean and substantial manner. Round the green stove, and the white shining walls, runs a row of open benches; round the ceiling, large wine glasses are seen hanging, in which the journeymen receive their daily portion of wine. Some pictures of saints, or an engraving of Maria Theresa, Joseph, or Francis, decorate the walls.'—pp. 91—93.

From the portrait of Francis we shall proceed to the original, as he is characteristically described by our author.

'The imperial burg, tinted with the grey hue of age, contrasts strangely with the splendid and modern apartments of the imperial chancelerie; but it convinces you at once of that imperial pride which prefers a stately ancient residence to a more splendid modern one. The interior is magnificent, and the pomp and taste of nearly six centuries are here blended in the different dresses and exhibitions of this splendid court. A guard of grenadiers on the left hand, with four mounted cannons, show that you are before the entrance of the Emperor's apartments. A double flight of stairs leads hence to a noble staircase from this to the first guard-room, occupied by the German and Hungarian guards; the former dressed as

Austrian majors of the infantry, in white coats, with red cuffs and collars, three-cornered hats trimmed with gold lace. The Hungarian is the hussar dress, with their tiger-skin *kalpaks* glittering with gold and embroidery, without doubt the most splendid guard in the world. Their number is fifty, all of them Hungarian noblemen, who bear the rank of premier lieutenants. Their captain is Prince Esterhazy. From this dazzling apartment you enter a sort of Pensionaires, dressed in yellow and black mixture, of the old Spanish and German costume. From this you go into the common *Saal*, or audience-room. The next apartment is that of the imperial pages, dressed in red and silver. A few steps farther will bring you to the apartment of the chamberlains, two of whom are always in waiting: they are distinguished by a gold bullion on their back and a golden key. Of the sumptuousness of this court personate, you may form an idea by the twenty-five body-coachmen, fifty body-footmen, and twenty-five body-servants of the chambers attending his Majesty. The adjoining room is the private cabinet, a simple but costly furnished chamber, with green curtains, in which, leaning with the right hand on a moderate mahogany table, there stands a figure of a middle size, but exceedingly lank, surmounted by an oblong head, with a couple of large blue eyes, apparently all openness and sincerity but for a sinister twinkling, long and hollow cheeks, which seem to have ceded all their flesh to the chin, and a pair of thick lips, expressing now and then a good-humoured complacency, with his head at times nodding, and again a scowling sullenness. Let your eyes descend on a frame most loosely hung together, legs on which four consorts have scarcely left an ounce of flesh, boots dangling about a pair of equally ill-provided feet,—and you have the descendant of nineteen emperors, and the present Sovereign of Austria.'—pp. 110—113.

An interesting account is given of the mode in which Francis carries on the details of his government, and manages the appointment of the 60,000 officers, who are scattered through his empire. But we must pass it over in order to make room for the following sketch of the imperial family, including that important scion, the young Napoleon.

'He (the Emperor) rises commonly at six o'clock, takes breakfast an hour afterwards, and transacts public business till one o'clock, or gives public audiences. At two o'clock he takes a ride, sometimes with his Empress, but oftener with his favourite Grand Chamberlain, the excellent Count Wobna, or his aid-de-camp, Baron Rutscherd. At four o'clock he dines, commonly on five dishes with a dessert: his beverage is water, and a liqueur-tumbler filled with Tokay. After dinner he takes a peep at his plants, in the Paradise of Garth; or looks whether any of his pigeons have strayed away or have been captured, a circumstance which makes him always angry; and at six o'clock he takes coffee, made in the new Imperial Garden Pavilion by the Empress herself, who, dressed in a plain suit, delights to be cook and landlady in person. The time till supper is filled out with *térzettos*, which he performs on the violin with his favourite aid-de-camp, Baron K——a, and another nobleman or prince. As father of a family, he deserves praise: there is not a more decent and respectable family in the empire than his own. Besides the higher branches of education, every member of it is obliged to learn a mechanic occupation; and the Archdukes are carpenters and cabinet-makers, and the Crown Prince himself, a weaver. Gallantries are entirely excluded: and a celebrated beauty who, from an opposite box in the Imperial theatre, had the audacity to wish his son-in-law, the Prince of S——o, a good evening, was sent to prison, and the prince himself severely reprimanded. His second son, Francis Charles, is his favourite, a clever young man, of a prepossessing appearance. He is universally spoken of as his successor. Whether this violation of the Pragmatic Sanction, though caused by the absolute stupidity of the Crown Prince, would not be productive of even more serious consequences than the reign of the latter, we doubt very much. Hungary is absolutely against this; and this alone is an impediment which never can nor will be overcome.

'Of all the members of his family, the Duke of Reichstadt experiences the most marked tenderness. It seems as if he (the Emperor) wished to obliterate the wrong he had inflicted on the father by his double dealing. He is, indeed, an interesting youth, beautifully formed, with the countenance and the fine cut lips of his father, and the blue eyes of his mother. One cannot see this blooming youth, with his inexpressible tint of melancholy and thoughtfulness, without a deep emotion. He has not that marked plain and familiar ease of the Austrian princes, who seem to be every where at home; but his demeanour is more dignified, and noble in the extreme. Two Prussian officers arrived with us at Shoenbrunn, his residence, and wished to be introduced to him. His lord chamberlain was just refusing their indelicate demand, in rather an animadverting manner, when the Prince stept out from his apartments, and advanced towards the grand staircase before the palace, to take a ride with the governor. He stopped awhile before the two officers, his eyes fixed; describing at the same time figures on the ground. At last, casting a significant glance at them, "*Des Prussiens?*" demanded he; and turning gracefully aside, he went down to mount his horse.

'It is an Arabian steed, a present from his grandfather, and he strides it with a nobleness which gives the promise of as good horsemanship as that for which his father was so celebrated. We saw him some time after at the head of his *escadron*, who almost adore him; and he commanded with a precision and a military eye, which prognosticate a future general. He is, by virtue of an imperial decree, proprietor of the eight domains of the Grand-duke of Toskana, in Bohemia, with an income of above 20,000*l*. sterling: a greater revenue than is enjoyed by any of the imperial princes, the Archduke Charles excepted. His title is Duke of Reichstadt. He is addressed "*Euer Durchlaucht*," (*Votre Altesse*). His rank is immediately after that of the princes of the reigning house, the Austrian family of Este and Toskana. His court establishment is the same with the Imperial princes: he has his *Obersthofmeister*, his Lord Chamberlain, aids-de-camp, and a corresponding inferior household. In possession, as he is, of a large fortune, his destination will depend on his talents and on his inclination. pp. 140—143.

Our author gives some interesting particulars of the life of Prince Metternich, and comments with great, though just severity, upon his political character. He describes that wily diplomatist, as the most 'dangerous enemy to human freedom' that has ever existed; as a very indifferent lawyer, and 'an absolute idiot in financial matters.' 'A self-possession,' he adds, 'under the most trying and harassing circumstances; a sure and fine tact in judging characters; an ease in gliding into the secrets and the confidence of his superiors; and, above all, an inimitable grace of lying, as they say, with an assurance which it is not in the power of any human being to disconcert, are his principal characteristics.' His late paper, addressed to the Austrian minister at the Porte, fully bears out the latter part of this description; as to the other features of it, they are easily recognised, as belonging to the most finished intriguer in Europe. It is a remarkable inconsistency in the life of this individual, that all his policy is intimately connected with that cold and unbending haughtiness, which so strongly characterises the imperial family, and the nobility of Austria; and yet, that only "one little month" since, he should have married—an opera dancer!

But let us not be unjust to the "Corinthian pillars" of that proud empire. The following account of their general habits place them in a very amiable point of view.

'You will find, in the circles of the nobility, an union of every thing delightful, with the stateliness and solidity which blend ancient grandeur with modern taste. The picture of Austrian high life is less dazzling than the French, but it is more solid. There is less extravagance, less variety than in Paris, but infinitely more reality. It is this steadiness which has preserved their wealth, even through centuries, little impaired by the late disasters; while the French nobility and that of the German states, are generally more or less impoverished.

'The French is still the favourite language, not so much from an indifference to, or scorn of, the native German, Hungarian, or Bohemian languages, as from the necessity that is felt to speak a tongue which is not understood by their servants, and does not expose them to the danger of every word being betrayed to the secret police.

'French manners have, however, lost much of their universal sway, though a tinge of them is still visible throughout Vienna society.

'The children of the Austrian nobility are almost universally educated at home. Each family has at least one tutor, generally a lawyer or a divine, who has gone through the course of his sudies. This gentleman superintends the education of the young members of the family. While the young ladies take their lessons in religion, writing, drawing, music, or dancing, the youths go through their Latin, or other lessons, under the superintendence of this tutor, or of competent masters, who are sometimes public professors. After the lapse of six months, the youths are publicly examined by the professors of the government, and advanced into a higher class. Even the philosophical course is frequently completed at home in this manner. Though these tutors cannot impart what they have not themselves acquired, yet as they are generally men of learning, and their fortune depends entirely on the progress of their pupils, young noblemen who are not condemned to the mere learning of their lessons by memory, and who have a free literary range, become more thoroughly instructed than the other classes.

'A solid family of the high nobility will rise early,—between six and eight o'clock,—if a ball or a party of the preceding night has not encroached on the morning. A cup or two of coffee, with a small white roll (semmel), is the usual breakfast which is taken *en famille,* with the exception of the youths, who breakfast and dine separately with their tutors. The subsequent hours are dedicated to business. The lord is engaged with his privy or court-counsellor, or director of his domains, in the current business, which takes from two to three hours: the reading of English, French, and German newspapers. The lady is all the while busy in her apartments with the supreme regulations of the household; reading, writing, drawing, and dressing. At twelve o'clock the visiting hours begin. The lady either pays or receives visits, in which, however, her husband seldom participates. Their apartments are generally separate. As they keep separate carriages, the lady takes her ride at two o'clock, either in the company of her husband, or of her lady companion, in the Augarten, the Prater, or on the Glacis. At three o'clock dinner is served, attended by the whole family, except the youths, who are only permitted to join them on a Sunday, with their tutor.'—pp. 171—173.

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'Nothing, however, is more delightful than an evening party in a private circle. You assemble for this occasion immediately after tea, which is regularly taken at six o'clock. Some refreshments, such as pine-apples, grapes, &c. are handed round. The whist, quadrille, or *ombre* tables, are arranged, and the company sit down to play. During the play a band performs tunes of Mozart's, Weber's, and Rossini's operas; and if there are daughters in the family, whom their friends are coming to see, a dance is arranged before you are aware. There is in every house not only the music-master, but at least two or three servants, who are excellent performers. Their rooms not being carpeted, but *parquetted* and polished with wax, are at any time ready for this occasion. It is in these evening parties, that the amiable and fascinating character of the high classes of the Austrian empire shines out in all its charms. The *sans géne,* the modesty, the true nobleness and simplicity which develope themselves in these circles and occasional dances, show that these people are more fitted than any other to enjoy the pleasures of life. They give happiness to their guests, and try to make every one round them happy too.'—pp. 182, 183.

From these extracts, which we might have lengthened had our space permitted, the novel and interesting character of this little work will have been fully appreciated by the reader. Should it reach a second edition, as we imagine it will, we would recommend a careful revision of the text. It abounds with grammatical errors, and foreign idioms, which ought never to have been permitted to pass through the press.

ART. XII. *The Correspondence of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and of his Brother, Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester; with the Diary of Lord Clarendon, from* 1687 *to* 1690, *containing minute Particulars of the Events attending the Revolution: and the Diary of Lord Rochester during his Embassy to Poland in* 1676. *Edited from the Original Manuscripts, with Notes.* By Samuel Weller Singer, F.S.A. 2 vols. 4to. *5l. 5s.* London: Colburn. 1828.

THE collection of letters and journals, so minutely described in this comprehensive title page, is certainly one of much historical value: though its attractions, on the score of novelty at least, do by no means respond to the "pomp and circumstance" of advertisement, with which the publication of the 'Clarendon Papers' was ostentatiously preceded. The fact is—and it will perhaps be learnt by some persons with surprise, after the loud and elaborate announcement of discovered treasures—that by far the greatest part of the contents of these volumes has been already once before the world in print.

So long since as the year 1763, the well known Dr. Douglas, bishop of Salisbury, published the Diary and Correspondence of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, in two quarto volumes, from materials then in the possession of a Mr. Powney, High Steward of Maidenhead, who had purchased them from Mr. Richards of Wokingham, to whose father, a maternal connexion of the Clarendon-family, the third Earl had given them. The Diary was printed chiefly from Lord Clarendon's own autograph; and his letters from copies which had been preserved by himself. Both the Diary and the Correspondence, thus contained in Bishop Douglas's edition, are here printed again; and to estimate correctly the proportion of new and original documents brought forward in these volumes, it is sufficient to observe, that the repetitions from the bishop's edition form the most valuable pieces (and Lord Clarendon's Diary infinitely so) in the whole present work; that the Diary is avowedly reprinted from the former text; that the appendix is also copied principally from Dr. Douglas's compilation; and that the matter, thus merely republished with a very few new interpositions, fills altogether much above one half of the first volume (pp. 206—586), and rather more than two-thirds (pp. 1—334, 465—512) of the second.

The portion of the present work which, on the other hand, is new to the world, is derived from a large collection of the original papers of Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester. He and his elder brother, Henry Hyde, second Earl of Clarendon, were, it is almost needless to remind the reader, the sons of the celebrated statesman and historian. The account which Mr. Singer, the editor of the present work, has given of the transmission of the Rochester MSS. is short, and not very circumstantial. He merely informs us that they have been rescued from '*oblivion's obscurity*,' (for such is his sweet phrase) by Mr. William Upcott, of the London Institution, who obtained them from a lady, who inherited them from persons very nearly connected with the noble family of Hyde.' They contain the originals of those letters of the second Lord Clarendon to his brother Rochester, of which the collection used by Bishop Douglas were the writer's own copies; and, besides these, a series of letters addressed also to Rochester, by the Duke of York and the Prince of Orange, (afterwards James II., and William III.) by the Duke of Ormonde, Sir William Temple, and other illustrious persons; together with some compositions of Rochester himself: a diary of occurrences during his embassy to John Sobieski, King of Poland, minutes of his conversations with James II., and Barillon, relative to his attempted conversion to the Roman Catholic faith, and meditations on the anniversary of his father's death, and that of his daughter.

In the amount and quality, therefore, of the new matter which the proprietors of these MSS. have been able to produce, there is little to warrant the splendid and costly form of publication here chosen. The whole design, indeed, savours too much of the notable art of book-making. To swell the expense of the work, it is needlessly ornamented with portraits of the brother earls, views of their family seats at Swallowfield and Cornbury, and a few sheets of autographs; and the extravagant price of five guineas is thus demanded of the public for a compilation, the half of which differs in nothing from the ordinary reprint of an old and collated edition. The custom of publishing such books as this in the expensive and inconvenient shape of quartos, cannot be too much deprecated: there is not the slightest necessity, or fair excuse for it; and in the present instance, scarcely even the claim of indemnification for the purchase of a valuable copy-right can be asserted to justify the measure. It is open to any bookseller who chooses, to-morrow to re-publish the Diary of Lord Clarendon, and the whole of the correspondence in Bishop Douglas's edition, without other cost than that of paper and printing: the Rochester papers, now added, however, curious as records of the times, are still in themselves of very inferior interest to the former collection.

But while we protest against the expensive manner in which these volumes have been composed, we are far from being insensible to the advantage of the plan of uniting the Clarendon and Rochester papers in the same work: we could only wish to have seen them edited in a much cheaper and more popular form—such for example, as Mr. Ellis has modestly chosen for his two valuable series of historical letters. For the correspondence and journals of the two Hydes, as here conjoined, offer altogether beyond question, a body of the most remarkable and authentic private evidence which has descended to us, of the events connected with the revolution of 1688. These papers would, in fact, alone, go far to elucidate many disputed transactions in the political history of that memorable epoch; and in the opportunities which they present for comparing and checking the statements of Burnet, of James II. himself in his own life, and of other contemporary historians and memoir writers, these private and confidential relations are of the very highest utility.

The value of the Clarendon and Rochester papers, is attributable much less to any eminent personal merit in either of the brothers, than to their alliance, by their sister's marriage, with the house of Stuart, to the political offices which they filled at different periods, and to their high party connexions in the state. Few private families have ever been engaged more closely or remarkably in the affairs of this country, and the intrigues of its court, than the three Hydes, father and sons. From the epochs of the first Clarendon's distinction in public life, they figure more or less in almost every transaction for near half a century; and it has been the peculiar fortune of both generations—with literary merit, indeed, widely disproportioned—to have contributed by their writings the largest share of any of their contemporaries, except Burnet, to the history of their times.

The long continuance of the family influence of the Hydes, indeed, was not surprising; for even on the first Clarendon's fall and banishment, his daughter's marriage, so much above her station, with the Duke of York, had left his sons in the nearest relation of any subjects with the heir to the crown. Their elevation followed naturally: both had been early initiated by their father in public business; and both eventually obtained the highest employments and dignities in the state. Though neither of them possessed very distinguished talent—and Rochester was much the more considerable person of the two—the abilities of both were respectable; and their possession of many important state secrets would alone have rendered them competent evidences of the political transactions of their age, with even less personal sagacity than has been ascribed to them. Dr. Douglas has endeavoured to vindicate the talents of Clarendon against the insinuations of Burnet; but the character which the latter prelate has left of both the brothers really seems to have been a just one; and, we think, deserves a more detailed place and authority than the editor of the present volumes has allowed to it.

'"The eldest, now the Earl of Clarendon, is a man naturally sincere: [except in the payment of his debts; in which he had a particular art, upon his breaking of his promises, which he does very often, to have a plausible excuse, and a new promise ever ready at hand: in which he has run longer than one could think possible.] He is a friendly and good-natured man. He keeps an exact journal of all that passes, and is punctual to tediousness in all that he relates. He was very early engaged in great secrets: for his father, apprehending of what fatal consequence it would have been to the king's affairs, if his correspondence had been discovered by unfaithful secretaries, engaged him when very young to write all his letters to England in cipher; so that he was generally half the day writing in cipher, or deciphering, and was so discreet, as well as faithful, that nothing was ever discovered by him. He continued to be still the person whom his father trusted most: and was the most beloved of all the family; for he was humble and obliging, [but was peevish and splenetic]. His judgment was not to be much depended on; for he was much carried by vulgar prejudices and false notions. He was much in the queen's favour, and was her chamberlain long. His father's being so violently prosecuted on the account of her marriage, made that she thought herself bound to protect him in a particular manner. He was so provoked at the ill usage his father met with, that he struck in violently with the party that opposed the court: and the king spoke always of him with great sharpness and much scorn. His brother, now earl of Rochester, is a man of far greater parts. He has a very good pen, but speaks not gracefully. He was thought the smoothest man in the court: and during all the dispute concerning his father, he made his court so dextrously, that no resentments ever appeared on that head. When he came into business, and rose to high posts, he grew violent [and insolent]: but was thought an incorrupt man. He has high notions of government, and thinks it must be maintained with great severity. He delivers up his own notions to his party, that he may lead them; [and on all occasions he is wilful and imperious]. He passes for a sincere man, and seems to have too much heat to be false. [This natural heat is influenced by frequent excesses in drinking]."—Burnet, vol. i. pp. 446—448.

To the foregoing character of the two earls, by Burnet, it will be sufficient if we add a very brief notice of the fortunes of this 'par nobile fratrum,' as Mr. Singer is pleased to call them. The elder brother, Lord Clarendon, succeeded to that earldom on his illustrious father's death, in 1674, and continued, in the House of Lords, the opposition to the Court which Burnet has mentioned, until the year 1680, when the influence of his brother-in-law, James, to whom he had manifested a strong attachment upon all occasions, brought him into countenance with the king, and he was created a privy counsellor. The second brother, Laurence Hyde, meanwhile, notwithstanding his father's reverses, and the honourable zeal which, in the impeachment of 1667, he had displayed in his defence, had all along continued in high favour at court. He was successively ambassador in Poland, one of the mediators at the conferences of Nimeguen, and dispatched by Charles II. with a special mission to the Prince of Orange, relative to the peace. His conduct in this last affair of diplomacy seems to have won him the confidence of the king; and after his return, he was rapidly raised to the place of first lord of the treasury, and a considerable share in the king's counsels; not much to his honour, in one respect at least, since he was thought fit by Charles to be trusted with the secret of his infamous compact as the pensioner of France. Hyde was now, by these or other means, become so well established in the king's regard, that he was successively created a baron and viscount; and, in 1683, on the death of the dissolute Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, was finally raised to that vacant title.

In the last year of Charles's reign, the intrigues of the famous Marquis of Halifax with the king, seem to have shaken the new Lord Rochester's credit, notwithstanding the powerful aid which the latter enjoyed in the support of the Duke of York. But the accession of James to the throne was the signal for the short lived elevation and triumph of both the Hydes. Clarendon received the appointment of Lord Privy Seal, and the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland; and on Rochester, James bestowed the staff of Lord High Treasurer, and a large share of ministerial honour and influence. Both the brother earls, high tories by hereditary bias, by education, and by party connexions, were practical advocates of the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience; and were, in return for his favour, evidently disposed to serve the king implicitly enough in his design of riveting the yoke of despotism on their country; but they were also bigoted high churchmen, as well as high tories; and James's mistaken zeal for the advancement of his religion produced in them an alienation from his views, which his plans of arbitrary government, his systematic violation of the spirit of the constitution, and his general course of tyranny and cruelty in civil affairs, had not in the least degree excited. Yet Clarendon, in Ireland, seems to have been sufficiently willing to carry the king's wishes, with respect to the Catholics, into execution, if he had been allowed to do so in his own way. He expresses his readiness to effect the king's purposes in a manner less offensive and alarming, with a degree of pliancy not quite in character, says Mr. Singer, with the reputation given him by contemporary historians of 'entire attachment to the Protestant cause,'—meaning, in other words, of entire intolerance to any other religion. The fact appears very plainly to have been, that Clarendon was piqued into opposition by the indiscreet appointment of Tyrconnel to command the forces in Ireland, with an authority almost independent of him; and that Tyrconnel and his party, by representing the spirit which he had shewn, to the king, obtained his recal. And this solution, at least, attributes to him far less baseness than the sagacious conjecture which the editor of these volumes goes on to propose—'that the condition of his fortunes prevented him from pursuing a more independent course, and from openly expressing what his conscience dictated.' His dismissal from the post of lord privy seal immediately followed his arrival from Ireland; and his brother, Rochester, after an ineffectual attempt on the part of the king to induce him to change his religion, was at the same time deprived of his lord treasurer's staff. But the kindness which James retained for Rochester was shewn by the grant of a pension of 4,000*l.* per annum: Clarendon, though his affairs were deeply embarrassed, received no similar mark of the royal kindness.

During the events which immediately preceded and accompanied the revolution, Rochester appears to have remained inactive: but Clarendon is known to have been busily engaged with the high church party, first in opposing the measures of James, and afterwards in refusing to subscribe the oaths to William and Mary. Clarendon was twice subsequently, upon the Jacobite plot of 1690, and again in 1691, committed to the Tower, on the charge of conspiring to restore the exiled king. He was, however, on both occasions released, either for want of evidence against him personally, or from regard to his near alliance with the queen. But still persisting in his refusal to take the oaths to her husband (and herself, he passed the rest of his life in retirement at his country seat, and died in 1709. Rochester had meanwhile proved more compliant; and his share in public affairs did not terminate with the revolution. During the interregnum he concurred in many acts of the provisional government; and though, indeed, like his brother, he maintained strongly the doctrine of hereditary right in the convention parliament, and was one of the most strenuous advocates for a regency, yet, when the vote declaring the throne vacant was carried, he acquiesced in the new settlement, and does not seem to have participated with Clarendon in the correspondence with James II. His previous conduct, however, and a violent antipathy which William had conceived against him, for some years stood in the way of his reception at court: but he was distinguished among the tory party, and was at length admitted of the privy council. In 1700, by the recommendation, as it is said, of Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, William appointed him lord lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. Singer asserts that 'the king was not brought to have confidence in him, *until* his prejudices were removed by Harley:' but both Burnet, and his annotator Lord Dartmouth, who is not too apt to confirm the bishop's assertions, prove (Burnet's History, Oxford Ed., vol iv., p. 506) that William entertained a disgust for him to the last, and had sufficient reason in the overbearing temper which Rochester manifested in his counsels. 'Lord Rochester,' says Lord Dartmouth, 'had an assuming manner, both in his behaviour and discourse, that was extremely disagreeable. Lord Jersey told me, he was with him once in the king's closet, where he took the liberty to tell the king, that princes must not only hear good advice, but must take it. After he was gone, the king stamped about the room, and repeated the word "must," several times; at last, turning to Lord Jersey, said, "if I had ordered him to have been thrown out of the window, he must have gone; I do not see how he could have hindered it."'

Soon after the commencement of Anne's reign, Rochester openly passed into opposition. The editor of his papers has not stated the cause of his secession from the government. But, according to Burnet, he began, on the queen's accession, to manifest his jealousy of the influence of Marlborough and Godolphin, and shewed so great an inclination to be troublesome, that he was ordered to repair to his government of Ireland: upon which he resigned his employment. From that epoch, he was in some measure the acknowledged head of the high church party, and continued in active opposition to the court, until the tories came into power in 1710, when he was appointed lord president of the council, and died in office two years afterwards. But his papers before us, with a single unimportant exception, have no relation to the last ten years of his life.

The short and general reference which we have made to the share of the brother earls in the state affairs of their times, will help to illustrate the character of the letters and papers in the present collection, and the circumstances under which they were written. The first section of them, as arranged in these volumes, is the correspondence of Rochester, from 1676 to 1685. This comprises about a hundred and forty letters and pieces, partly written by Rochester himself, but principally addressed to him by the distinguished persons whom we before named. The whole of this correspondence is new; but though its period embraces all the last part of Charles the Second's reign, and the first two years of James's, we have not found that it casts any new light upon the history of that remarkable epoch. Some of the letters are interesting; but others are more curious from the mere celebrity of the names attached to them, than from any real importance in their contents. Those from Sir William Temple, chiefly on continental affairs, have not a single paragraph worth notice. The number from the Prince of Orange also, are no otherwise remarkable than as shewing a great and rather unbecoming assiduity, in paying court to Rochester, then a rising minister: the professions of affection and gratitude in which they abound, form a whimsical contrast to the strong aversion, which William betrayed towards his former correspondent after his accession to the British crown. We give the translation of one of them, dated in 1683, for a sample:

> 'It is with much joy that I feel myself obliged, not only to thank you for all the civilities and attentions shewn to Mr. Bentinck, but, above all, for the candour with which you have spoken. I believe you are acquainted with my disposition sufficiently to know, that it is a thing I esteem above all others. I am also under great obligations to you for the assurances that you have made to Mr. Bentinck, as well as in the letter you have taken the trouble to write to me, that you will endeavour to set me right in the minds of the king and of the duke: and as I know you for a person who never advances any thing but what he has an intention to perform, I rely entirely upon it, and do not doubt of its success, knowing the influence you have upon the opinions of his majesty and his royal highness. On my part, I will make a suitable return, not only in performing, when there shall be occasion, what Mr. Bentinck has promised on my behalf, but in doing more when it is in my power. It is a great grief to me to see the king and the duke so opposed to my opinions in regard to public affairs: if all the happiness and security of this state did not depend on it, and (if I may venture to say so) even the true interests of his

majesty and his royal highness, I could yield to their opinions; but this being the case, I cannot do so with a good conscience. In all that concerns the internal affairs of the kingdoms, I will blindly do all that they desire without examination; but I hope that in future they will have a little more faith in me on the subject of foreign affairs, since, assuredly, from being nearer the scene of action, we are better informed; and as England and this state have a community of interests, I cannot have any other intention than faithfully to serve the king and the duke: where, on the contrary, those in whom they put their trust at present, have interests quite opposed to theirs. This is what I hope you will make clearly understood; and I have such entire confidence in your probity and intelligence, that I do not doubt of seeing the effects in a short time of your good intentions; for my part, I shall never have any other than such as become the most grateful man in the world, and the most entirely yours.'—vol. i., p. 90.

There is one remarkable letter from the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, written the day after his capture at Ringwood, and requesting the intercession of Rochester with the king, for an interview and for pardon:

'My Lord, 'From Ringwood, the 9th July, 1685.

'Having had some proofs of your kindness when I was last at Whitehall, makes me hope now that you will not refuse interceding for me with the king, being I now, though too late, see how I have been misled; were I not clearly convinced of that, I would rather die a thousand deaths than say what I do. I writ yesterday to the king, and the chief business of my letter was to desire to speak to him, for I have that to say to him that I am sure will set him at quiet for ever; I am sure the whole study of my life shall hereafter be how to serve him; and I am sure that which I can do is more worth than taking my life away; and I am confident, if I may be so happy to speak to him, he will himself be convinced of it, being I can give him such infallible proofs of my truth to him, that though I would alter, it would not be in my power to do it. This which I have now said, I hope will be enough to encourage your lordship to show me your favour, which I do earnestly desire of you, and hope that you have so much generosity as not to refuse it. I hope, my lord, and I make no doubt of it, that you will not have cause to repent having saved my life, which I am sure you can do a great deal in it, if you please; being it obliges me for ever to be entirely yours, which I shall ever be, as long as I have life. 'Monmouth.'—p. 143.

It is well known that, in letters both to James and the queen-dowager, Monmouth made the same declaration as here, that he had something of great importance to the king's welfare to disclose, which could only be imparted to himself; and various conjectures have been hazarded as to the nature of his promised communication. It has been supposed to refer to a correspondence between the Prince of Orange and Sunderland, or more immediately to some encouragement which that intriguing minister at least had given to his fatal enterprise. But in the interview which James did grant to Monmouth, and in which he behaved so unfeelingly, it does not appear that any disclosure was made. Mr. Singer will be sure that there must have been a secret: but it is difficult to conceive why Monmouth should have withheld it, in an interview sought under the express pretence of communicating it. With respect to the insinuation in James's own memoirs, that Sunderland had assured Monmouth of pardon if he confessed nothing, it seems very unlikely that the unfortunate duke would have set his life on such a cast, if he had really had any important matter to reveal. It is more probable that he had merely sought a personal interview with James, in the hope of working upon his compassion. Mr. Singer, however, has here printed a paper, found among the Clarendon MSS., which relates to another story, of the suppression of a letter from Monmouth to James, written subsequently to the interview, 'perhaps to communicate that secret which he thought would fairly compensate for the pardon he implored.' Colonel Scott, the narrator of this story, adds Mr. Singer, 'was of the Duchess of Monmouth's family. Other traditionary accounts say, that in this letter Monmouth again warned the king against Sunderland, and exposed his treachery; and that the captain, who is not named in the following narrative, was the infamous Blood, who had an office in the Tower; that he forced the letter from Colonel Scott, and carried it to Sunderland, who destroyed it. The following paper takes a more authentic form, and is so circumstantial as to deserve credit. I know not who the Mr. Bowdler was, to whom Colonel Scott related what is here reduced to writing, nor by what means it came to the Hyde family; but the circumstances would very naturally interest the descendants of Lord Rochester and Lord Clarendon; the former having a daughter married to his son; the latter having been present at Monmouth's interview with his duchess.'

'In the year 1734, I was in company with Colonel Scott, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in France, when the colonel called me to him, and said, "Mr. Bowdler, you are a young man, and I am an old one, I will tell you something worth remembering. When the Duke of Monmouth was in the tower, under sentence of death, I had the command of the guard there, and one morning, the Duke desired me to let him have pen, ink, and paper, for he wanted to write to the king. He wrote a very long letter, and when he had sealed it, he desired me to give him my word of honour that I would carry that letter to the king, and deliver it into no hands but his. I told him I would most willingly do it if it was in my power, but that my orders were not to stir from him till his execution; and therefore I dared not leave the tower. At this he expressed great uneasiness, saying, he could have depended upon my honour: but at length asked me if there was any officer in that place on whose fidelity I could rely. I told him, that Captain ——, was one on whom I would willingly confide, in any thing on which my own life depended, and more I could not say of any man. The duke desired he might be called. When he was come, the duke told him the affair; he promised on his word and honour that he would deliver the letter to no person whatever, but to the king only. Accordingly he went immediately to court, and being come near the door of the king's closet, took the letter out of his pocket to give it to the king. Just then Lord Sunderland came out of the closet, and seeing him, asked what he had in his hand; he said it was a letter from the Duke of Monmouth, which he was going to give to the king. Lord Sunderland said, "give it to me, I will carry it to him." "No, my lord," said the captain, "I pawned my honour to the duke, that I would deliver the letter to no man but the king himself." "But," said Lord Sunderland, "the king is putting on his shirt, and you cannot be admitted into the closet, but the door shall stand so far open that you shall see me give it to him." After many words, Lord Sunderland prevailed on the captain to give him the letter, and his lordship went into the closet with it. After the Revolution, Colonel Scott, who followed the fortunes of king James, going one day to see the king at dinner, at St. Germains, in France, the king called him to him, and said, "Colonel Scott, I have lately heard a thing that I want to know from you whether it is true." The king then related the story, and the colonel assured him that what his Majesty had been told was exactly true. Upon which the king then said, "Colonel Scott, as I am a living man, I never saw that letter, nor did I ever hear of it till within these few days."'—pp. 144, 145.

There is one letter from Churchill, afterwards the great Marlborough, written while on service under Lord Feversham, in the west, against Monmouth, which has some curiosity, both by reason of its precious orthography and from the discontent betrayed in it at his subordinate station to one, whom he must have already felt to be his inferior in military talent. It was this spirit 'not born to obey but to command, and impatient of following where he felt he ought to lead,' Mr. Singer informs us, which made him a great captain, and not his bad spelling: all which is doubtless true enough. Marlborough's defective scholarship is no new discovery: but to find that so accomplished a soldier, statesman, and courtier, was illiterate to the degree here exhibited is singular. The orthography of the original has been carefully preserved:

'My Lord, 'Gomerton, Jully 4th, 1685.

'I have received your Lordshipes kind letter, and doe assure you, that you waire very just to me in the opinion you had of me, for nobody living can have bene more obsarvant then I have bene to my Lord feaversham, ever since I have bene with him, in soe much that he did tell me that he would writt to the king to lett him know how diligent I was, and I should be glade if you could know whetherhehas done me that justice. I find by the enimes warant to the constables, that they have more mind to gett horses and sadells, than anny thing else, which lookes as if he had a mind to break away with his horse to som other place, and leave his foot intrenched att Bridgwater, but of this and all other things you will have itt more att large from my Lord feavershain, who has the sole command here, soe that I know nothing but what is his pleasure to tell me, soe that I am afraid of giving my opinion freely, for fear that itt should not agree with what is the king's intentions, and soe only exspose myselfe; but as to the taking caire of the men and all other things that is my duty, I am sure nobody can be more carefull then I am; and as for obedience, I am sure Mr.

Oglethorp is not more dutyfull then I am; when you are att leisure, ten lins from you will be a greatt pleasure to me, who have not many things to please me here, for I see plainly that the troble is mine, and that the honor will be anothers; however my life shall be freely exposed for the king's service.

'I am, with all truth,
'My Lord,
'Your Lordshipes humble servant,
'CHURCHILL.'—p. 141.

The following letter is a goodly sample of the style, in which a tory suitor for a bishopric, at the close of the seventeenth century thought it decent and not beneath him to address a minister and a patron:

'MY LORD,

'Give me leave to throw myself at your lordship's feet, humbly imploring your patronage, if not for the bishoprick of Peterborough, at least for Chichester, if the Bishop of Exeter cannot be obliged to accept of that now vacant see, which he seemed to incline to, when his removal to Peterborough was proposed; and I am assured from those about him, that if the king should be pleased to tell him he is resolved on his translation to Chichester, he will readily close with it, and let me beseech your lordship to fix him there, and to advance your creature to Exeter, where I can serve the king and your lordship. I hear his majesty designed me for Bristol, which I should not decline, was I not already under such pressure by my father's debts, as must necessarily break my estate in pieces, if I find no better prop than the income of Bristol, not greater than 300*l.* per annum, and the expense in consecration, first fruits, and settlement, will require 2000*l.* If Peterborough and Chichester shall be both refused me, I shall not deny Bristol, though my own ruin goes with it, if it be the king's pleasure, or any way for his Majesty's service, that I should accept of it; but I hope the king will have more tender compassions on his slave, and that your lordship will vouchsafe a better lot to,

'My Lord,
'Your lordship's most devoted obedient servant,
'J. TRELAWNEY.'—p. 146.

Yet this Trelawney, who was not ashamed to proclaim himself the *creature* of Rochester, and the *slave* of the king, was two years afterwards among the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower, for refusing obedience to the king's illegal commands for reading of his famous "declaration for a toleration." Mr. Singer pronounces his subsequent resistance to James to have been to 'his credit;' but the servile strain of the man in this letter may assist, among a thousand other proofs, to shew how much share the true principles of freedom had in prompting the opposition of the bishops on that occasion. The fact is, Trelawney and his brethren were contented to be 'slaves' of the king, just so long as the doctrine of passive obedience to the royal will, was coupled with the royal will that the immunities of the established church should be exclusively enjoyed. In their party toast, the relative order, of 'church and king,' has never been without its meaning; and there was truth in the sarcasm, which Burnet repeats, was made against the clergy at that epoch, 'that they had been loyal [that is, advocates of despotism] as long as the court was in their interests, and was venturing all on their accounts, but as soon as this changed, they changed likewise.'

Among the letters from James himself, there are two which are remarkable. The first is in answer to a proposal of Rochester, that he should embrace the Protestant religion. The earnest and confidential spirit of it cannot be mistaken; and it confirms the judgment which must not, in candour, be denied to him that, with all his faults as a man, and his iniquitous designs of arbitrary government as a prince, he had at least the merit of religious sincerity and constancy.

> 'I received on Monday last yours of the 4th, and did not expect a better answer than I had, since it was so long a coming; for if my reasons could not prevail at first, I believed those in power would press with more vigour than ever to hinder my being sent for; and then the going to Windsor was but a very ill sign for me. I see both by yours, and the other letters I have had, I must have a great stock of patience, since nothing that can happen, can contribute to my being sent for by his majesty, so long as he follows the counsels of those who are now at the head of his affairs; and I assure you, I will never try that way you mentioned in yours to Churchill, and which also has been hinted to me by several of my best friends, though I were sure it would restore me into the good opinion and esteem of the nation which I once had; and, therefore, I desire that neither you, nor none of my friends, will ever mention it to me, or flatter themselves that I can ever be brought to it: what I did was never done hastily, and I have expected many years, and been prepared for what has happened to me, and for the worst that can yet befal me.'—vol. i., p. 45.

The next letter, of which we shall give an extract, has something to the same effect: but the advice which it contains to his brother respecting the parliament, is of another character, and will not be read without indignation. It shews how wedded he was to that despotic system which ultimately proved his own ruin.

> 'It is what you have said to me in your letter has put all these thoughts of these removes into my head; and not only his majesty, but nobody else shall know what I have now proposed to you as to them, till you think it proper, and I cannot think of any fitter men than those I have named to you; but what will all these projects signify, if his majesty lets this parliament sit any longer: if he does, it will not be in his power, not so much as to preserve himself, much less any of his servants; and in my mind, they have already done more than he ought to bear, and I fear his delay may be as fatal to him, as it was to the king, his father. What can he more expect they should do? they have already done enough to justify him both to God and man, if he break them; and let what will happen upon it, he will have done but what is fit for him to do, and will be commended by all the world, but should he let them continue together any longer, his ruin is inevitable, and the world would blame him; for nothing but his laying down his crown at their feet will satisfy them. And pray

let us not mind Flanders so much as to hazard the certain mine of the monarchy; let his majesty first secure himself at home, and then, and not till then, can he think of preserving others; and I hope that consideration will not hinder him from parting with this parliament; when that is once done, one may have time to think, but not before, and that will encourage honest men, and nothing else; for who dare speak as long as they sit? I do not at all wonder at the Spanish and Dutch ambassadors pressing so hard as they do, his majesty complying, in every thing, with his parliament; the first would be glad to see a republic settled in England, the other do not care how little authority there is left to a king, so there be but one that has the empty name of a king. This is now so visible that it cannot be denied, and, I hope, will hinder them from being able to prevail with his majesty to defer any longer the serving of himself; and pray do but consider in what a condition his majesty should be in if they should engage him in a war, for then he would be the absolute slave of his parliament, and they would appoint such officers, both for sea and land, and so settle all things as it would be actually impossible ever for his majesty to recover his power, and a commonwealth would infallibly be brought in; and besides this, do but consider what the Dutch have done heretofore, and see whether they can be relied on, and whether it is not likely, if once they had engaged us in a war, that they may leave us in the lurch, as they have done already, to both French and Spaniard, as all the world knows; and then in what a condition should we be! I am almost tired with writing, and yet must say one word concerning the unfortunate Lord Stafford, who by what has passed, has had, I cannot help thinking, very hard measure. I am sure the king's enemies have gained a great point by his being condemned, and, besides the other advantages, have brought a hard thing upon his majesty; for I knew there would be clamours should he not be executed, on the other hand, I think it a terrible thing to sign a warrant for the putting a man to death, upon the testimony of such perjured villains as those that deposed against him; and I hope his majesty will have considered the trouble it was ever after, to the king his father, the having signed the warrant for the executing of the Lord Strafford: and if it be not too late, why should not you put him in mind of it, it being a terrible thing, the shedding the blood of an innocent man, as I am most confident Lord Stafford is, as to the horrid crime he has been condemned for, and to anything of a plot; and pray do not wonder if I can never be brought to what you and other of my friends do so press me in, concerning my religion, since I could not do it without deserving a severer and more terrible sentence from the great judge of all the world, which is all I shall say now upon that affair.'—vol. i. pp. 49—51.

This solemn appeal about Lord Stafford was most justly made; for never was man more innocently condemned than that aged nobleman, the last of so many victims to the infernal machinations of the inventors of the "Popish plot."

The fragments of Lord Rochester's Diaries, during his missions in Poland, Holland, and the Netherlands, are the next for notice among the original publications in these volumes. As the Diaries relate to the years 1676 and 7, they should, in order of time, have preceded the correspondence: but the editor says that these fragments were not discovered in time to place them at the commencement of the volume; and they are printed in an appendix. Their historical value is not great. As records of the diplomatic etiquette of the seventeenth century, however, they have some curiosity. Hyde's mission to Poland was one chiefly of compliment; and he seems to have had no more important functions than to manœuvre for precedence with the ambassadors of other powers, and to assert and protect his master's dignity. His Diary expresses a perpetual anxiety on these points, which is quite childish; and his contrivances to avoid any advantage being taken of him, his triumph at their success, and his careful details of the squabbles of ceremony which marked the political intercourse of the age, have altogether an air of the ridiculous. He found the king, the famous John Sobieski, afterwards renowned as the deliverer of Vienna, engaged in one of his wars with the Turks; and his journal affords a lively picture of the straits to which the chivalric monarch was reduced by his enemies, and of the distracted and barbarous state of Poland. That country was then, as usual, suffering from the evils of its vicious constitution: from those intestine jealousies of its nobles, which a century later produced its iniquitous erasure from the map of the European kingdoms. Hyde's Diary of his subsequent mission to the Prince of Orange is absolutely without interest; if we except one single passage of amusing and scandalous gossip, touching Sir William Temple. Detailing a visit to 'my Lord Ambassador Temple,' he held me, says Hyde, 'in discourse a great long hour, of things most relating to himself, *which are never without vanity;* but this was most especially full of it, and *some stories of his amours*, and extraordinary abilities that way, which had once upon a time very nearly killed him. I say this only that I may remember the man with a note.' This is, indeed, to represent the grave statesman and illustrious patriot in a new and very dignified light!

The next section of the correspondence, which occupies the remainder of the first volume and a considerable part of the second, is the same, with some additions which, as we have already said, was before published by Bishop Douglas, in his edition of the Clarendon MSS. It extends from March 1684—5 to January 1686—7; and now contains nearly three hundred letters. They are chiefly those from Clarendon to his brother, during his government of Ireland; together with copies of others to and from the same writer, and James II., Sunderland, the infamous Jeffries, Ormonde, &c. The letters of Clarendon himself to his brother, unbosom all his political secrets and grievances, and were evidently written in the most unreserved spirit of confidence. They afford, therefore, the least suspicious authority which we could possess of the transactions related in them; and they fully justify the declaration of Bishop Douglas, that they "are not merely materials for historians, but they are history. They contain a complete account of his government in Ireland, from the day he entered upon it, to the moment he embarked again for England, upon his being recalled; and the chain of the correspondence is never broken by the absence of so much as one link."

The whole of these letters on the affairs of Ireland are replete with evidence of the misery of that ill-fated country. They betray the full effects, at the epoch at which they were written, of that system of misgovernment, and of disunion among the English and the natives, which had been continually maintained and encouraged by their rulers, from the first invasion of their country by the barons of Henry II.; aggravated as that system had now been for a century, by religious and civil disabilities and hatreds, which have unhappily endured to our own times. The Irish race were avowedly looked upon as 'a conquered people,' without rights of any kind: the English settlers were the favoured instruments of government, engrossing all offices, chartered in immunities, and confirmed in the usurpation of lands, which had been torn by Cromwell's and earlier violence from the inheritance of the natives. The separation of religion had given a still deeper and more fatal character of animosity and injustice to the inequality of political condition. The ominous cry of an "Orange" faction, it is true, was not yet raised; but all which it afterwards implied was sufficiently recognised; and the distinction of *English* and *Irish* had already made the Protestant minority the lords, and the mass of the Catholic population the slaves of the soil. Under James II. the picture was only reversed; the violence and factious injustice the same. And, as if the genius of discord had chosen the land for her eternal seat, the only declared attempt to equalize the condition of both classes was converted by the now dominant party into an occasion of vengeance and of oppression, almost as great as that under which they had themselves suffered. The Catholic administration of James in Ireland followed the example of their old adversaries; and, at the instigation of Tyrconnel and his intemperate junto, (for we have the confession of Clarendon that the Catholics generally neither approved nor seconded those unjust and violent counsels), the Protestants were dispossessed of all employments in the army and magistracy, and either driven by their fears to withdraw from the island, or to band themselves silently in that league, for the inexorable renewal of their tyranny, which provoked the subsequent civil war, and which its issue enabled them but too well to establish and perpetuate.

The correspondence on Irish affairs is ushered in with a paper of observations on the state of that country, addressed to Clarendon, on his proceeding to his government, by the Lord Keeper North, first Lord Guildford. This (which was not in the Douglas edition and is now first published) is a remarkable document, as illustrating the sentiments entertained by the English statesmen of that day, of the absolute dependence of Ireland on the crown, and exhibiting the practical opinion of a great tory lawyer of the Stuart school, on the extent of the royal prerogative and of the duty of passive obedience. The Lord Keeper declares Ireland to be a kingdom in absolute subjection by original conquest: that "it is not unreasonable that a conquered nation should receive laws at the pleasure of the king alone; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that they should be subject to such laws as the king of England in his highest court of parliament, should be advised to impose upon them. So that the reason of this power is founded upon the king's enacting the laws, and not upon the consent of the parliament, where they are not represented." He holds it therefore natural to believe, that the Irish being in subjection, "will have an aversion to the English and their government;" and he accordingly exhorts Clarendon to "encourage the English people and the English church" in that kingdom—or in other words, to maintain the established system of dividing and governing by a faction. He recommends to the viceroy the study of Poyning's statute as "worth reading;" and desires him to study the laws both against the papists and fanatics, as he calls the Presbyterians. He reprobates the abominable doctrine of these last that, if kings are wicked and transgress the laws of God, the people may depose them; and he closes this precious discourse for the edification of the viceroy, by assuring him, that "the Church of England, which was reformed by law, and not by rebellion, is the best constitution for a monarchy: it asserts the supremacy of the king *that he may be accountable to none but God;* that it is unlawful upon any occasion, to take up arms against him, much less to depose him!" And he sums up his eulogy with the obvious conclusion that "this church hath therefore the most easy discipline, and least changeable to the people of any in the world, as appears by plain experience!"

Of these observations of the Lord-Keeper on Ireland, which Mr. Singer thinks 'remarkable for their good sense and discrimination,' and 'not unworthy of attention at this day,' Clarendon seems, on the questions of conquest and prerogative at least, to have been an apt pupil. For we find him assuring his friend Jeffries in one of his letters from Dublin: "I have given them (the judges) the best directions I can for the king's service, and I doubt not, but at their return I shall be able (together with the informations I shall have from other hands,) to lay before his majesty some kind of view of the state of this kingdom. I must needs acquaint your lordship, that by all that which appears to me, I can find no fault with the judges; they seem, by their practice in the courts, to be zealously concerned in supporting the king's prerogative; and if some of them are not endowed with all the learning that were to be wished, I think they are all honest men, which will cover many failings." And in another place, he echoes to his brother the spirit of North's dictum, that the Irish were by right of conquest in subjection; and declares his belief that, "it was never yet known that the sword and the administration of justice, were put into the hands of a conquered people." His remarks upon the state of the Irish peasantry, however, are more creditable to his heart.

" It is called but twenty miles from Dublin hither, but it is full as far as from London to Reading : it is, indeed, a noble country ; and the common where the race is held, is a much finer turf than Newmarket, and infinitely larger ; but it is sad to see the people, I mean the natives, such proper lusty fellows, poor, almost naked, but will work never but when they are ready to starve ; and when they have got three or four days' wages, will then walk about idle till that be gone ; and if they cannot then presently get into work, as, perhaps, at that moment their next neighbour has nothing to employ them in, then they steal. Their women, in the meantime, do nothing, not so much as spin or knit, but have a cow, two or three, according to the bigness of their ground, which they milk, and upon that they live ; and no sort of improvement made upon the ground. Their habitations (for they cannot be called houses) are perfect pigsties ; walls cast up, and covered with straw and mud ; and out of one of these huts, of about ten or twelve foot square, shall you see five or six men and women bolt out as you [pass] by, who stand staring about. If this be thus so near Dublin (as I saw several upon the road), Lord, what can it be further up in the country ! of which I shall hereafter be able to give you an account, when I have opportunity of making further journies. I did not think to have written so long a letter, but the rain gives me leisure. God keep you, and all yours.'—vol. i., p. 373.

Upon this touching picture, Mr. Singer complacently observes, 'this description of the state of the Irish peasantry in the county of Kildare, is not without its interest. The lapse of a century and a half, though it may have somewhat bettered their condition, has by no means placed them on a level, in regard to moral improvement, with the peasantry of other countries differently circumstanced. May there not be something in the national character, which co-operates with the political and religious state of Ireland in retarding it ? ' This is of a piece with the benevolent and enlightened maxims, upon which the misgovernment of Ireland has been exercised and defended : there is no political philosophy more easy and soothing to the consciences of rulers, than to make the debasement of a people an apology for the very system of oppression and iniquity which has produced it. But Clarendon himself had at least a more humane philosophy, if not a less bigoted judgment, in politics : ' I have seen,' says he in another letter, ' a most pleasant and beautiful country, full of great improvements, and capable of many more, *with the least encouragement*. All along as I went I found the people full of duty and devotion to the king, and desirous to give all possible demonstrations of it.' The next paragraph will, perhaps, astonish our modern political economists and emigration committees : ' I wish there were more of them ; for scarcity of people is the greatest want this kingdom at present has : and many do daily go away.'

After Clarendon's Irish correspondence, we next come to his invaluable Diary. It opens with a fragment for the first months of 1687; then carries us, after a *hiatus*, entirely through the memorable years 1688 and 1689, and the greater part of 1690; and ends in the month of August in the last year. Another broken fragment gives us a small portion of 1691. On the importance and interest of a diary of the year of the revolution, kept by a nobleman of high rank and connection, an eye witness of all the transactions of the court and government, and who was successively admitted to the closets of James II. and the Prince of Orange, it is needless to dwell. The truth of its narrative of facts may be the more securely relied upon, because it was evidently written from day to day, designed only to refresh Clarendon's own memory, and never intended for the inspection of others. "There may be," as Bishop Douglas justly observed, "some reason for reading with caution and diffidence the well-told tale of one who sits down with the professed intention of writing for the public, and to make himself the hero of his own performance: but there cannot be the least ground for suspecting imposition from the artless relation of a diary, never meant to extend beyond the closet." The very contradictions with himself in opinion and conduct which Clarendon's journal offers, are the best proofs of the unpremeditated sincerity with which its contents were committed to writing. Such being the value and extraordinary interest of this Diary, its republication must be considered highly acceptable. Mr. Singer, indeed, hesitates not to promise himself that 'the reader who may now for the first time become acquainted with it, will be grateful to the editor for having placed it in his way:' the mighty obligation would have been more extensively felt, if the present had been offered at a less extravagant cost, and in a form of publication more open to persons in general. But we know not what Mr. Singer means by unnecessarily insisting, as a reason for its reprint, that Dr. Douglas's edition 'has become among the number of scarce books:' to the historical scholar, the Clarendon papers have always been familiar since their first appearance in that work; and the Diary is quoted as an authority of course, in so recent and common a book as Dr. Routh's edition of Burnet.

Such is the variety of the transactions and circumstances at question in the revolution, on which Clarendon's Diary bears, that to analyse its contents properly, and to extract the deductions of which they are susceptible, would in itself require a separate paper. The remaining part of the second of the volumes before us, contains only the sequel to the newly discovered Rochester MSS. forming the correspondence of that nobleman, at intervals, from 1688 to 1703. The letters are principally from the justices of Ireland to Rochester, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in his absence from his government, and have not sufficient interest to tempt us to lengthen an article, which has already exceeded our usual limits.

NOTICES.

Art. XIII. *Sir Michael Scott, a Romance.* By Allan Cunningham, 3 vols. 8vo. London: H. Colburn. 1828.

We cannot but lament to see high talents, fine imagination, and the resources of a copious poetical vocabulary wasted, in an idle attempt to give interest and importance to a subject totally incapable of receiving either. There can be no doubt that, in former times, and in certain places, the legend was very respectfully listened to, which represented James the Fourth of Scotland going forth from the field where the battle of Flodden had been fought, and wandering over the earth a sort of philosophic pilgrim, under the guidance of Sir Michael Scott, the wizard of dreadful repute: of whom it was sung that, when he lifted his magical wand in the cave of Salamanca, the distant bells of Notre Dame acknowledged the gesture by a submissive chime. It is quite sufficient we should think to know, that there was once credulity enough in the world to harbour such absurdities. Mankind is now too much enlightened to take pleasure in the description of them, even the nurseries have outgrown such methods of entertainment. For whom then, they can be supposed to possess the slightest attraction, we must altogether leave to the judgment of Mr. Cunningham to find out.

In the Romance of Paul Jones, this author gave some indications of the error which he has in the present volume carried to a strange excess. In the former work he introduced the aid of preternatural machinery, not only where there was no exigency to require it, but with the facility and seriousness of one who really believed in the truth of what he told, and expected the same degree of faith from his readers. This was a fault so puerile in itself, and so detrimental to the popularity of the writer, that we had supposed that merely to point it out, would have been sufficient to convince him of its nature. We certainly never could have anticipated that it would re-appear in such gigantic proportions as it has assumed in the romance before us.

To relish a story, founded on mere supernatural agency, it is necessary that one side or other, either author or reader, should give some credence to the narrative. It is upon this principle that we tolerate the ghost tales of the old writers. Poetry too might lend its charms to such materials, and succeed in investing them with attractions not their own. And lastly they may be properly handled as the subjects of entertaining ridicule. But for any author of the present day, particularly for a man of Mr. Cunningham's practical acquirements, to pretend all of a sudden to the simple credulity of one of his remotest forefathers, and personate the character of a thorough believer in the wild superstitions of the mountain peasantry of old; and further, to carry on the dull drama to a close, without ever letting us into the secret of his identity, is one of those acts of extravagance which carries with it its own penalty. Neither in its plan, nor in its execution, is this production entitled to rank with those which serve to illustrate ancient manners and beliefs. If the author meditated a purpose of that useful nature, it would be easy for him to accomplish it by a work directly applied to that object. The undertaking might prove both valuable and interesting.

Mr. Cunningham is not only very injudicious in the choice of his materials, but in the attempt to connect his allegories and prophetic visions with real events and personages, he shews himself to be a very illiberal writer. We do not envy the feelings of that man who would run the chance of offending a large class of his respectable countrymen, by raking up the exploded accusations of partial history against their creed, and some of its former professors. The subject, indeed, appears to deprive Mr. Cunningham of all control over his reason—he breaks forth in impassioned apostrophes, and utters such denunciations as could be exceeded only in a certain asylum which we forbear to name.

We sincerely wish to see this author recalled to those pursuits in literature, for which his powers are naturally suited, and in which his mind will find congenial occupation, and its efforts be crowned with success; instead of exhausting itself upon the left off fables of nurses and old wives—an employment, however, which we must beg leave to observe, is far less discreditable than that of pandering to the prejudices of the weak, and fanning the flame of religious discord in the country.

ART. XIV.—*The Fabulous History of the Ancient Kingdom of Cornwall.* By Thomas Hogg, Master of the Grammar-School, Truro; author of "Institutes of Mathematical Geography;" "St. Michael's Mount;" "The Influence of the Holy Bible;" and "A Manual of Mineralogy:" 8vo. pp. 527. London: Longman. 1827.

DELUGED as we have been of late with poems without poetry, extravagances without imagination, and rhymes without rhythmus! and heroic exploits performed to the tune of the fandango! we turned with high expectation to this production of the mathematical geographer and learned mineralogist of Truro. We imagined that the profundity of his science, his classical taste, and correctness of grammar, had at last come to the aid of the British muse, determined to teach, by example as well as precept, the aspirants of our day how to treat epic themes in the meet majesty of heroic verse. We were, however, at the outset a little disappointed, by finding that the great authority of Truro did not agree with another great classical authority of Oxford, that, "a heroic poem in lines of four feet, was like a hero of four feet high!" but that we were to have the gigantic exploits of the magnanimous Arthur chaunted in octo-syllabics. We were, indeed, somewhat consoled by the discovery that our author could crowd as many original graces into eight syllables, as we ever remember, in the course of our investigations, to have encountered in ten. In the four following lines (p. 27), we have something like a concentration of these various excellences.

'In every age, in every clime,
Withstood has song the grasp of Time;
And *kept alive are* martial fires
Proportioned as the muse inspires.'

How truly poetical these inversions! Who ever met with such in the vulgar prose of mere common sense? How original and perspicuous the imagery of Time *grasping at sounds*, and songs escaping from his gripe! How mathematical the idea of proportioned fires! How Priscian-like the mmatical conception of all this being done, *proportioned as the muse pires!* A vulgar proseman would, perhaps, have been content to say, t " in every age and clime valour had been inspired, and its record per- uated, in proportion to the inspiration and prevalency of poetry." But master of Truro grammar-school has shewn us that Parnassus has a mmar of its own, and has nothing to do with what prosemen call by t name. The following may serve as specimens of his very incorrect tax, as well as of his strangely inverted style.

'Arriv'd in Greece, 'mid slavery pine,
He sees remains of Priam's line.'—p. 48.

'How to secure their future peace,
Dispose he of the king of Greece.'—p. 50.

'O, deign assistance us to afford,
None more in need *thee e'er adored.*'—p. 54.

'And advertise, as *Cowper* writes,*
The king where end may his delights.'—p. 194.

'The entrance lay, so straight, confined,
Three men defy could, troops, combined.'—p. 206.

'He, his chiefs informs, enough *to* fame
Is done, and *to* their glorious name.'—p. 61.

'Gogmagog *wails compassion,* o'er
His brethren.'—p. 73.

But among the obligations which poetic taste has to acknowledge to the hor of 'The Fabulous History of Cornwall,' we ought not to forget having revived " the Sir Topas vein," in his amply improved legend of r Tristrem.'

'Long strive the knights, with courage high;
Than yield, each is resolved to die :—
  When dreadful hung the fray,
Sir Tristrem's sword resistless *forced*
Its way, and forth the life-stream *burst*;—
  Sir Marhause faints away.'

Chaucer, indeed, introduced this species of minstrel stanza, in his frag- nt of the Tale of Sir Topas, for the purpose of holding it up to ridicule; l the mere plain downright common sense of the host is represented as olting so much against it, that he cuts the story short by declaring, that uch rhyming is not worth ——," something that we shall not name; and, after poets, it has been little used, except in brief, fantastical, or burlesque npositions. The more correct taste of Mr. Hogg has, however, disco- ed that it has harmony and dignity enough to be employed in a heroic end of between three and four hundred stanzas. Occasionally, indeed, indulges in variety, by omitting a line, or adding two or three; or introducing such a stave as the following:—

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* *Qy.* Did *Cowper* ever so write?

> 'With joy, Tintagel turrets ring,
> While Tristrem, there, remains;—
> *Returns he;* and *proclaimed is* king
> Of Liones' domains.'—p. 274.

But we must have done (however reluctantly) with the poetical beauties of this volume; trusting that, without further assistance from our critical eulogies, so classical a production cannot fail of such a reception as would enhance its beneficial influence on the poetical taste of the rising generation.

ART. XV. *The Iliad of Homer, chiefly from the text of Heyne, with copious English notes, illustrating the Grammatical Construction, the Manners and Customs, the Mythology and Antiquities of the Heroic Ages: and Preliminary Observations on Points of Classical Interest and Importance, connected with Homer and his Writings.* By the Rev. N. Trollope, M. A.; late of Pembroke College, Cambridge; and one of the members of Christ's Hospital, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* London: C. & J. Rivington. 1827.

In the judicious and unpretending preface to this most useful publication, Mr. Trollope, who is probably not unknown to our readers, as editor of a *Pentalogia Græca*, states that his principal wish has been to obviate the difficulties with which the tyro has to struggle on his first introduction to the Iliad. The notes are written in English. The first volume contains 'preliminary observations' in six sections, on the life and birthplace of Homer; on the writings attributed to him; on the primary argument of the present poem, in which Mr. Granville Penn's suggestion is pursued; on the dialect of the poet; on his versification, and, finally, on the digamma. Of these we will only remark, that they comprise, in a small compass and an agreeable form, information which the student may experience some difficulty in procuring elsewhere. The following are the conclusions deduced:

'That the Iliad and the Odyssee are the production of one mind:—that they were originally committed to writing by Homer himself;—that the confusion in which they were afterwards involved, arose from the unconnected manner of reciting them in European Greece;—that this confusion, did not extend to the written copies, dispersed throughout Ionia;—that they were again reduced into their original form, and edited in the order in which we now possess them by Pisistratus;—and that the arrangement of Pisistratus was confirmed, or amended if necessary, by collating it with a M.S. copy of the two poems, which had been obtained for that purpose from Ionia, by his son Hipparchus.'—p. 25.

The text is generally from Heyne. There was no necessity to disparage the smaller edition* published by that diligent scholar: his perpetual table of contents is certainly rather an incumbrance, but we wish the remainder had been more copiously extracted. We make the same observation with respect to the minor scholiast, who occasionally supplies curious information, and Pope, whose notes are susceptible of great compression. In selecting parallel passages from Clarke, the editor has very wisely, with reference to the end proposed, omitted all in which the resemblance is at all recondite: and he has consulted the entertainment and improvement of the pupil by selecting parallelisms from Milton and the Septuagint, while illustrations are adduced from numerous quarters. We wish that verses accused of illegitimacy had been more frequently pointed out. For this, ample materials are stored in Mr. Knight's Carmina Homerica, whose *horrendæ verborum formæ* have so seriously disquieted Professor Boissonade.* Mr. T. does not appear to be acquainted with the critique of Heyne's Homer, in an early volume of the Edinburgh Review, by the regretted Dr. Elmsley.

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* It has been reprinted in London, and more elegantly and usefully, at Oxford.

We more especially lament, that a notice of words admitting the digamma, has not been introduced beneath the text. This would materially add to the improvements which the indefatigable author may think proper to make in a second edition. Without hazarding any opinion as to the introduction of his work into the lectures of Cambridge and Oxford, we have no hesitation in saying, that it will be found of great assistance by the very heterogeneous crowd of those who, in each succeeding January, are required in addition to their modicum of Euclid, Algebra and Paley, (we say nothing about Locke), to display some little acquaintance with the first six books of the Æneid and of the Iliad. We should not omit to add, that the book (which is completed by three indices, of words, things, and passages of Scripture) is printed, so far as we have observed, with commendable accuracy. In p. 27, we see Quinctilian, which, we take for granted, was not wilful. The Greek types strike us as singularly inelegant, and very much inferior to those in the last editions of Dr. Blomfield's Æschylus, also from the London press, which, in every respect, at least fully equal their predecessors from the boasted types of Cambridge.

At the conclusion of the preface, we are told that the editor has made considerable progress with the Odyssee, on a similar plan. We cordially join in wonder and regret, that this exquisite fairy tale should suffer such comparative neglect, and we should feel disposed to hail any attempt to attract attention to it, even though unaccompanied by the accuracy and research of Mr. Trollope. We may be permitted to hope that he will thoroughly sift the Minor Scholia,† and the Subsidia of Pope and Cowper. We need not mention the Homeric Clavis of a German professor, in eight thin octavos, priced, however, from four to six guineas. The author's name we dare not attempt to write without reference: it begins with S, but is *not* Slawkenbergius.

From our remarks it will easily be collected, that we regard the present edition‡ as better adapted to the use of schools than any that has yet appeared. To the junior classes in particular, we esteem it no unimportant acquisition. We take our leave with a remark which, since it relates to the title-page, would, perhaps, more naturally have commenced our notice. We are glad to observe that Mr. Trollope styles himself M. A. It is often a matter of surprise to behold the letters A. M. affixed to the English writings of many, who should have imbibed a more correct taste on the banks of Isis and the Cam.

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* Præf. to Homer in Poetarum Græcorum Sylloge, Parisiis apud Lefevre.

† Scholia Antiqua in Hom. Odysseam a Mais prolata, a P. B. Buttmann Berol, about 1824.

‡ Heyne's Excursus have recently been published, with two tracts by Hermann, in a very pleasing manner, at the Clarendon press. Perhaps the delegates may be induced to print Wolf's Prolegomena as a companion, adding an index, or table of contents.

XVI. *Historical Tablets and Medallions, Illustrative af an Improved System of Artificial Memory, for the more easy remembrance of Remarkable Events and Dates.* Designed and arranged by John Henry Todd. 4to. p. 43. London: Samuel Leigh. 1828.

ALMOST all the works on the subject of Artificial Memory, which have been given to the world since the days of Dr. Grey, bear a striking resemblance to each other in one remarkable point, namely, that the acknowledged difficulties themselves which have called forth all this display of ingenuity, are absolutely much more easily overcome by the student, than the *facilities* for surmounting them, which are tendered in these various *treatises*. The error of Dr. Grey, and his disciples, appears to us to be, that their *keys* stand in need of *keys*; for example, the child who has two particular hexameter lines well by heart, will easily go through the leading events of history from the creation to the deluge, and be able to fix the dates with accuracy. That is an advantage so far. But then comes the question, how is the boy to recal those lines themselves? What is there fixed in his mind that, upon a given occasion, will unerringly guide his memory to a couple of hexameters, which acknowledge not the least resemblance to any human dialect that we have ever heard of.

The plan of Mr. Todd is merely an extension of the system of Dr. Grey; he adopts the memorial lines of the latter with some variations, and proposes to improve their utility by incorporating in his scheme the assistance which the memory derives from associations of place and objects. A brief explanation of the new system will best illustrate its nature. Let it be supposed that nine cards are placed on a table in a close succession of *threes*, as thus:

. . .
. . .
. . .

each card is painted in a different colour, and each is divided into twelve equal compartments; which as there are nine cards, amount in all to the number of one hundred and eight. The student is first of all to make himself complete master of the colour, situation, and rank of each card, together with the number and relative place of each of the compartments. To each of these small divisions a medal is assigned, bearing words and symbols, descriptive of the chief events, &c., of a given period, and also dates and names. Thus by continually going over this table, the student, it is supposed, will be able to impress it so strongly on his mind as that he can instantly tell the contents of any compartment in the series, or on the other hand describe the compartment where the record of a particular event is to be found. For example, he is required to tell the date of the universal deluge. He bethinks him of his Hexameters

—"Deluge—Del—aye—here it is—
Crotho, Deletor, Baddor, Edarr, Assydylou –'

Deletor is the word that locks up the history of the deluge. To the syllable *Del*, he finds the letters *etor* attached, and so he instantly remembers that *etor* represents, according to a table with which he is previously well acquainted, the date of 2348. His memory being thus pointed as it were to the idea of the deluge, pursues it to that place in the painted table, where it is to be found associated with other events and names connected with the period, which it is proper to remember. And this is the way in which the tyro is to learn history!

Whatever be our opinion of the system of Mnemonics proposed in those pages, we cannot hesitate to give our unqualified approbation to the mechanical preparation of the work. Both the letter-press and the engravings, which are very numerous, rank amongst the most beautiful specimens of the arts which have lately issued from the press.

ART. XVII.—*The Classical Manual; or a Mythological, Historical, and Geographical Commentary on Pope's Homer, and Dryden's Æneid, and Virgil; with a copious Index.* 8vo. pp. 697. 18*s.* London: Longman & Co. 1827.

IN this volume the compiler has endeavoured very successfully to collect the more material circumstances relative to the mythology, religious rites, customs, fables, traditions, authentic history, and geography of the ancients; at the same time studiously excluding whatever exceptionable language incidentally occurs in the history and mythology of the classical writers. In this respect the book is honourably distinguished from *all* publications of the kind; Dr. Lempriere's not excepted:—and its information is moreover more complete being brought down to modern times. A copious index makes the work answer every purpose of a Classical Dictionary.

A typographical error appears to have insinuated itself at the top of page 438, and in the article *Helen* we were rather surprised that the very praiseworthy editor should take no notice of the story,* that, besides the real Helen, there was also an eidolon, or spirit tricked out in her likeness. A similar belief respecting the crucifixion prevailed among some early sects, who maintained that *Judas* in reality suffered.

The following extract, taken almost at random, will give a sufficient idea of the execution of the work, which we can entirely and strenuously recommend.

'FLUTE.—The ancient flutes were of various kinds and forms; as, curved, long, small, simple, double, left, and right-handed, equal, and unequal. There is much difference of opinion upon the nature of the double flute; but the more received one, is, that it consisted of two tubes, which were so joined together as to have but one mouth; the flute played upon with the right hand having the high tones, and that played upon with the left, the low. Sometimes two right, or two left handed flutes were joined together, the former being termed the Lydian, and the latter the Tyrian, or Sarranian flute. The flutes used at spectacles were of silver, ivory, or bone, and those at sacrifices of box-wood. The invention of this instrument has been variously ascribed by the poets to Apollo, Mercury, Pallas, and Pan. Minerva is said to have attempted to play the flute; but that, on seeing the reflection of her face in the water, while practising on the instrument, she was so disgusted at the distortion of her features, that she threw her flute into the stream, and ever after relinquished the design.' —p. 145.

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* It is mentioned by Plato (who refers to Stesichorus) in the ninth book de Republica, and by Euripides in his *Helen*.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign and Domestic.

Count Pecchio, well known, both in Italy and in England, as an Italian exile, and the author of a Narrative of the Events in Greece, in 1825, has just published, at Lugano, a work styled, "The year 1826, in England," in which he describes the commercial disasters of that memorable epoch. It is remarkable for the tone of fairness and liberal feeling towards this country, which distinguishes it from the exaggerated rhapsodies or invidious *tirades* of some other foreigners. Italian travellers are few, and still fewer those who write, but they are generally dispassionate and impartial.

Prince Odescalchi has published, at Rome, an Italian translation of the fragments of Cicero's *de Republica,* discovered by Mai. This is another proof that Italian princes, even at Rome, employ their time in liberal studies, instead of having become brokers and picture venders, as some flippant travellers have, with ineffable ignorance, characterised them. The Countess Malvezzi, of Bologna, has also published a cotemporary version of the same interesting work.

The Chevalier del Taja has formed at Sienna, in Tuscany, a school of mutual instruction for poor girls, and supports it at his own expense. This is the first female school of the kind established in Italy.

The indefatigable philologist, Ciampini of Florence, well known for his intimate acquaintance with Polish chronicles, has lately published a Critical Investigation on the History of the Famous Impostor Demetrius, who gave himself out for the son of the Czar, Basil the Great, and succeeded for a time in usurping the crown of Muscovy.

To the losses recently sustained by Italy, in the death of some of her most learned men, we must now add that of Professor Tamburini, of the University of Pavia, director of the political and judicial faculties, and member of many academies. Tamburini was born at Brescia, in 1737; he was appointed Professor at Pavia, under the reign of Maria Theresa, and continued in his office during all the turbulent times of the revolution. A man of immaculate principles, benevolent disposition, and of a steady mind, courageous in the cause of justice and virtue, he was respected by all the governments that succeeded each other in Lombardy. A sincere catholic, he was, however, a strenuous opposer of any interference by the court of Rome in the temporal affairs of other countries. Upon this delicate subject, he wrote a work, entitled, *Vera Idea della Santa Sede*, a "True Idea of the Holy See," which made considerable impression at the time. His other works are upon ethics and jurisprudence.

Manzoni's novel, "The Betrothed," has been reprinted at Turin, Florence, Bologna, and other towns of Italy. This mark of deserved popularity, flattering as it is to the author, is far from advantageous to the original publisher. The want of security for literary property, is one of the evils of the divided state of Italy, and it must act very unfavourably on the cause of letters.

The third and fourth volumes of the "Italiani in Russia," by an Italian officer, have been published at Florence. This work is filled with the events of that memorable war, but relates more particularly to the part taken in it by the two Italian corps of the viceroy Eugene, and of Murat.

We have seen a considerable number of the German Annuals for the new year, none of which appear to us to require more than very brief notices.

In the "Aurora," there is little worth dwelling upon; nor do we find in the "Friend of the Fair Sex," quite so much good advice and entertainment as usual. We are more amused, however, by the "Forget-me-not," of H. Clauren; it has a full share of its characteristic liveliness, and partakes of the spirit and popularity of most of the productions by the same author, perhaps, too much admired, at least, in Germany.

The "Schlesischer Taschenbüch," is a specimen of Silesian taste, very creditable to its conductors, and to the little commercial town, whose more secluded inhabitants might have a worse companion for their winter firesides.

In the "Fortuna," a comparatively new production, being only her fifth annual visit, we have a rare specimen of the "Multum in Parvo," including as much as any two or three of our English volumes. It is one of the most ornamental, among its German contemporaries; but we can by no means add, one of the most excellent, the few prose tales being of an inferior class, and those in verse, being more remarkable for their number and variety, than for their excellence.

The "Rheinsiche Taschenbüch," forms a striking contrast to the foregoing, making up what it wants in number and variety, by the choiceness and humour of its pieces. There is an excellent story by Tromlitz, whose name we so frequently meet with in different specimens of this season, and always in a way that does credit to his skill and versatility as a novel writer. The difference, too, is quite as perceptible between the external embellishments of this volume, which are nothing to boast of, and the superior richness and flavour of its more intellectual portion, in which it certainly surpasses most of its rivals. The engravings consist of illustrations of the works of the author of "Waverley," which, like almost all we have seen, are very inferior specimens of art, particularly in their style of execution. There is much humour and spirit, however, in some of the prose sketches, and often well adapted to English taste and manners.

Of the "Huldigung der Frauen," we have little to say, except that it maintains in this its sixth essay, its usual character. The prints are by no means first-rate, compared even with the mediocre part of German specimens. A few prose pieces from the pen of Baron Von Nell, Weisfloy, and Professor Kruse, are among the best ornaments of the work, and far superior to the poetical compositions, varied as they are, and amounting to nearly fifty. F. Castellis, however, is rather a favourite almanack, as it deserves to be, offering them such *ample homage*, with the German ladies.

" The Frauentaschenbuch," once the lady's pocket-book, *par excellence*, while under the auspices of the Baron Fouqué, whose numerous romances have amused many English novel readers, is now evidently upon the wane, fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, with little promise of any future spring. The prose romances, such as they are, appear to us its best embellishments, those properly so called, being no way above par. The pieces most to our taste, are " Fidelity and Fickleness," by Muller, and " The last Knights of Marienburg," by Hauff.

The " Penelope" of this year shines under the control of Theodore Hell, the editorial appellation, we presume, of the counsellor Winckler, of Dresden. It is more peculiarly rich in the contributions of Lohmann, Blumenhagen, and Tromlitz; among the best novel writers of their day.

Of the " Orphea" our space will allow us to add but little, though we can most cordially recommend it to every novel reader. Its illustrations consist of a series of prints from one of Weber's operas, and its contributors are Tieck, Kruse, Blumenhagen, &c. who have already advanced this Annual to a high literary station.

In Becker's " Taschenbuch zum geselligen Vergnugen," edited by Frederic Kind, we meet with a few pleasing specimens, though hardly so much variety and general excellence as in former numbers. The ' Memoirs of *Contessa*,' are among the best specimens, perhaps, of this volume.

The best of the whole of these publications appears to be " The Urania." From its poetical papers, we shall translate a single one by Müller, which, though rather wild and melancholy, offers no unfavourable impression of his genius. It is entitled, " Reminiscences."

' I am alone! escaped the throng, the din
Of life—like some blest spirit, silence steals
Upon my soul. Now long past things reveals
Fond memory; fond those brief bright hours to win
Back from oblivion's grave, and revel in
My day-spring fled—not lost, the heart yet feels.

' Now rise those lofty halls, those bright green bowers,
Whose festal scenes my youth's dawn joyed to see;
When hope was in each song—in every tree
Sang the sweet nightingale—and fruits and flowers
Were on my path, mingling their sweets with melody.

' I saw how young these morning dreams must die;
Another day rose on their infant tomb;
A day like that when on the blue hills lie,
Morn's roseate hues, ere yet her full flowers bloom.

' That was the time, the pure and artless time,
When Hope her brightest scenes at distance drew;

The golden age, the rosy, sunny clime
By Fancy pictured, every thing but true.

'I gaze and onward press; sweet hymns I hear,
Deep and more deep their echo comes from far;
But swifter than their tones is joy's career,
Swifter than clouds chased by the empty air.

'Then, when the lone heart ventured first to love,
Like love's true emblems, myrtle-buds that fade;
Its flowers were crushed and died—the wreaths it wove
All wither'd, and in earth's cold lap were laid.

'Our path is through the desert; as we go
More dark and waste. Here drops a pilgrim—there
One still more loved: and still we hear those low
Deep tones of parting souls, that tell they were.'

We have also seen several of the French annuals. "The Almanach des Dames," contains some lively and pretty pieces, all in verse; and a few of the landscapes, engraved from those of Ostade and our Gainsborough, do credit to M. Delvaux's talent. Some of the figures, more particularly one from a painting by Scheffer, are well executed.

The first number of a monthly journal, entitled, "The Propagator of Animal Magnetism," has recently appeared in Paris. It contains some very curious cases, in the cure of which that species of remedy appears to have been applied with wonderful effect. It is not to be denied that the doctrine, controverted and ridiculed as it has been by some very learned physicians, has lately gained considerable ground in France.

The Vicomte D'Arlincourt, who is known to our readers as the author of some clever French novels, has lately published a new work, entitled Ismalie ou la Mort et l'Amour.

Miss Helen Maria Williams died lately in Paris, where she had resided since 1790. She wrote several works connected with France, which obtained for her a considerable degree of popularity in that country, as well as in this; but they have been already forgotten.

Mr. Salt, the late British Consul in Egypt, died on the 30th of October, at a village between Cairo and Alexandria. He discharged the duties of that office in the most irreproachable manner for several years, and obtained well-earned celebrity for his unwearied spirit of enterprise, in causing numerous remains of antiquity to be dug out of the ruins of Egypt, and transmitted to England.

Mr. Soane is about to publish a Statement of the Proceedings respecting the New Law Courts at Westminster, with plans and illustrations. If it be a full and unreserved statement, it will contain several facts not uninteresting to the public. We shall be anxious to see the architect's defence of plans, which rendered it necessary to pull down and rebuild one of those courts, and which cost a much larger sum of the public money than could possibly have been anticipated, and this too without producing a single court to which an Englishman would feel the least pride in introducing a foreigner.

A Pension Society has been established for the relief of poor printers. We wish it every success, and cordially recommend it to the consideration of the humane of every class, particularly of that which is enabled to derive instruction and amusement from the labours of those very industrious persons, who are daily and often nightly employed with little intermission.

The King's Theatre seems to be a ruinous speculation to its successive lessees and managers. It has driven Mr. Ebers to bankruptcy; but, en revanche, he means to write, or get written, a history of his seven years' administration of that establishment.

Among the announced forthcoming publications, we find the Subaltern's Log-Book, with reminiscences and anecdotes of well-known military characters.

A Weekly Journal, to be devoted to Medical subjects, is announced as about to appear early in January.

Mr. Emerson has nearly ready for the press, a History of the Greek Revolution, from its commencement in 1821, down to the battle of Navarino

Mr. Britton has announced a second volume of his Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London.

In the course of the present season will appear a new edition, being the seventh; of an arrangement of British Plants, by W. Withering, Esq., L.L.D. F.L.S., &c.

The Editor of "The Mirror" has in the press a closely-printed pocket volume, entitled Arcana of Science and Art for 1828; being the Popular Discoveries and Improvements of the past year; abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies and other Scientific Journals, British and Foreign.

The Rev. Edward Mangin, of Bath, has in the press a small volume under the title of The Life of Jean Bart, (translated from the French), a celebrated Naval Chieftain, in the time of Louis XIV.

The Rev. George Retford, M.A., is preparing for publication, The Memoirs, and Remains of the Rev. John Cooke, late Pastor of the Independent Congregation, at Maidenhead.

Preparing for publication. The Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, and the Doctrine of Spiritual Influence considered; in several discourses, by William Orme.

The Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe, D.D., illustrated principally from his unpublished manuscripts, will soon appear.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Farey's Treatise on the Steam Engine, 4to., 5*l*. 5*s*.

Tredgold on Steam Engines, 4to., 2*l*. 2*s*.

Views of Windsor Castle and its adjoining Scenery, drawn from nature, and on stone, by W. Gauci. No. 1, 4to., 9*s*. plain; 12*s*. India.

Bostock's Elementary System of Physiology. Third vol., 8vo. 15*s*.

Daubeny's Tabular View of Volcanic Phenomena. 7*s*. 6*d*. coloured.

Buckler's Sixty Views of endowed Grammar Schools. Part iii., 4to. 5s. plain; 7*s*. 6*d*. India.

Pugen and Le Keux's Architectural Antiquities of Normandy. No. IV. med. 4to., 6*l*. 6*s*; imp. 4to., 10*l*. 10*s*.

Forsyth's First Lines of Botany, 18mo., 5*s*. 6*d*,

Whately's Elements of Rhetoric, 8vo., 12*s*.

BIOGRAPHY.

Rede's Memoir of the Right Hon. George Canning, 8vo., 12*s*. 6*d*.

HISTORY.

The History of Painting in Italy, translated from the original Italian, by the Abate Luigi Lanzi. 6 vols., 8vo.

Austria as it is; or Sketches of Continental Courts, 8vo.

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy, in the Sixteenth Century; including a Sketch of the History of the Reformation in the Grisons, by T. M'Crie, D. D. 8vo. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Markham's France, 2 vols., 8vo., 16*s*.

Franklin's Present State of Hayti, 8vo. 12*s*.

Todd's Historical Tablets and Medallions, royal 4to., 1*l*. 10*s*.

LAW.

Lawes on Alterations of Practice and Pleading, 8vo., 4*s*.

Wilcock's Office of Constable, 8vo., 7*s*.

West's Reports of Chancellor Hardwicke, 1 vol., royal 8vo. 1*l*. 10*s*.

MEDICINE.

Practical Suggestions for the Sick, 12mo., 3*s*.

Abercrombie on Diseases of the Brain, 8vo. 12*s*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Plumstead's Beauties of Melody, 8vo., 7*s*. 6*d*.

Fall's Surveyor's Guide, 12mo., 4*s*. 6*d*.

Ambassador's Secretary. 4 vols., 12mo., 1*l*. 2*s*.

Fire Side Book, by the author of May You Like it, 6*s*.

Enigmatical Entertainer for 1828.

Dunbar's Inquiry into the Structure and Affinity of the Greek and Latin Languages, 8vo., 8*s*,

Matthew's Compendium of Gas-lighting, 12mo., 4*s*. 6*d*.

Sandford's Rules and Exercises in Homeric and Attic Greek, 12mo., 6*s*. 6*d*.

The Golden Gift: printed in gold, and adapted as embellishments to the album. No. 1, 1*l*. 1*s*.

Brasse's Greek Gradus, 8vo., 1*l*. 4*s*.

National Golden Almanack for the year 1828.

New London Gazetteer, 8vo., 1*l*. 1*s*.

Royal Blue Book; or, Fashionable Directory, for 1828.

The Christmas Box, 1828, 6*s*.

Notes of a Book-worm, 18mo., 4*s*. 6*d*.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Herbert Milton, 3 vols. 8vo., 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

The Red Rover, 3 vols. post 8vo., 1*l*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Herbert Lacy, by the author of Granby, 3 vols. 8vo., 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*.

Sir W. Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, 18mo., 10*s*. 6*d*.

Sir Michael Scott, 3 vols. post 8vo., 1*l*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Life in the West; or, the Curtain drawn, founded on facts. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Clubs of London; with Anecdotes of their Members, Sketches of Character, and Conversations, 3 vols. 8vo., 18*s.*

De Lisle; or, the Distrustful Man, 3 vols., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Yes and No, by the Author of Matilda, 2 vols., 8vo., 1*l.* 1*s.*

Whittingham's Novelists, vols. XXXIII. and XXXIV., 3*s.* and 3*s.* 6*d.*

THEOLOGY.

A Vindication of the literary character of the late Professor Porson, from the Animadversions of the Bishop of Salisbury. By Crito Cantabrigiensis. 8vo., 11*s.*

Steward's Bible Gems, 12mo., 8*s.*

King's Sermons, 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

Scott's Seven Sermons, 18mo., 2*s.*

Barlow on Justification, by Bickersteth, 18mo., 3*s.*

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Chateaubriand's Voyages en Amérique, &c. 2 vols. 8vo., 1*l.* 1*st*

Parry's Voyages, 5 vols. 18mo., 1*l.*

FOREIGN.

America.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, established for the encouragement of knowledge. Philadelphia, 1827.

France.

Histoire des Français des divers états aux cinq derniers siècles; par M. Amans-Alexis Monteuil. Tomes, 1 et II. 8vo. Paris.

Vues d' Italie et de Sicile, dessinées d' aprés nature, par feu Michallon, et lithographiées par M. M. Villeneuve, Deroi et Renoux. Un vol., folio. Paris.

Cromwell, drame, par Victor Hugo. Un vol. in 8vo., de 500 pages. Paris.

Histoire de la Contre-Revolution en Angleterre sous Charles II. et Jacques II. par Armand Carrel. Un vol. in 8vo. Paris.

De L'opposition dans le Gouvernement, et de la Liberté de la Presse, par M. de Bonald, pair de France. Paris.

Voyage en Italie, par M. Simond, auteur des Voyages en Angleterre et en Suisse. Deux volumes in 8vo. Paris.

Corps du droit Français, ou Recueil complet des lois, dècrets, ordonnances, arrêtés, senatus-cousultes, réglements, advis du conseil d'état, publiés depuis, 1789, jusqu' à 1825 inclusivement, Deux vol. in 8vo. Paris.

Scénes contemporaines, laissées par Madame la Vicomtesse de Chamilly. Un volume in 8vo. Paris.

La Liberte, poème dithyrambique, divisé en deux lyres, par M. Nestor de Lamarque. Brochure, in 8vo. Paris.

Réfutation de la relation du capitaine Maitland, commandant le Bellérophon, touchant l'embarquement de Napoléon à son bord; rédigée par M. Barthe, sur les documens de M. le Comte de Las Casas. Paris.

Cuba.

Anales de ciencias, Agricultura, comercio y artes. Havana, 1827.

Russia.

Médaille de Mithridate III., roi du Bosphore Cimmérien, et de la reine Gepaepyris, par J. Stenisskowsky. Odessa, 1827, in 8vo., 22 pages.

Journal d'Odessa, feuille périodique publiée en russe et en français. Odessa, 1827. Petit in folio.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1828.

ART. I.—*Mémoires d' une contemporaine, ou Souvenirs d' une femme sur les principaux personnages de la république du consulat et de l' Empire.* 4 vols. 8vo. Londres: Treuttel et Würtz. 1827.

FRANCE has always surpassed our own islands in the number and excellence of her memoirs. She still maintains her superiority over us in this respect, and she may boast of having given to readers, who seek chiefly for amusement, a richer fund of literary enjoyment than any other country. Few are the works in any department of letters more seducing than those of which we have a specimen now before us; few also which should be perused with a greater degree of distrust. It is true that we sometimes meet with writers who have the advantage of being able to communicate to us, in a most circumstantial manner, events of which little had been previously known to the world; who can make us acquainted with the particulars of the private life of historical personages; but who, influenced by those prejudices so natural to the human mind, and not at all imagining that they are bound to be impartial, become either the flatterers or the apologists, the parasites or the enemies, of those whose history they undertake to recite.

The first thing, therefore, which the reader of memoirs should enquire into, is the name and the character of their author. The memoirs of Sully, composed, as they avowedly were, by his private secretaries, warn us at once to receive with caution and distrust, the eulogies which are pronounced in them on Henry IV. In the same way the memoirs of the Fronde, proceeding, as they did, from individuals belonging to that party, place us on our guard against the spirit of faction which is imprinted on their pages. So also, those very curious memoirs of Cardinal de Rettz, written by himself, the hero of them, a daring prelate, who ventured to attack the power of Mazarin, prepare us, before hand, for the spirit of rebellion which roused all the energies of that priestly soldier. The touching Memoirs of Madame Roland, are only a defence of the party to which she belonged, and an attack on that which sent her to the scaffold. Those dictated at St. Helena, by Napoleon, what are they but an apology for the conduct of the destroyer of French liberty, and of the ambitious conqueror who wished to bind all Europe to his chariot wheels? It is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for a writer, who has been one of the actors in the scenes which he describes, to guard himself so effectually from the influence of friendship or of hatred, as to perform his task in an impartial manner: if he think otherwise, he will deceive himself, but the delusion should not extend to his readers.

Something of this sort has occurred, we apprehend, to the lady, Madame de St. Elme, who has produced the volumes under our consideration. They are the confessions of a courtezan; yet we must add, that though often lively and agreeable, and sometimes even piquant, they contain nothing of an indecent or offensive character. Yet it may be doubted, whether the same passions and interests which have heretofore guided her conduct, do not still direct her pen and distract her imagination. 'I have assisted,' she says in her preface, 'at the victories of the republic, I have passed through the saturnalia of the directory, I have witnessed the glory of the consulate, and the grandeur of the empire, without having ever affected any sentiments which do not belong to my sex. I have been a spectator, within an interval of twenty-three years, of the triumphs of Valmy, and of the obsequies of Waterloo.'

The history of the early years of this militant lady, appears to us not very probable. The illustrious origin which she gives herself, is nothing more than a dexterous falsehood, invented for the purpose of concealing the real obscurity of her birth and family. Little dependence can be placed on her narrative, until we arrive at the commencement of her connexion with General Marescot.

Married at the age of thirteen years, and, if we are to believe her account of the matter, against her own will, to a rich merchant of Amsterdam, Madame de St. Elme became acquainted with the young Marescot, then attached to the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, and soon ceased to be a woman of virtue. A fatal circumstance betrayed to her husband the criminality of her conduct; shame for her fault led her into new errors; she abandoned him, and sought an asylum with General Moreau. She was then seventeen years of age, and being endowed with great personal charms, she soon became the mistress of that distinguished officer. She accompanied him to Italy, made acquaintance with the principal generals of the French army, Cesar Berthier, Lebel, the celebrated Monti, and others, and she lived in happiness and ease, when, actuated by her passion for Ney, she ran after new adventures. She returned to Paris, she there saw Ney, who returned her flame and she then launched into the whirlpool of Parisian society, became acquainted with Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, Talleyrand, Lucien Buonaparte, M. Chaptal, the poets Arnault and Vigée, Talma, and several other personages of that time, concerning whom she gives some interesting details.

Being now connected with the eminent actors of the period, Madame de St. Elme determined to go on the stage. She made her debut at the theatre Français, in the part of Didon; and having failed at the principal theatre of the capital, she resolved on seeking the more generous applauses of the provinces, and gathered a few faint laurels at the theatres of Marseilles and Draguignan. It was during this tour of some months, that she formed an acquaintance with M. Alexandre Lameth, then prefect of Digne, and now member of the Chamber of Deputies: and M. Faudet, a great Buonapartist under the consulate, and an agent of the police under the Bourbons.

Upon returning to Paris, she had an interview with Moreau, her account of which we shall extract, because the conversation held between them, besides characterising the speakers, savours strongly of the manners and ideas of the times.

> 'I found him grown old and much changed; he returned me my papers, and we walked up and down on the Boulevard de la Madelane for a long time, notwithstanding the day was very cold. He spoke to me only of crosses and misfortunes. I was fatigued almost beyond endurance, when suddenly resuming the tone of former familiarity, he said to me—"Elzelina, will you tell me the truth, where and how have you known that madman Oudet, and what connexion have you with him?" I was struck with terror, and told him every thing. He appeared scarcely to believe me.
>
> '"What then, you have had no other connexion with him? I am afraid you are not disposed to confide in me."
>
> '"No other, I swear to you, and I wish you would believe it, for your doubts wound me."
>
> '"He is a wild fellow, who though he has some talents, will surely get himself shot in the end. He is a royalist."
>
> '"Nonsense! is he so still?"
>
> '"More than ever, or his ambition makes him appear so. But I detain you here: you are cold, my dear friend, let us get into a coach, and we shall go to the street Lepelletier, where I left my cabriolet."
>
> 'During this short drive, he prevailed on me to accept a small pocket book. I was about to open it, but he prevented me. "Elzelina," he said, "you will return it to me. Go to your respectable family; endeavour to be submissive; remain with them, and live entirely in the country; you have abundant resources for solitude; believe one who has loved you tenderly, and who will always feel an interest in your destiny; write to me on your arrival."
>
> '"To what address?"
>
> '"To my own."
>
> '"And madame?"—

'"My wife knows, not only that I was to see you here this evening, but it was she even who told me, that without my assistance you could not return to your family. Ah! she is an angelic woman!—as you have said often, a darling beauty! Oh yes! I do love my wife!"

'His soul shone in his eyes. I looked with respectful admiration upon this great warrior, while he expressed with such astonishing admiration, the tender feelings of the husband and the father.

'"Dear Victor," I exclaimed, "how delighted I am that you are so happy. I shall write to you from Antwerp and the Hague. Adieu!"

'"Once more, Elzelina, tell me if you have disclosed all the truth about Oudet?"

'"My God, yes! speak no more to me about that man."

'"Well, well—take care, have nothing to do with him; none are more dangerous than political intriguers."

'"He is then a conspirator?"

'"Oh good God! a conspirator! you also, it would seem, adopt the tone of the reigning family. But Ney, perhaps, might have taught you this language."

'"Ney!—I have not seen him for some time. Is he not married?"

'"Yes, married to a friend of the Queen Hortense; he, a hero, the bravest of us all, to descend to play the part of a courtier!"

'"But Ney's wife, is she not endowed with every virtue?"

'"No doubt she is; in every respect worthy of the name which Ney has given her: but it was for that very reason that he should have selected, and not *received*, her. But let us quit the subject, these political impulses will, perhaps, soon have an end."

'"Ah! my friend, all this would never have had a beginning, if you had only been actuated by a stronger sense of ambition, or, rather of justice towards yourself."

'"I assure you—and I speak in the presence of God—that I do not in the least degree envy the Corsican: I despise him, and I am chagrined to see men like Ney acting as his accomplices in enslaving my country."

'I had never seen Moreau so excited before; I well knew that he never liked Buonaparte; but his aversion never manifested itself in such energetic terms.'—tom. iii., pp. 107—110.

It was the last time that Madame St. Elme saw Moreau; she rejoined Ney, and attended him through the campaign of Germany; was wounded at the battle of Eylau, and being obliged to quit the army, she went back to Italy. At Milan she attracted the attention of Napoleon, and was soon attached to the court of the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the Princess Eliza, who gave her the appointment of reader, and of whom she gives us the following portrait:

'Eliza was not at all beautiful; nevertheless, there were certain attractions about her person, which, added to her intellect and imagination, conspired to render her altogether a most enchanting woman. Her imposing appearance gave her the air of being well formed, for in all her movements, grace was combined with dignity. Her feet were praised in every saloon for their delicate shape: the reader may therefore judge, how highly they were eulogised in a palace. When feet like hers descended from a throne, they were of course exalted into a prodigy. As to her hands, they were even more beautiful than those of her brother, a brother too, who, be it remembered, was not indifferent on this subject. The most beautiful black eyes animated her countenance, and she had wondrous skill in teaching them either to command, or to please. In fine, Eliza would have been well enough for an ordinary woman; she was still better for a princess; and I believe that many legitimate sovereigns would have been happy to possess her truly royal deportment and manners.

'I have seen intimately, and have been able to appreciate, almost all the members of this family, which had been erected by its chief into a new dynasty, for all the thrones. None of them had, perhaps, a stronger resemblance to Napoleon than his sister Eliza. She was remarkable for a lively, prompt, penetrating spirit, an ardent imagination, an incredible elevation of sentiment, great fortitude of mind, an instinctive turn for grandeur, and great courage in adversity.'—tom. iv., pp. 358, 359.

It is nearly at this point that the fourth volume of these memoirs concludes. We have done no more than allude to the principal events which they narrate, for such works being unsusceptible of analysis, it is only by extracts that they can be made known. For these we have no space, and we can only conclude with observing, that considering the sort of life which our heroine led, and the matter which she had to communicate, it is impossible to deny her the credit of telling her story well, and of veiling her criminal deeds in language with which nobody can find fault.

We have seen also the fifth and sixth volumes of this work, and we understand, that two more in addition, will scarcely exhaust the materials which Madame St. Elme has collected. We have no wish, however, to pursue her history, and have, perhaps, already gone farther into it than some of our readers may approve.

ART. II.—*Tales of the Munster Festivals; containing Card Drawing; The Half Sir; and Suil Dhuv, the Coiner.* By the Author of "Holland Tide." 3 vols. 8vo. London: Saunders & Otley. 1827.

BEFORE we proceed to notice these tales, we think it necessary to protest against the disingenuous use that has been made of the name of this journal, in an advertisement, which, after taking frequent tours through the newspapers, has found a permanent place of abode in the leaf fronting the title page of the first of these volumes. It is there stated, that a second edition of "Holland Tide" is just published, and to this announcement the following sentence is added by way of commendation:—"We dismiss these tales with an expression of cordial and unreserved praise; *they contain scenes which are hardly surpassed as to truth and power, by any thing which has yet proceeded from the pen of Sir Walter Scott.*" And for this high eulogium, the Monthly Review is given as an authority. For the first member of the sentence we confess ourselves responsible: but not a syllable of that portion of it printed in italics, ever appeared in this journal. The praise which it confers, is much higher than we should have thought of giving to the tales in question; it is, therefore, not merely a fraud upon our critical character, but upon the public, who are occasionally influenced by our opinions. We are inclined, however, to hope that it is attributable to some mistake, which we hope to see explained; as we do not believe that the respectable publishers would consciously be guilty of such a mean falsehood, even though it should be attended with temporary profit.

The judgment which we pronounced upon Holland Tide was, in truth, of a very mixed kind, though, upon the whole, we deemed the tales that form that collection as capable of affording a great deal of entertainment. Most of the faults which we noticed in them appear, we regret to say, in still more flagrant and distorted colours in the compositions now before us. The author is unquestionably a man of genius, and of genius too of no subordinate character. He seems to be not only perfectly familiar with the very peculiar habits, the vices, the virtues, the traditions and dialect of the peasantry of Munster; but to be as one of themselves, animated by their warm-hearted impulses, feeling towards them all the kindness of kindred—the friendly historian of their lives—but never their satirist. He enters, with a congenial spirit, into all their amusements, seats himself by their cabin fire-side, eats and drinks with them, and having, to use a Scotch phrase, "taken salt with them," he would not betray or revile them.

Except, perhaps, in Mr. Crofton Croker's unrivalled legends, we know of no modern pages in which the Irish, and particularly the Munster-Irish, character (held to be the most genuine) is displayed with so much ease, richness, and truth, as in the two last of the three tales which compose this work. There are in them several scenes of great drollery—and of that drollery so peculiar to the country, so ludicrous in its combinations, that if it be not comic humour, it is better than much of the stuff which passes current under that name. But it is only in detached scenes that our author shines. He is a deplorably bad story teller. He begins generally well, and goes on a while winding his thread with sufficient smoothness; but as his characters multiply, he seems to lose the power of managing them. To resume the metaphor, he is obliged to stop the wheel every moment, in order to knot and strengthen a thread that every moment becomes more extenuated, until, in the end, the woof is turned out a mere "thing of shreds and patches."

Nothing can be more unpleasant to a reader, who feels at all interested in a narrative, than to see it frequently interrupted by the author with such sentences as these: 'We love not to dwell longer than is necessary to the development of our tale, on the history of feelings (however interesting from their general application to human nature), in which no opportunity is afforded for the illustration of national character—that being the principal design of these volumes,' (vol. ii. p. 11). 'We have our own good reasons for requesting that the reader may ask us no questions concerning the occurrences which filled up the time,' &c. (*ib.* p. 13). 'A piece of scenery, with which we will conclude our rather copious sketch of the coast, and the omission of which would leave that sketch incomplete,' (vol. i. p. 146). 'Rejoiced, at length, to breathe a purer atmosphere than that which has been suffocating us through the last chapter, we request the reader to return,' &c. (vol. iii. p. 41). 'The reader may imagine what he pleases of the force of passion, and of female fickleness,' &c. (*ib.* p. 214). These sentences are taken at random, as specimens of the manner in which this author throws aside his disguise so often, and comes upon us with his WE in real flesh and blood, to warn us that he is merely feigning a story, as well as he can, for our amusement.

There is nothing more admirable in the Waverley novels, than the tact with which Sir Walter renders his personages completely subservient to all his purposes. If he think it useful or ornamental to his theme to describe a fine landscape, he goes to work at once, without any flourishes about the propriety or agreeableness of the thing. Sometimes his hero paints it, sometimes points out its beauties to his companion, or he becomes so connected with it, that the account of it follows naturally, without any body enquiring from whose mouth it proceeds. In bringing up his time, indeed, and in collecting his plot into a focus, towards the close of his volumes, Sir Walter is often as precipitate, and of course as awkward, as any of his numberless imitators. And in this respect too, our author sins most egregiously. One chapter is sometimes several years in advance of that which follows it; and when we imagine that we are to witness the meeting of parties, for whose presence we are fully prepared, there comes forth a "we request the reader to go back some eight or ten years," and then we have explanations, and episodes, and all sorts of bungling incidents, in order to trundle on the lagging and confused narrative. These things, of course, as often introduce the author in his own person on the scene, and it would really seem as if he sought them purposely; as if he were so mercurial in his vanity, that he could not, by any possibility, keep quiet in his proper place of concealment. The very children in the street would turn away from their favourite exhibition of Punch and Judy, if the showman who lends the puppets his squeaking voice, and sets their limbs in motion, were to remove the green baize, and thus disclose his rude mysteries to the public view. This is one of the secrets of the novelist which our author has yet to learn. He wants a *green baize.*

The three tales in these volumes are connected with three of those old festivals, which are still kept up with great care in the South of Ireland, viz. Candlemas Day, St. Stephen's Day, and

St. John's Eve. The first story, entitled Card Drawing, will not detain us. It is inferior in interest and in execution to the other two. It turns upon the old thread-bare plot, of a mistake on the part of justice, in fixing upon a young man, of course a lover duly "plighted to a maiden fair," as the murderer of the lady's father; whereupon occur sundry most distressing scenes, of doubt on one side, of heroic fortitude on the other, until, at the very moment when the scaffold is prepared, the real criminal betrays himself, and the lover is saved. There is one part of this tale, however, which reveals a hand of no common power: we allude to the succession of incidents, through which the workings of the murderer's guilty conscience are seen impelling him, as it were, to fly from the spectre of his victim, that continually haunts him, into the arms of the very laws which he had outraged. We shall select one or two passages from this part of the tale, proceeding at once to the cottage of the culprit's mother:

'The good woman was now seated by their fire of turf and pieces of wreck, engaged in keeping warm the simple fare which was intended for her son's dinner. A small deal table was placed near the hearth, and close to it a rush-bottom chair ready set for his use. Over a few red coals which were broken small, the iron tongs, placed lengthwise, and opened a little, was made to perform the part of a gridiron towards a beautiful Beltard turbot, which a gourmand would have judged worthy of a prouder table, and a more elaborate process of cookery.

'"A hundred thousand welcomes, child of my heart," said the old woman, speaking in her native language; "I thought the very darkness would not bring you home to me. Sit down."

'Kinchela took his seat at the table in silence, while his mother placed before him the food which she had prepared. She perceived, however, that he did not eat with his usual dispatch and satisfaction.

'"There is some secret hanging on your mind, my fair heart," said she, "you do not eat. You did not sleep at home these two nights—and when you came in this morning, you looked paler than paper, and trembled like a straw upon the water."

'"I did'nt sleep abroad either," replied Kinchela, "an' sure what else would I be only pale after that, an' I being getten the canoes ready all night, let alone what I heerd this mornen, moreover."

'"What was that, darling?"

'"Old Mc Loughlen to be murthered last night in his own house, over."

'The old woman uttered an exclamation of horror—"Woe and sorrow!" she exclaimed, "when will they be weary of drawing the blood of the gray-headed? Your own father Pryce, died by the cold steel. It is true for the priest what he said from the altar last Sunday, that Ireland was more cursed by the passions of her own children, than ever she was by Dane or Sassenagh. The judgment of the Jews will fall on us at last. We are hunted through our country, and from our country in punishment of our sins. We have drunk of the dregs of the cup of trembling, and have well nigh wrung them out."

'"They say, Dorgan—Duke Dorgan, that lived near the sally-coop, eastwards, did the deed. I saw 'em taken of him to Bridewell, on the head of it."

'"There! there, Pryce!" said his mother, "Remember my words when you were refused by him, and when you swore to me that you would never forgive him the longest day you'd live."

'"I did not swear it!" said Kinchela, starting, as if in alarm.

'"You did—and sorry enough you were for it afterward. You might have been in Dorgan's place, if it were not for the mercy of Heaven."

'"Let us have no more talk about it now, whatever," said Pryce; "I'll want to take a little rest before goen to the sale-hunt; an' I must have the canoe near the caverns before day-break. Do you get the wattles an' the charcoal ready, mother, an' lay 'em there, a-nigh the settle-bed, agen I get up."

'Pryce retired to his bed-room, but seemed to be haunted even in the darkness and solitude of this retreat by a certain uneasy train of feeling which appeared to have been clinging to him throughout the day. He had truly stated to his mother that he passed the former night without sleep; but this circumstance, instead of making him sink the more easily into slumber, had only the effect of weakening his nerves, and filling his brain with all the frantic images of sleep, without any of its calmness or comfort. His mother, disturbed by the restless moans which proceeded from his chamber, laid down the bag of charcoal which she was preparing, and taking a rush-light, made fast in the fissure of a twig, in her hand, entered the room. Her son was at that moment labouring under a hideous dream. His head hung down over the bed-side, his arms were extended, his forehead and hair damp with sweat. He saw, in fancy, the corpse of the old man as it lay stretched on the table at Mc Loughlen's, and seemed to be oppressed with the conviction that some person had seized and was taxing him with the deed.

'"Let go my throat!" he muttered hoarsely. "It was not I—'Twas Dorgan- -Dorgan did it, and not I!—He lies—the old man never named me—he could not—for my face was blackened. Let go my throat."

'"The Almighty protect and bless my son!" said the woman, as she stirred him, and made him spring up terrified in his bed, "what words are these?"

'Kinchela remained for some time sitting erect, his eyes wild and staring, and his mouth agape with terror. Consciousness at length stole upon him, and covering his face with his hands, he leaned forward for some moments in silence.

'"What was the matter, child?" the old woman at length asked, as she laid her hand affectionately on his shoulder.

'"Nothen!—nothen—only dreaming greatly I was—Aren't you gone to bed yet, mother?"

'"No, darling; 'tisn't far in the night. Those were dreadful words you spoke, Pryce?"

'"Did I talk out o' my sleep?"

'"You did; you spoke as if somebody was charging you with a great crime, and you denied it, and bid them to let go your throat."

'Pryce paused a moment. "Well, mother," said he at length, "I didn't think it would be so aisy to take a start out o' you. Sure 'twas funnen I was all that while."

'"There was little mirth then in your voice or in your actions," replied his mother, still speaking (as she always used) in her vernacular tongue, "I thought the hag of the night had been throttling you."

'"I tell you 'twas a joke, agen. Sure I *felt* you comen in the room. I was as broad awake as you are now. Go to bed, mother, an' hear to me! Don't say anythen o' this in the mornen, for 'twouldn't look well to be joken on such a business."

'The aged widow left the room and retired to her own settle-bed, after offering up her usual portion of nightly invocations to the throne of mercy for all blessings upon all men; while her son remained wrapped in a mood of intense reflection, sitting on his bed-side, and using every exertion in his power to compose his troubled spirit.'—vol. i., pp. 121—128.

There is another incident which tends to betray his fears still more strongly. In one of the intervals of a seal hunt in which Pryce Kinchela was engaged the next morning, and which, by the way, is very graphically described, he and his companion (his accomplice in the murder) took an opportunity of visiting a neighbouring cliff, for the purpose of collecting shell fish, called barnocks.

'Kinchela having, with the assistance of his friend, succeeded in securing, near the edge of the cliff, a kind of rude windlass, for the purpose of enabling them to increase their store of barnocks, made fast their rope in the earth, and prepared to descend.

'This was a feat which he had been accustomed to perform, almost daily, from his boyhood, and he never had, for one moment, felt a greater degree of repugnance or apprehension, than he would have experienced in walking on the firm soil. But he was now an altered man, and he felt, as he put his foot in the loop which was made in the end of the rope, and grasping it with both hands, launched himself from the brow of the "pernicious height," a sensation of insecurity, and a sinking of the heart, such as he never before had felt in any situation whatever. He even wished that he had taken the precaution (though it would have had but a cowardly air,) to secure himself to the rope, by tying it to his waist—but it was now too late for reflection, and he had only to trust his customary chances for a safe return to the firm earth.

'While he was occupied in filling his net with the barnocks which he struck from the rock, he suddenly heard a crackling noise above his head, and looking up, saw that one of the divisions of the rope had given way, leaving the whole weight of his person on the faith of a single cord, not more than half an inch in diameter. He was now suspended in mid-air, more than a hundred feet from the summit, and saw, at a fearful distance beneath, the points of the rugged crag, around which the waters were now slumbering in almost a moveless calm. He feared to stir—to speak—to give any indication of his danger, lest it should only have the effect of making the latter more imminent. His limbs trembled, and became bathed in perspiration, while he cast his eyes on that part of the rope where the fissure had taken place. He could almost—and only almost, reach it with his hand. Again all the horrors of the preceding night and morning were renewed, and a stupifying terror seized upon his brain. He ventured, at length, to give the signal, at which his companion was to draw him to the summit.—While he was doing so, and while he yet hung suspended between the dreadful alternative of life or death, some of the canoes passed under him on their way from the caverns to their homes, and the fishermen, in their own aboriginal language, began to hoot and jibe him as they passed, making various allusions to his position in the air, and drawing analogies concerning the rope, the humour of which poor Kinchela was in no condition to appreciate. A cold shivering passed through his limbs, when he saw the feeble portion of it approach the rugged edge of the cliff—and here, as if for the purpose of increasing his agony, Fed stopped turning the windlass, and approached the brink with marks of alarm and astonishment.

'"E', Pryce, man," said he, "do you see the danger you're in all this while? Sure there's the rope med a' most two halves of, above you. Sure if that broke you'd be ruined, man."

'"Wisha, then, Fed, what news you tell!—Is that the reason you stop haulen of it, in dread I'd have any chance at all. Murther alive, see this."

'"I'll pull you up if you like, man; but what harm was there in me tellen you your danger."

'"All o' one 'tisn't too well I knew it. Pull away, an' *sonuher* to you."

'Fed resumed his post at the windlass, and in a few moments after, Kinchela grasped the edge of the cliff: he succeeded in scrambling up—after which, without speaking a word to his companion, he flung down the net of barnocks, and fled, as if he were hunted by the fiends, in the direction of his mother's house—while his companion, after gazing after him and at the barnocks for a few moments, packed up their implements, and took to his heels, under the full conviction that the *phuca* was coming up the cliff to them.

'"The Almighty is impatient, I believe," said Pryce, when he had reached his own door, "he will wait no longer."'—vol. i. pp. 148—152.

The character of this unhappy criminal is, however, rendered in some respects engaging, by the affectionate attachment which, notwithstanding all his guilt, he still bears to his mother. It saves him from the reproach of being a villain, unredeemed by any virtue, and it imparts a softness to his presence, which makes him almost an object of greater interest than his rival.

The next tale is called 'The Half Sir'; a designation applied, it seems, in Ireland to the *novi homines* who are above the less affluent orders, though not high enough to be enumerated in the class of gentlemen. The author sketches, with a vigorous hand, the difficulties which such an individual has to encounter, in making his way through life. In the person of Hamond, he pourtrays a young plebeian, who, deriving wealth from the beneficence of a near relative, and being well educated, thinks that he is entitled, not only to enter the most aristocratic classes in his country, but even to claim the heart and hand of one of its most brilliant ornaments. She coquets with him for a season—sufficiently long to make a deep impression on his feelings—and then gives him up for a noble wooer, who treated her with indifference as a lover, and with so much cruelty as a husband, that she is obliged to live apart from him on the continent. Hamond, in the meantime, becomes a misanthrope; while, in her solitude, her heart returns to him who had first essayed to win its affections. After endeavouring to dissipate his melancholy abroad, he returns to his own home, and applies himself to the improvement of the peasantry around him. His mistress becomes a widow; and, seeking his forgiveness, becomes reconciled to him, and the usual consequence in such cases, marriage, puts an end to all their misunderstandings.

Frequent occasions present themselves throughout this tale for the display of the true Munster character, and they are seized upon by the author generally with success. The most amusing personage in the whole is, undoubtedly, Jeremiah, or, as he is commonly called, Remmy O'Lone, Hamond's own servant of all work. Lady Morgan has not drawn, even in her best days, a more humorous fellow than Remmy. Without him the tale would have been a very dull one; but mingled as he is in almost every scene, he has a smile and a pleasant remark, if not a witty jest, for every body, and laughter follows always in his train. It is easy to draw the character of a fine lady, and still easier to delineate that unhappy being, who flies from the haunts of men to indulge a lonely, melancholy life. But to embody in one person such a combination of sagacity and drollery, of shrewdness and apparent simplicity, as we see in Remmy, required the powers of an artist of the first order. We have room for only one scene from this tale—the meeting of Remmy with his mother, upon his return from his *continental* travels with his master. It is the very best thing in the three volumes. The comedy is irresistible, and we have little doubt that it would tell with great effect on the stage.

' "Why then, I declare,' says Remmy, as he approached his mother's cottage, 'I declare, the old 'oman isn't getten on badly for all!—The *bonuveen*,* and the little goslens! an the ducks, I declare! an the——no 'tisn't!—'Iss, it is—'tis a cow, I declare! Well, see that, why! Fie, for shame the old 'oman, why does she lave the doore open? I'll purtend it isn't meself that's there at all, till I have one little *rise*† out of her."

'With this design he adjusted his hat to an imposing cock, buttoned his brown coat up to his chin, thrust both his hands under the skirts behind, and so strutted forward into the open door, with what he intended for a royal swagger. On the floor of the kitchen sat a child of about three years of age, playing with a pair of jack-stones, who did not appear at all pleased with his intrusion. Perceiving that no one else was in sight, Remmy judged that the speediest means of procuring attention was by awakening some alarm for the infant. He therefore squatted himself on the floor and made a hideous grin, as if he were about to swallow the little fellow up at one bit. The roar which the latter set up at this strange menace quickly brought two women from an interior room; but Remmy was on his legs again, and as demure as (to use a popular similitude) a dog at a funeral before them. The elder of the females dropped a low, woman-of-the-house courtesy to Remmy, who acknowledged it by a condescending nod and a smile of patronage.

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* 'Little pig.' † 'Equivalent to the London *lark*.'

'"Your little lad, here, thought I was goen to ait him, I b'lieve, my good' oman."

'"Strange, he is, Sir—O fie, Jemmy, darlen, to screech at the gentleman!—Will your honour be sated?"

'"Thank you, thank you, honest 'oman!" said Remmy, with an affable wave of the hand, and then laughing to himself as he passed to the chair (the hay bottom of which the good woman swept down for him with her check apron)—"*My* honour! Well, that's droll from the old mother!"

'"I'll be wishen you a good evenen, Mrs. O'Lone," said the young woman who was with her. "Come along, Jemmy."

'"Good mornen to you then, an tell Miss O'Brien I'll be over wit her to-morrow surely. I expect 'em both now every other day, tell her." The woman and child departed. "I ask your honour's pardon," the old lady continued, turning to Remmy, who was endeavouring to keep his risible muscles in some order,—"May be you'd take somethen, Sir, after the road?"

'"No may be at all about it. Try me a little—it 's a maxum o' mine never to refuse."

'"From foreign parts, I suppose, Sir, you are?" said Mrs. O'Lone, after she had enabled Remmy to amuse himself in the manner indicated.

'"Yes—I'm an Englishman born and bred," said Remmy, with admirable effrontery, trusting that his mother's ignorance of dialects would not enable her to detect the very lame assumption of the British accent which he used.

'"If it wasn't maken too free wit your honour," said Mrs. O'Lone, after hesitating for a considerable time, while Remmy busied himself with a dish of *crubes*,* "since 'tis from foreign parts you are, Sir, may be you'd meet a boy 'o the O'Lone's there."

'"There! Where, my good woman?"

'"Abroad, plase your honour."

'"Many 's the place that 's abroad, honest 'oman. If you hadn't a better direction than that goen looken for a man, ye might be both abroad together for a century and nevur coom within a hundhert miles o' one another—ay, two hundhert, may be."

'"Shasthone!"† wisha! It 's a large place, Sir."

'"But talken o' the O'Lone's, I remember meeten one o' them in me travels—Jeremiah O'Lone, I think—"

'"Iss, Sir—or Remmy, as we used to call him, short—"

'"Short or long, I met such a fellow—and being countrymen—"

'"Countrymen, Sir! I thought your honour said you wor an Englishman."

'"Eh, what? an so I am, honest 'oman, what of that? It's true I was born in Ireland, but what hurt? No raison if a man is born in a stable that he should be a horse."

'"Sure enough, Sir. But about Remmy, Sir, you wor saying that you knew him."

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* 'Pettitoes.' † 'An exclamation of surprise.'

'"I did, an I'll tell you a sacret. If I did, I knew as big a vagabone as there is from this to himself."

'"O dear gentleman, Sir, you don't say so?"

'"What should hinder me? 'm sure 'tis I that ought to know him well, He was the worst innemy I uver had."

'"May be he had raison?" said Mrs. O'Lone, her tone of respect gradually subsiding into one of greater familiarity, as her choler rose and her fingers wandered in search of the tongs.

'"The bla'gaard, what raison would he have to me? An idle, theiven, scamen rogue, that'll coom to the gallows one time or other."

'"Your honour is maken fun o' me, bekays you know that 'tis his mother that 's there."

'"Are you his mother, poor 'oman? I'm sorry for you."

'"May be if I wanted you pity, you wouldn't be so ready wit it."

'"Well," said Remmy, "I heard a dale of Irish manners, butt if I'm to take that for a speciment——"

'"You'll get the worth o' what you bring. I see what you are now, you unnait'rel cratur!"—said his mother, rising from her seat—"I asked you to a sate by the widow's fire, an a share o' the widow's male, an there's my thanks, abusen and poll-talken* o' the poor lad that's far away, and that if he was here, would pummel you while uvur he was able to stand over you, you contrairy cratur!"

'"He wouldn't" said Remmy, coolly.

'"He wouldn't!" replied Mrs. O'Lone, lifting the tongs.

'"Would you strike me in your own house?" said Remmy, as the blow was about to descend over his eye.

'The old woman seemed to hesitate between her desire of vindicating Remmy's good name, and the obligations of hospitality which held her hand. At length, flinging the utensil into the chimney corner, and throwing herself, with a wild burst of grief, into the chair, "I 'll lave you to Heaven!" said she—"If it wasn't for that word, I'd make you that you wouldn't be so free wit your tongue. 'Twasn't a gentleman ever done or said what you did.—'Tis like your frightenen the child a while ago, you crule man you!" And here, unable to continue her invective any farther, Mrs. O'Lone lifted her apron to her eyes, and indulged herself in an unrestrained fit of sobbing and crying.

'"Ah, now, see what this is!" said Remmy, touched by the too great success of his *ruse*. "I never saw you for a woman, that there can't be any fun wit you, you're so soft.—Come here," relapsing into his natural tone—"throw your hands about me and kiss me, you old fool, an sure you ought to know Remmy before now.'"—vol. ii., pp. 69—76.

The third and last tale, Suil Dhuv, the Coiner, is of a different complexion from that which precedes it. It pictures forth, like the first story, some of the most daring vices of the Irish peasantry, and it is written with great energy, though often abrupt, and almost unintelligible, on account of the many breaks which disfigure the narrative. The Coiner is a profligate ruffian, who, being originally received, as a forlorn child, into the house of a respectable farmer, repays his hospitality in the end, by carrying away his daughter, and introducing discord and misfortune into his family. Not satisfied with these achievements, he corrupts the morals of a young and wealthy yeoman in his neighbourhood (Robert Kumba), who was engaged to an interesting girl in his own rank of life; but who became so great a spendthrift, under the evil influence of Suil Dhuv, that her father refused to allow the affair to proceed. Upon his death, Suil Dhuv persuades his friend to take away the young lady by force; and a party proceeds, under the direction of the Coiner, to the widow's house, to accomplish the nefarious purpose—doubly nefarious, as the Coiner intended, if he succeeded, to appropriate the young lady to himself. The attack is made on St. John's eve; a scuffle ensues, in the course of which, Kumba is wounded by his treacherous guide, and the ruffian himself loses his life. Kumba, in due course of time, becomes repentant, reforms his mode of life, wins back the favour of the widow, and is once more admitted to the presence of the maid, who, in all his wanderings, had never forgotten him.

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* 'Backbiting.'

There is rather too much of the sentiment of a fine lady claimed for the heroine, Lilly Byrne, whose very name ought to have restrained the exuberance of the author within the limits of simplicity. She plays too much on her harpsichord for the daughter of an Irish farmer in the days of Dean Swift, and, moreover, she has a greater admiration for the letters of Lady Mary Montague, than one would expect to find in a rustic Munster girl. But she is, nevertheless, so engaging a person, that we cannot forbear transcribing that part of the narrative which describes her feelings and conduct, after her lover was first discarded by her father.

'For many days after this occurrence had taken place, Lilly could not persuade herself that all was in reality at an end between her and her lover—and that the scene which she had witnessed was other than a dream. All past so suddenly, so swiftly—so unexpectedly! She could not believe that the beautiful and glittering fabric which her young and sanguine heart had constructed with so much pains and self-gratulation, should thus, at the very point of its completion, be utterly hurried from her view, passing as rapidly as the rushing of a summer wind, and leaving no trace of its existence more evident than the dreary sound of its departing glory. She still listened while at her work for the knock of her lover —suffering under an agony, in which all the fever of protracted expectation was combined with the sullen and barren stillness of despair. Every approaching footstep startled her with a sudden hope, which was awakened only to be again struck lifeless by the pang of a disappointment quite as sudden.—Her parents no longer received from her that devoted attention which in the security of her youthful affection she had been accustomed to pay them. When she knelt before them and bent her head to receive the parental benediction at morning and evening—the once sweetly murmured "Blessing, father,—mother, blessing!" was hurried over almost unconsciously; and the affectionate prayer of the old couple, that "God would bless her, and mark her to grace!" fell with the influence of an unmeaning sound upon her ear.—Her more secret devotions, too, were distracted and unsatisfactory. When she detected herself in the midst of a train of wandering reflections, it was in vain that she reproached herself, knelt more erect, clasped her hands more firmly, and attempted by gazing steadily upward, to raise her thoughts above her own worldly interests, and still the unsettled throbbing of her heart, by striving to lay all its feelings at repose in the lap of a pious confidence. The form of Robert Kumba, with his angry, rude, and selfish passionate look, would come floating on the eye of her memory through the upper air, and then every word and action, no sound or gesture omitted, of the scene which had taken place, would steal silently through her brain—her heart would swell and throb with a new tumult—to be followed by a new self-recollection—a new effort at resignation—and again a new distraction and a new distress. Her little domestic arrangements, also, were conducted with less care and diligence than formerly. The tortoise cat had holiday times in the pantry, the door of which, notwithstanding all Mrs. Byrne's agonized remonstrances, was repeatedly left ajar—and the good lady was once heard solemnly to affirm, that she had found the animal actually lapping the milk at one side of the *peck* or *keeler* * which Lilly was skimming at the other. The *full-bound* [firkin] of butter—home made—which formed one of Lilly's own housekeeping perquisites, remained unfilled, although the fair of Cork was fast approaching, and uncle Cuthbert, the grazier, had repeatedly offered to dispose of it along with his own, which was always first quality, because the butter taster was a particular friend of his; a series of advantages, the possibility of losing which made poor Mrs. Byrne's heart ache with apprehension.

'Her daughter, however, continued to neglect the fair of Cork—her fine uncle—the full-bound—the tortoise-cat and the pantry-door, in spite of all her lectures. Her fits of abstraction and absent acts and words continued to grow and fasten the more upon her manner in proportion as they were observed—and her melancholy, which at no time presented violent symptoms, was silently wearing a channel in her heart, which deepened so rapidly, as, at length, to endanger the foundation of her health itself. "Dry sorrow baked her blood." She would frequently gaze for a long hour together upon the sunny lawn before the house, with a fixed and tearless eye, absorbed in a fit of intense abstraction—from which, if roused by her mother after many unheeded calls, she would start (like one who had been surprised into slumber), with a thousand hurried apologies——if by her father—with a sharp and peevish shortness of reply, which was most foreign to her character, and which made the old man's heart bleed.

'She never wept—but very frequently, when passing to her room at night, she would pause in the middle of the long and narrow flagged hall—the candle elevated in one hand, while the other gathered her thin night-dress about her bosom—and 'remain motionless as a statue, her eyes rivetted on the ground, her lips parted as if astonishment, and her whole being apparently suspended, for several minutes, until at length the conviction of her desolation came back upon her—and biting her nether lip while she uttered a low, tremulous, and murmuring scream of anguish, she would rush along the passage to her own apartment, and fling herself on the bed in a passion of tearless grief, which wasted itself in short sobs, shiverings, and muttered sounds of suffering.'—vol. iii., pp. 205—211.

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* 'Probably derived from the old English *Keel*, to cool—as in Shakspeare:
"While greasy Joan doth *keel* the pot." '

The meek resignation with which the maiden endured her fate, and her exertions in order to appear cheerful before her neighbours, when they met in her parlour, are placed by the author in that striking point of view, which those only would think of, and can appreciate, who are thoroughly intimate with the internal world of the human heart. We shall conclude these extracts with a pathetic little ballad, sung by our favourite at a small tea party, the first at which she had presided for some time after she had lost her lover:—

'Old times! old times! the gay old times—
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree.
My Sunday palm beside me placed—
My cross upon my hand—
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! Old times!

'It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!—
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there—
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.
Old times! Old times!

'I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain—
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain—
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes—
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times!
Old times! Old times!

'And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still:
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There 's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame—
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!
Old times! Old times!

'Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!
Old times! Old times!'—vol. iii., 259—261.

Some of the scenes and characters in this tale reflect credit upon the author's powers. The picture of the secret forge, in which the Coiner and his comrades pursue their guilty trade, is remarkably bold. The history of Suil Dhuv is an imposing piece of ruffian biography, such as might well suit one of those desperate banditti, who were, in former years, the terror of Ireland. The young woman whom he associated to his own wretched fortunes, the daughter of his best friend and protector, is also drawn in very engaging colours. Her struggles between her duties to her husband, wicked as he was, and her affection to her aged father, who had become his bitter enemy, make us feel much interested in her fate, particularly when it is contrasted with the simplicity and humble happiness of her earlier life.

ART. III.—*The British Almanac for the year* 1828; *containing the Calendar of remarkable Days and Terms; Anniversaries of great Events; Remarks on the Weather, founded upon Science and Experience; useful Remarks of practical Importance, &c.; with a miscellaneous Register of Information, connected with Government, Legislature, Commerce, and Education.* London: Baldwin & Cradock. 1827. 2*s*. 3*d*. Published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

2. *Vox Stellarum: or, a Loyal Almanack for the year of Human Redemption* 1828; *in which are contained all things fitting for such a work, and an Hieroglyphic adapted to the Times.* By Francis Moore, Physician. London: printed for the Company of Stationers. 1828.

THE commissioners for widening and narrowing—rounding and squaring—at all events for striving to confer architectural beauty on the streets of this desultorily-built capital, occasionally insist on knocking down premises, with which they have not the least business to meddle. They reduce five stories to an unpretending ground floor, in some four-and-twenty hours: the half of a popular, perhaps a classical, alley stands in their way about a week, but no longer, provided they be serious: let them only grow impatient, and in a brief space the three sides of a triangular thoroughfare become mere matters of topographical research. If the commissioners are pleased in this way, they are willing to pay for the gratification—they give compensation. If they dismantle a tradesman's garrison, they do not raze the man and his family: they do not turn him upon the world unprovided: they call for his bill: his charges for practical calamities, as well as for theoretical ones, are paid off without a murmur. Would that all public bodies were like them! But, alas, here is a society—the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Society—without the slightest indemnificatory impulse, unacquainted with the articles of retributive justice, who want to pull down the whole fabrick of Almanacks, which have been quietly popular for a couple of distracted centuries! Ah! but this is the march of mind: the intellectual procession goes cleverly forward, making a steeple chase of it, not merely overcoming, but prostrating all obstacles. Filial duty must be surely an alien to the society: they have had no ancestors to move them piously towards antiquity: the law of prescription is repealed in Paternoster Row: indemnity, retribution, are not in their religion, else the society would scruple to *attempt* the subsistence of the Stationers' Company, after a patriotic service of some three hundred years.

And shall we be compelled to surrender, in good earnest, annual John Partridge? Shall the stars of heaven be no longer interestingly legible to sweet William Lilly; and shall he be so sick of earth and skies, that Dido's affliction awaits him, of whom the poet sung—

——.— tœdet *cœli convexa* tueri—?

Poor Robin no more shall be the favourite Daniel of horticulturists, who embellish the outskirts of the metropolis! Francis Moore, medical doctor, that hath not demised for this last century, must betake him, in sober sadness, to the reality of his profession: celestial communion is no more to bless his existence: he must leave the twelve signs to their fate: the Vox Stellarum, the music of the spheres, has died away! What is to become of Dollond's Achromaticks? Frost and snow will descend upon us, not as heretofore, without six months' notice: umbrellas must necessarily be carried out in all weathers; for devoted pedestrians will know not the hour when it may rain. The Russian Argonauts will have passed the straits of Gibraltar, whilst Plymouth and Portsmouth, astrologically forsaken, are wrapped in ignorant repose. The waves of the Mediterranean shall reflect the triumphant crescent for months together, ere the lockers of our seventy-fours shall be conscious of powder and ball. How are state offices to be manned if future ministers die without warning? If an "exalted member of the long robe" is to suffer a decadence in the course of the Spring quarter, the bar ought not to be taken by surprise: a practising barrister is not to be sent, unprepared and unanointed, with all his sins upon his head, to take his permanent seat upon the bench. The meaning of the vernal eclipse ought to be announced in the beginning of the year. But the British Almanack is to do nothing of all this: it is to be uniformly wise, always scientific, didactic for ever, and never any thing but dull. Does this society, after all, know that it may be seized of a surplus of sagacity? that it may be rather awfully erudite, and somewhat too unbending for mixed companies? An almanack, the learned committee may be assured, is not altogether destined for Sabbath consumption: it is not an institute of morality, to be placed in the hands of the youth of promise: if it be only scrupulous about dates: if it be only commonly sincere in the declaration of the golden number and dominical letter: if it duly pair day of the week with day of the month, so as that no disagreement shall be apparent between them afterwards, at the solar visitation, then, we say, an almanack is at liberty to relax, take exercise, and be merry, although no particular moral improvement may result to the world from the indulgence.

Suppose the "British Almanack" to be a paragon; shall we cast off, for any novelty, old tried servants perennially amusing? The Indians have a barbarous custom of killing their fathers, as soon as they become old. The Diffusion Society would not only immolate the Stationers' Company in age, but nickname the achievements of their youth. What science is not indebted to the company? They were, in their day, not only astronomers but astrologers—not only christians but churchmen: they were the only farmers and farriers—the most respected of gardeners and garblers—confidential herbalists: true loyalists, not to say true lawyers: poets, preachers, philomaths, and physicians. Let us venerate this Academy of Universal Knowledge!

Whilst we are profiting by the results of the labours of others, we are too apt to slight the labourers themselves. Almanacks were not always lucrative, as they are now; they were once barren property: those who reclaimed the ground are not to be dispossessed so easily of their rights.

From the remotest time, almanacks, of one sort or another, have been known in this country. Our Saxon ancestors employed a bundle of square sticks, on which were marked the celestial signs, the days of the week and year, and the golden number, generally in the Runic character. The saints' days were indicated by symbolical representations: for instance, St. Crispin's anniversary was announced by a pair of shoes; that of St. David by a harp; new year's day was shadowed forth in the form of a drinking horn. Calendars being matters of indispensable necessity to ecclesiastics, received, of course, constant attention. The arrangement of them, to this day, bears a striking resemblance to the calendars in use amongst the ancient Romans. Before the invention of printing, manuscript almanacks were very common. We have seen a copy of one belonging to the 14th century, which is said to be a specimen of consummate penmanship. It presents an account of the various planets, and their supposed influences on the inhabitants of the earth respectively. This description is followed by various medical directions, in which due attention is paid to the power of the stars. Some horticultural advice is likewise given.

The work is decorated by a highly-coloured painting of the human figure, equitably partitioned between the twelve celestial signs, precisely in the manner that it is still appropriated, though in description only, by our modern almanacks. We have consulted some hundreds of almanacks, ancient and comparatively recent: we have not met with one that presumed to omit "the Anatomy of Man's body," as they call it. The exhibition was so objectionable on the score of decency, that some will wonder why it should have been retained so uniformly and so long. But the fact is handed down to us on good authority, that the almanack which wanted this picture, was looked upon as no true almanack. Its oracles became dumb—it was waste paper in the very year of its birth. In subsequent times, a sense of shame would seem to prompt the suppression of what modesty would call a nuisance—but, still, interest, or, as the philomaths used to say, necessity, opposed the suggestion. An almanack manufacturer of the name of Pond, celebrated for his Cambridge Calendars, thought it unworthy (as it undoubtedly is) of the seat of a university to comply with the vulgar taste in this respect. But he gives the "Anatomy" after all. This homage to popular prejudice is accompanied by a singular apology in the Almanack for 1643. It is as follows:

"Should I but dare to omit th' Anatomy,
  Which long enough hath gulled my countrey friend,
He with contempt would straight refuse to buy
  This book, and 'tis no almanack, contend!
Ask him its use; he'll say he cannot tell:
Nor more can I: yet since he loves 't so well,
I'll let it stand because my book should sell."

The same reason stands good to this very hour; the public will buy no almanacks except at the old sign of the "Anatomy;" and the stationers have no choice, but still to copy the wise inventions of their ancestors. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries abounded in almanacks. They were chiefly managed by physicians— they gave the usual calendar, and the usual information about signs, planets, and husbandry; but were expansive about the administering of medicines, and the exhibition of phlebotomy. The knaves were interested in the rapid consumption of drugs: they nominated the days for aperient and diuretic indulgence, together with those of pharmaceutical abstinence. The former always maintained a striking superiority of number upon the annual comparison. These disguised apothecaries turned the planets to better pecuniary account than either Newton or Herschell. In the remote times to which we allude, an almanack cost no more than a few pence. There was no impost then upon astrological luxury—the chancellor of the exchequer had not yet yearned to

"pluck bright taxes from the pale-faced *moon*;"

and it is incredible what numbers were circulated of these publications. Every year of the sixteenth century produced some score of almanacks: the worshipful company of stationers in all cases being the ready instruments to usher them into light. It was customary for its members, either in parties, or individually, to purchase copyrights, which by the law they enjoyed in perpetuity, making them the subject of transfer and bequest. One family has lived easily through several generations on "Merlinus Anglicus." The "Vox Stellarum" has given independence to some thousands. A whole court, off Lombard-street, is maintained by the "Only True Astrologer." The ancient almanack-wrights were above the minute philosophy of diurnal or even weekly meteorology: they did not feel themselves bound to con and note all and singular the solar motions, ro to dog frost and snow through every day in the year. Neither did they busy themselves about the minor events of the celestial world. It was nothing to them that Jupiter made the tour of the twelve signs without the slightest accident. Saturn and Venus may have shewn a mutual aversion—our philomaths were not interested in the fact. Fiery Mars may have suddenly started from his course, and shewn his satellites "how cholerick he was"—but it affected not the grave men of science. They were only moved by some wonderful planetary conjunction: an eclipse of the sun or moon, if visible so much the better, was to them a jubilee. They became oracular at the thought of it, and uttered in their fury what no one durst venture to disbelieve. History has preserved some memorable records, which shew the confidence with which these forebodings were listened to. In the year 1523, the almanacks predicted a season of incessant and destructive rains: in short, it was to be nearly a deluge. Hundreds betook themselves early in the year to elevated spots of country, there to abide the falling of the expected inundation. The Abbot of St. Bartholomews, in Smithfield, transferred himself, his larder, and his sack, to a house which he had built on purpose, at Harrow-on-the-Hill, as the only place of safety which the almanack proposed to leave him. But, to the great consternation of the augurs, the rains were put off, and the spring and summer were much drier than usual. The astrologers did not know how to excuse themselves to the world, until, upon going over the learned computation a second time, one of them found that a vagrant cypher had crept in amongst the figures, by which the deluge was brought into the world a century sooner than it ought to have been. Still the almanacks kept up their credit. The seventeenth century was the golden era of the astrologers. At its commencement, the almanacks are marked by the greatest moderation as to prophetic assumptions. They are all small-sized duodecimos, in black letter, without page marks, and divided into two parts. The calendar part was always adopted from that which was usually published with the Liturgy of the Church of England, and is still, in its improved state, prefixed to the Book of Common

Prayer. These old almanacks, therefore, presented in successive columns the days of the month, the Dominical letter in red ink, the festival and saints days, the rising and setting of the sun and moon, &c. Very seldom, if ever, was any prediction about the weather incorporated in the calendar; but, occasionally, the aspects of the planets on certain days were symbolically set forth by appropriate characters. Now and then, the marks of conjunction, sextile, or opposition, were set off by a black letter apophthegm in Latin. A brief stanza was squeezed into a small space at the top of each page, conveying some useful medical admonition suited to the particular month. The human "Anatomy," as we before mentioned, was common to them all. The second part of the almanack was called, "A Prognostication for the Year." It entered fully into an account of the celestial appearances for each quarter, and described rather generally the anticipated character of the various seasons. Some rules in physic and husbandry were then laid down; which, with various rules and tables, and a list of fairs, made the publication one of very great and universal convenience. We have seen about two dozen of popular almanacks for the years 1607 and 1608—they vary but little, either in substance or in aspect—they are calculated for different meridians of England, but are all from the press of the Company of Stationers.

Connected with the history of our legal calendar, it may be curious to notice one or two facts. The early reformers, in their zeal to abolish every trace, if possible, of the former religion, expunged the saints by scores from the calendar. There were many reasons why most of them were recalled, amongst which the principal one, we are told, was, that the people, though they conformed to the new doctrines, retained some of their old predilections—and here and there murmurs were heard that a favourite saint had been suppressed. The shoemakers armed for St. Crispin—St. Laurence continued his power amongst the millers—St. George, though a by-gone Catholic, pressed his patronage upon the faithless inhabitants of Britain. Accordingly, when the Liturgy was revised a second time, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, many of the feast days, exclusively observed by Roman Catholics, were restored to the calendar, and are still preserved in it.

The year 1607 having been distinguished by three eclipses, we turned with anxiety to the astrological department of the almanack for that period. Neve, a popular philomath, is rather reserved in his apprehensions—he goes no farther than a speculative plague, or a visionary dearth. His almanack has one peculiar feature, which deserves to be noticed. He gives a table of lucky and unlucky days, and when it is dangerous to contract maladies. Woodhouse and Bretnor are more fearless in their conjectures for the consequences of the eclipses. John Dade, a veteran student in astrology, and a well-wisher to the mathematics at large, sensibly evades the difficulty by a pious generality.

"'Many things,' he says, 'might here be described, as also of the other eclipses before, which I think meet to conceal, beseeching the Almighty God to deliver us from all perils and dangers, both now and at all times. Hee ruleth the starres and all his other creatures at his gracious pleasure, and will no doubt turne all things to the best, if we call upon him faithfully, to whom be all praise," &c.

Hopton, in his almanack for the following year, presented the world with a "brief refutation of those opinions that deny the earth to rest as the fixed centre to the heavens." His arguments are chiefly drawn from Aristotle, whom we had supposed Bacon had by that time banished from the confidence of every scholar. As we advance in this century, we find the almanacks more and more becoming imbued with astrology. The Stuarts encouraged that and its kindred arts—James I. was, himself, a proficient in them. In the almanacks published during his reign, a large space is given to miscellaneous predictions. The monthly stanza, which used to be confined to physic, now assumed the gravity of Sybilline verses—but astrology still timidly contemplated the future. John Booker, who according to Lilly, seemed designed by nature for the study of the stars, and who, from his earliest years, pored over works that treated of the subject, scarcely did more than hint at political matters in his first almanacks; and even in speculating upon the weather, he scruples to be otherwise than conditional in his intimations. 'The seventh column' he says in the preface to his almanack for 1643, 'contains a probable conjecture of the weather from the motions of the stars and planets.' This almanack gives, very accurately, both the English and Julian calendars, calculated as far as the year 1734, 'provided,' he remarks with exquisite caution, 'the world last so long.' Booker chiefly practised as a fortune-teller, and was unequalled in love questions. He published an annual almanack for thirty years.

The most famous name connected with the annals of almanacks, is that of William Lilly. He published his Merlinus Anglicus, Jun., in 1644. This work is not an almanack, as the encyclopedists imagine; it was only a series of astrological predictions for the year. 'I delivered it,' he observes, in his curious autobiography, 'unto the printer, who being an arch presbyterian, had five of the ministry to inspect it, who could make nothing of it, but said it might be printed, for in that it meddled not with their Dagon.' The first impression was sold in less than one week. His almanacks, which he published annually, until 1681, under the title of "Merlini Anglici Ephemeris," were begun in 1647. They are very interesting productions; they contained an abundance of the information which almanacks usually supply. He always began with an elaborate astrological disquisition on the heavenly bodies in general, and the supposed influence which their changes are to have on the events of the forthcoming year. Each month in the calendar has a full page of predictions, chiefly political, to itself, and it must be confessed, that they do not want either confidence or decision. Lilly particularly shone in nativities, and his almanacks are uniformly decorated with a table of hours for some particular latitude. The personal history of this singular man, along with being amusing, offers topics for interesting meditation. Good luck, address, aided by some skill in science, enabled him to attain a very high degree of reputation. He staggered men of sense and reason. The king of Sweden made him a handsome present, for some favourable paragraphs in his Astrological Register. General Fairfax, at the head of the parliamentary forces at Windsor, sent for Lilly, to inquire if God was with him, and the man of science, being a man of the world also, replied in the affirmative. When Charles the First was in Hampton Court palace, from which he very ardently sighed to escape, a trusty messenger, in the shape of a court lady, called upon Lilly, and enjoined him to say, by his heavenly art, in what part of the kingdom his majesty would be most safe. The oracle mentioned a town in Essex, but the king did not take the hint, and we know the consequences. It must be confessed that Lilly had a very difficult card to play—carry on his almanack he must for his livelihood—he must also continue to predict of states and empires—the parliament was in power during a considerable portion of his literary life—he could neither flatter nor offend them—to do the latter, he was afraid, lest he should incur immediate punishment—to do the other he was likewise fearful, lest the monarchy should be restored before the year was out. His prophecy for January, 1649, the month in which Charles was beheaded, was, after that memorable event, universally declared to have been the result of preternatural knowledge. It deserves to be quoted.

"I am serious; I beg and expect justice. The lofty cedars begin to divine a thundering hurricane is at hand. God elevates men contemptible: blest be God, who encourages his servants, makes them valiant and of undaunted spirits, to go on with his decrees. Upon a sudden, great expectations arise, and men generally believe a quiet and calm time draws nigh."

These terms, it is very obvious, might be rendered applicable to events of quite an opposite character. But Lilly was not always so fortunate. The sacrifice of the king gave so much disgust, that all the rational part of the community expected to hear of the end of the usurpation every month. Lilly was so precipitate as to announce its downfall in his almanack for 1650. He was summoned before the council—previously to obeying the order, he had time to cause a substitution to be made of fresh pages with innocent matter, for those which were obnoxious to the government, and when he presented himself before the council, with the amended almanack, which he declared to be genuine, his accusers were confounded, and obliged to retire with ridicule. After this escape, he was determined that his imagination should never again bring his neck into danger, if possible, and he quietly submitted his heart and tongue to the dominant power. In siding so resolutely as he did with the republicans, Lilly committed another mistake, as he discovered, in 1660, when young Charles recovered the throne: to this was added an accusation, seriously involving the professional character of the astrologer, namely, that he had neither foreseen nor foretold the triumph of the monarchy. His first almanack, after the restoration, contains the following ingenious exculpation.

> "The many turnings and windings, frequent and sudden revolutions, alterations and changes in the government of England, Anno D. 1659—what man or angel could predict? or who can consider thereof, without much admiration—and rather modestly conclude, as in truth it was, the only finger and hand of God—the actions themselves so miraculous, so unexpected, that they were not in any way demonstrable, or to be found out by the sharpest rules of astrology."

But we ought to do justice to Lilly; he was by no means the contemptible impostor that some writers represent him. In his first work, he avowed his disbelief in the notion that what was indicated by the stars as being about to happen, must of necessity take place. He believed that they had no such unlimited laws, and that he who suffered them to be instruments for disclosing his future designs, might easily, and often did, disappoint their predictions. In the very last almanack which he superintended, Lilly uses these remarkable words.

> "We ever did and ever shall absolutely deny fatal necessity, or that those actions, signified by celestial configurations, must of necessity or unavoidably come to pass as predicted: we say, and it ever was our judgment, that religion, reason, and sobriety, and such virtues, may contradict the worst signification or influence of the stars."

Lilly had many contemporary rivals. Sir George Wharton, a baronet, published the "New Almanack after the Old Fashion." He abused Lilly with coarseness—the only return which the latter rendered him, was to use his powerful interest with the Presbyterians, in favour of the baronet, when he had provoked them by his sturdy attacks to take a summary method of silencing his astrological muse.

Wing was one of the most successful of Lilly's competitors. He appears to have been a sincere astrologer: he composed an almanack at the age of twenty-two, and continued it during his life. So popular were his productions, that his factors—the Company of Stationers as usual—counted the year in which they sold less than fifty thousand copies of his almanack, a very indifferent one indeed.

John Gadbury, a pupil of Lilly's, was an almanack maker of no small repute; but because he was not as hard as the rest upon the Papists, he was accused of being one himself. John Partridge, the famous author of Partridge's Almanack, was so incensed against Gadbury, in the course of a paper war which they annually carried on, that he published a pretended biography of his antagonist, under the title of "Nebulo Anglicanus: or the Black Life of John Gadbury." The pamphlet is dedicated to its hero in a strain of mad invective, which very well prepares the reader for what is to follow.—He begins in this manner:

> "May it please your insolency,
>
> "Out of a most horrible respect to your ignorance and want of merit, as well as of virtue and honesty, I have made bold to borrow a grain from your vast treasury of impudence," &c.

These were some of the leading characters who contributed so much to the establishment of a general belief, which the mind of even the illustrious Dryden was not above entertaining, throughout England, during the reign of Charles II., in the revelation of astrology. The astrologers of London were then a numerous and opulent body, supported by attached friends and high patronage: they held public feasts in Painter's Hall. Ashmole mentions in his diary, that he was sickened by drinking cold water after some venison which he had eaten at the astrologer's dinner. The recurrence of the plague so frequently about this era, inspired the ignorant people with the opinion, that they were inevitably doomed to destruction by the order of Heaven. This impression was taken up principally through the terrific prognostications of the almanacks in the year 1665, when the great plague made its appearance in London. The skies they said presented one unvarying aspect of malignity. The people were now persuaded that it would be impious to resist the decrees of Providence, thus plainly expounded to them: and there is reason to believe, that this spirit of passive submission tended very considerably to swell the number of victims to the ravages of the pestilence. This is the opinion of Defoe, who, it is supposed, wrote the History of the Great Plague. The usual costume of the astrologers, was a velvet jacket, a band, and a black coat; the moment, says the author just mentioned, that one of them appeared in the streets, the people would follow him in crowds, and ask him questions as he went along.

From this era, however, we date a decidedly declining taste for the supernatural in almanacks. So early, indeed, as the year 1662, whilst Lilly was alive, the public could relish Poor Robin's Almanack, in which it was intended to burlesque the astrological pretensions of contemporary almanacks, by substituting for their grave predictions, parodies that cannot be read without laughter. The volume of this almanack for 1684, is entitled, "Poor Robin, an Almanack for the Old and New Fashions, wherein the reader may see, unless he be blind (for if so, then he can neither read nor see), many remarkable things." The address to the "Courteous Reader," begins in this strain. "Have amongst ye, blind harpers—new almanacks—new—bleeding new," &c. The following "prognostication" is added in the accustomed place in the calendar to the month of December:

"Now comes on the jovial time of Christmas, when there is such boiling and broiling, such roasting and toasting, such stewing and brewing, such baking, frying, mincing, cutting, rasping, that your cooks in great men's kitchens do seem to fry in their masters suet.'

But it must be owned, that there are very few volumes of this almanack (which is continued to the present time), that do not in many of their pages, offend by their extreme grossness.

Another remarkable series of almanacks belonging to this period, deserves to be noticed. We mean the work called the Protestant Almanack. In it, history, prophecy, useful tables, convenient lists, all give way to make room for successive tirades against Popes and Popery. The spirit of its authors may be estimated by the following sentence in its title-page:—"Wherein you have the bloody aspects, fatal oppositions, diabolical conjunctions, and pernicious revolutions of the Papacy against the Lord Christ, and the Lord's Anointed." Tros Tyriusve—Gadbury's Catholicity—the ultra Protestantism of the almanack now alluded to, were perfectly welcome to the Company of Stationers, who published both indifferently.

John Partridge was the only serious astrologer, we believe, who superintended any almanack at the time of the accession of Queen Anne. His credit yearly diminished: it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, how he was baited by the humorous Isaac Bickerstaff, who absolutely killed him outright, by arguing to the man's face that he was dead and gone. The revolutions in taste are wonderful. Sincere, bona fide astrology, that began to be disliked in almanacks, was worshipped when it formed a close alliance with physic; and it is a little curious, that about the close of the seventeenth century, the residence of William Lilly, was purposely taken by a noted Charletan of the day, who called himself Dr. John Case, and professed physic and astrology. Case very often annoyed the celebrated Dr. Ratcliffe, by his presumption. He put the following distich over his door:

"Within this place
Lives Dr. Case."

whilst his pill boxes bore this curious metrical inscription:

"Here's fourteen pills for thirteen-pence,
Enough in any man's own conscience."

The scoundrel made more money than the two greatest poets of England put together.

About the year 1700, a little weekly almanack was started upon the plan of Poor Robin, but with infinitely more wit and humour, and far less indelicacy than characterised the latter. We have seen one of the original numbers, and as we believe the existence of a duplicate is very questionable, we make no apology for bestowing a few words upon its contents. The title runs thus:

"The Infallible Astrologer: or Physick Rectified. By Dr. Partridge. —Being Dr. P.'s prophecy of what shall infallibly happen in and about the cities of London and Westminster every day this week—October 29—Nov. 5."

The "prophecies" for a few of those days are worth extracting, not merely as specimens of very lively and pleasant writing, but as they furnish some curious hints, illustrative of the manners of the time.

"Thursday, 31. Young barristers troop down to Westminster at nine: cheapen cravats and handkerchiefs, ogle the semstresses, take a whet at the *Dog*, or a slice of roast beef at *Heaven*, fetch half a dozen turns in the Hall, peep in at the Common Pleas, talk over the news, and so with their green bags, that have as little in them as their noddles, go home again. Summoned by pensive sound of horn to rotten roasted mutton at 12: leave a paper on their doors to study precedents and cases for them all the afternoon: may be heard of at the *Devil* or some neighbouring tavern, till one in the morning: these are all the motions, as far as I can judge by the stars, that they are likely to make this term."

"Saturday, Nov. 2.—Hundreds of poor souls confined in that wicked purgatory the *Fleet*, or King's Bench prison, and not like to be prayed out in haste. Woollen drapers persecuted by unmannerly factors, from 8 to 12. Divines busy in turning over St. Austin, and St. Gregory, to retail them next day (Sunday) to their people. Shopkeepers, at night in their counting-houses, computed what they have cheated all the week, that they may go with clear consciences to church next morning. Vintners buy up sloes in all the markets at eight: put them to another use than their forefathers ever knew of by twelve. The new invention of making good Bourdeaux wine of Herefordshire cyder, and *good* Herefordshire cyder of Middlesex turnips, practised every day in their cellars. To be feared that the next generation will debauch our very turnips."

"Tuesday, Nov. 5.—Bells, at 4 in the morning, ring the downfall of Antichrist. The——of Babylon most unmercifully pelted all day long. This it is to be an old, decayed, battered harlot! The Pope's bulls baited in most congregations about eleven. Bellarmine run down, and Suarez confounded by twelve. The Pope called abundance of hard names, as man of sin, strumpet and what not. Ditto, made the beast with ten horns; that is a worse beast by four pair of horns than any in Cheapside. Ditto, did he live in London, the grand jury of Middlesex, and our man reformers, would certainly indict him for keeping a disorderly house. Night clear, and light in all the Protestant streets."

In the year 1711, almanacks were, for the first time, subjected to a stamp duty of one penny each, which was gradually increased in subsequent reigns: its present amount is one shilling and three-pence a copy. As the operation of the tax has been to keep the publication of almanacks up to this year, in the exclusive possession of the Stationers' Company, the history of those peculiar productions, from the period just stated, no longer possesses that curious interest which attaches to its earlier epochs. We may remark, however, that there never was a monopoly conducted less at the expense of public convenience and utility, than that which the Stationers' Company have so long enjoyed. We know not how many different almanacks they publish every year. But they give out a great variety to suit all ranks and orders, from the deeply erudite, to the unthinking gay. To such works as the Lady's Diary, commenced in 1705, and the Gentleman's Diary, begun in 1741, mathematical science is under the greatest obligations. These, surely, with White's Ephemeris, Goldsmith's and Rider's Pocket Almanacks, and, perchance, the Season on Seasons, which dates its birth in the year 1735, ought to give complete satisfaction to the profoundly learned, and the sagaciously serious. But, in the name of equal justice, let not the case of that numerous class of worthy subjects be slighted, who are less severely inclined; who, tired of being rational all the rest of the year, propose to have a Christmas game of merriment with John Partridge, or Francis Moore, in their astrologer's masks. They force their entertainments upon no man—they do not keep the only house of call for curious enquirers: the public are free to choose, and if they be not content with the fare of Moore and Company, they are at liberty to go elsewhere. To talk of the mischiefs of their amusing prophecies in an age like the present—to propose a serious quarrel with them, for merely turning a contingent season of moisture into a downright pluvious entail, is, in sober earnest, nothing less than a grave absurdity. By and bye we shall have casuists to argue against our pantomimes, lest harlequin should be taken for a conjuror in reality.

We are by no means sorry to see a fresh almanack in the market. There is nothing like competition for producing improvement. But if the specimen before us, from the society, be the consummate work which the world so long wanted, we can only say, on deliberation, that the existing almanacks after all have not been so very distant from perfection. The society, it will be observed, do not affect to have accomplished anything very marvellous in the calendar, tables, lists; in short in those matters that constitute the staple of almanacks. They take their stand rather upon the merit of the supplemental, or, as we may call it, the decorative part: they go for a verdict on the ground of having supplied pure and valuable information, for the vain and pernicious speculations of the opposite parties: they take credit for their *useful directions*, touching the preservation of health, the cutting and preparing of plants, the compounding of medicines, and more than all, for their sound and practical moral reflections.

> 'The oldest almanacks,' observe the society, in their preliminary remarks, 'are those of Moore and Partridge, which have survived their authors above a century, and continue to be published as their works. These works profess in the plainest terms, to foretel the weather even to a day; stating, that one day there will be rain, on another snow, and on a third, thunder.'

Now with respect to Francis Moore, physician, no part of this accusation concerns him, inasmuch as if he has any fault, it is that of being too general in his meteorological predictions. It has been complained of him, that when he ought to be precise, he waxes sentimental. Thus when he ought to have fixed the appointments between the sun and the ensuing May, he dismisses no less than twenty legal days of that month, in the following words and figures.

'A nice growing time.—Fair and warm: the *gentle zephyr waves the rising corn.*'

The society proceeds:

'They also prophecy as to political events with nearly equal confidence, though not quite so distinctly. Thus one says, "that at a particular time there will arrive good news from Cadiz, Scotland, and Naples," and another tells you, that about such a date, "a great minister will be impeached," or "a dignitary of the church driven from his preferment."'

To be sure the three per cents. felt the effects of the first part of this intelligence, and as to the latter part, the whole hierarchy trembled at the bare perusal of it. If Dr. F. Moore is not to indulge in these harmless vanities of his nature with impunity, let their next advertisement for the sale of Child's cauls to preserve ships at sea, draw down the wrath of the society, upon the conductors of the best of our public journals.

'Nor are they free,' continues the society, 'from party politics; one gives intimations, and even prints, of a nature calculated to set different religious sects in conflict; and another dates the year on the 150th, from the *Horrid Papist Jacobite plot,* thus keeping alive, for the purpose of exciting religious animosity, the memory of transactions which are a disgrace to the character of this country, and the worst blot upon the history of its laws—affirming as real crimes in a great degree imaginary, and grossly mistaking even the notions respecting that plot which prevailed at the time.'

Here the withers of Francis Moore, physician, are unwrung, and Partridge must plead guilty. But is he the only sinner of the kind extant? Is he the solitary one that keeps alive the memory of transactions, disgraceful to the character of this country, and calculated to set religious sects in conflict? How the society would heap coals upon the head of poor John, if he had been the author of a work, in which the fifth day of November is directed to be kept solemn, "in memory of the Papists' conspiracy;" and wherein a special injunction is laid on the ministers of religion, to apprize their flocks in due time of the approaching day, that they may not fail to commemorate it worthily! How John Partridge would have been upbraided, if he but recommended, or even hinted, that praises and thanksgivings should be offered to God for the happy deliverance of that Royal family and parliament, which were, "by *Popish treachery,* appointed as sheep to the slaughter, in a most barbarous and savage manner, beyond the examples of former ages."

The 'useful remarks' of the society, some of which stand the head of the calendar, and others interspersed through the almanack, demand a few words.

'All ages have seen the importance of holding in the memory those pithy sayings, which express in a few words, some important portions of the rule of life. A series of the best of these suggestions, meeting the eye in a work of daily consultation, like an almanack, must be attended with salutary effects.'

Here is a specimen of those admirable hints that contain knowledge fit for all, and deserve being remembered.

"Whoever can take delight in reading a ghost story, *or a newspaper*, would learn some science of real use with little more trouble, and with much more pleasure."

More pleasure than a newspaper!—what, with a parliamentary debate in it—or the speech of a king's counsel? Did John Partridge, or Francis Moore, ever forebode any thing so incredible as this, to wit, that Mr. Brougham's "best possible public instructor," when he was at Glasgow, in 1825, should, in 1828, be no better in his eyes, (for he is chairman of the society's committee), than a ghost story of no utility whatever. We quote another of the 'suggestions.'

"Meat and vegetables that *are frozen*, should be soaked in cold water several hours before dressing." This is a hint that is positively set down for the month of August: in which, to be sure, the state of the weather is generally such, as that it may not be amiss to prepare housekeepers against the inordinate freezing of their provisions.

With respect to the useful directions for each month, appended to the 'British Almanack,' we shall merely observe, that the agricultural and horticultural part of them are exceedingly valuable. But the medical directions are absolutely only fit for the meridian of James the First's reign. What obtrusive grandmother had interest enough to be preferred to the department of physician to the committee, we cannot possibly imagine. The almanacks of 1608 are far more rational in this respect. The perpetual advice of the new preserver of health, is, "Do nothing without a physician if you can"—exactly as poor old Dade, in his Almanack, used to sing:

"If thou be sick and helpe wouldst have,
The *councell* of the learned crave;
Let no chyourgion let thee blood,
Except the learned think it good."

We have made these remarks on the production of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, without abating the least in the respect we have already professed for that body, or relaxing in our wishes for the success of their labours. But we have said nothing on this occasion that was not due to truth, and we were not the less disposed to offer our opinions on their performance with freedom, since they have shewn in it too little regard for the spirit of *impartial* discussion themselves.

ART. IV.—*A Tour in France, Savoy, Northern Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and the Netherlands.* By Seth Wm. Stevenson. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 862. London: Rivington. 1827.

WHEN we read Mr. Stevenson's title-page, and saw the formidable list of countries through which he had peregrinated during the short space, as he informs us, of one summer, we were at the point of laying his volumes on a heap of other tours and excursions, journals and reminiscences; but on glancing further at the table of contents, we thought we perceived, in its distribution, the promise of something that would repay us for further investigation. Nor have we been deceived in our expectations. We can now bear witness to his research and his powers of description—to the sober, sedate impartiality of his judgment, except, indeed, upon one point, to which we shall have occasion to advert hereafter; and to the unpretending tone and singleness of purpose, which are not the least recommendations of his book.

We must pass over our author's journey through France, a subject that has become rather unprofitable, and take him up at Lyons, whence he proceeded through Savoy, on his way to Italy. He admired the fine road of the Echelles, which was begun by Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, in 1670; was improved by Napoleon, and at last completed under the late king, Victor Emmanuel; and which travellers have noticed but little, though it may vie in boldness and beauty even with the famed roads of the Simplon and of Mont Cenis.

Savoy and its mountains, its hardy and honest population, the long though not tedious road through the valley of Maurienne, constantly by the side of the fretting and foaming river Arc, the magnificent approach to Mont Cenis, the last Alpine barrier on that side of Italy—these, and other features of the same nature, are well described by our traveller, and illustrated with sundry quotations; but we must hasten on until we find ourselves safely landed on the other side of the Alps, on the banks of the Po, that monarch stream of Italy.

At Turin, Mr. Stevenson visited the king's palace, and the churches. In one of the latter he justly remarks, that 'the arrangements to accommodate the people seem to be exactly what they ought. The expedient of chairs, which, heaped in dirty piles, disfigure most churches in France, and the plan of closed pews, as in England, are alike rejected: open seats, with kneeling places in front, are ranged in a double row along the nave, as far as the steps of the sanctuary, which is elegantly embellished.' (p. 79). Of the priests, however, whom he met in the streets of Turin, he says, that 'the far greater part were persons of a mean and even vulgar appearance, whilst the youthful air of many of them appeared strangely incompatible with the delicate office of the confessional.'

With regard to the first part of this sentence, Mr. Stevenson ought to know, that since the revolution, the church is no longer a thriving profession in France or Italy; that its property has been confiscated; that the parochial clergy live upon slender salaries which they receive from government, and the unemployed young priests must wait in poverty until they can be engaged as curates. Chiefly, we imagine, on this account it is, that few families of the cities bring up their sons to the church, and it is from the peasantry, therefore, that its lower ranks are filled. Among the many inconsistencies which we have had occasion to remark in the judgments of travellers, there is one that has struck us forcibly, concerning the Catholic clergy. Where that body is still wealthy and independent, an outcry is raised against its luxury and idleness; if its members are poor and humble, they are stigmatised as mean and vulgar; and thus we go on playing upon vague words, and throwing obloquy upon whole classes of people, generation after generation! As to Mr. Stevenson's remark on the confessional, we will observe to him, that, in Italy, all priests are not confessors; that the latter office is not granted by the respective bishops without previous strict examination, and not to persons under a certain age—we believe thirty at least.

While on the subject of Piedmont, we meet with some prudent reflections about the rash insurrection of 1821. The attempt to bring about political reforms, however much to be wished, by a sudden and forcible introduction of the representative system into a state hitherto subjected to the control of an absolute monarch, and where the whole edifice of society is, in its ingredients, as well as in its outward form, eminently aristocratic, appears to Mr. Stevenson a flagrant outrage upon common sense (p. 85). But how is any amelioration to be brought about, as long as the rulers are determined not to give up an iota of their power, appears another enigma not very easy of solution.

Leaving, however, this question undecided, we will follow our traveller from Piedmont into the Austrian territories, where he finds the appearance of the towns and villages, and the condition of the inhabitants, obviously improved. 'These,' he observes, 'we are told by the Buonapartists, are the fruits of the French *regime*. Be it so. But Piedmont was equally under the French,' (p. 141). The fact is, that wounded national pride, and disappointed ambition, are the principal causes of the rancour of the Milanese against the Austrians. The country people do not partake in these feelings. The laws are better administered in Lombardy than in any other state of Italy.

After three days passed at Milan, a wealthy, populous, and lively city, where the people seem determined to enjoy themselves, rule who will, our traveller sets off to the lake of Como; and having had a pleasant excursion on its waters, he turns away from the smiling regions of the South, to cross, once more, the Alps, by the magnificent road of Simplon. He well describes the scenery of that most singular country, the Valais, which runs sixty miles between two enormous chains of primitive mountains, including, on one side, the Furca, the Grimsel, and the Gemmi; on the other, the Simplon, Mont Rosa, and the St. Bernard. Seen from the summit of the pass of the Forclas, leading from Martigny towards Chamouny, the prospect is most extensive and sublime. But the distance is such, that the greater features alone are clearly to be discerned.

'A valley, twenty leagues in length, becomes foreshortened into a space that you think may be covered with the palm of your hand; the Rhone, a river of considerable breadth, dividing it from one extremity to the other, looks no bigger than a silver wire sparkling in the sun. Woods distinguish themselves only by their dark shades. Towns appear like specks — every thing is diminished, except the mountains, and upon *these* distance seems to produce no other effect than that of causing their immeasurable assemblages and prodigious altitudes to fill more completely the field of vision.'—p. 211.

Indeed, the whole of this road, or rather path, for it is hardly practicable on mules, from Martigny up to Forclas, and into the valley of Trient, and then, over the Col de Balme, into the valley of Chamouny, presents a continued succession of most magnificent scenery. The approach to Chamouny from this side is far more striking than that by the common road from Geneva and Sallenche.

Switzerland engrosses about one half of Mr. Stevenson's work, and this part is by far the more complete and finished. In the great influx of books, descriptive of almost every country under the sun, we do not recollect any recent work, except Simond's, having Switzerland for its theme. We still refer with pleasure to Coxe's Letters on that country. As for guide books, we consider most of them as worse than useless.

Our author gives a full account of Geneva. This remarkable city, with its miniature territory, government, finances, and army, is ruled like a well-regulated family. Yet discord is by no means a stranger even here. In this republic of thirty thousand inhabitants, including men, women, and children, they have had, in the last century, their civil wars, their aristocrats and democrats, their revolution, and their reign of terror, during which the guillotine cut short the days of some of their best citizens: they have have had foreign mediators, have made part of the French empire, and now, at last, have been restored to their independence, under the protecting shield of the Helvetic Confederation, of which they constitute a canton. There is much quiet domestic happiness at Geneva— fortunes are generally small, and expences proportionably moderate; instruction is commonly spread, not unaccompanied, however, by a tone of positiveness and pertness somewhat offensive. Religious disputes have, of late years, disturbed the harmony of this little community. A knot of reformers started up, complaining of the laxity of the religious principles of their brethren, including most of the clergy, whom they accused of favouring Socinianism. These zealous men wished to restore the reformed religion to its original purity—they appealed to Calvin's institutions, and to the early professors of the new faith. A paper war was carried on by the champions of the two parties, but the executive of Geneva, wiser in this than that of Lausanne, instead of attempting to repress by force this effusion of religious zeal, allowed the non-conformists to form a separate congregation, having their own service, whilst those clergymen who kept within the pale of the Established Church, were bound by promise to keep certain regulations of discipline, as enacted by the body or company of the pastors.

This schism of the *Momiers* has been, for six years past, the great topic of discussion in the two cantons of Geneva and of Vaud. It has created dissentions in families in the latter canton—has led several young men to emigrate—others have lost their situations in the church or state; in short, it has done considerable mischief. But we think Mr. Stevenson has not been rightly informed, when he says that 'the Momiers are reproached with great relaxation of discipline,' for if they exceed, it is certainly through exaltation and austerity, instead of relaxation. The atrocious instances of fanaticism which have occurred at Zurich, have nothing to do with the seceders of Geneva and of Lausanne.

The Genevese are greatly to be praised for their liberal attention and hospitality to foreigners. Their reading society, where strangers are admitted gratis for six months, on being presented by a member, and where they enjoy the advantages of a good library, and of the best newspapers and literary journals of England, France, Germany, and Italy, is an institution highly creditable to Geneva. This city has produced men of science and learning in every age. Its bright names are now those of Sismondi, Prevost, De Candolle, Cellerier, and we might add Bonstetten, who, although a native of Berne, has long resided in the former town.

The description of Fribourg is entertaining. A curious, antiquated, odd-looking town, perched upon a mountain,

> 'streets built on high ridges of rocks; rocks excavated into dwellings; causeways carried over the roofs of houses; cliffs ascended by staircases; gardens formed on the sides of precipices; houses, convents, colleges and churches rise in towering groups above; fruitful fields and foliaged dells spread themselves in the valley below: here one may breathe the cheering air of society, there one may rest amidst deepest gloom, with the votary
>
> "who sits and sighs in cloistered solitude."
>
> These contrasts and varieties are all comprised within an inclosure of antique but well-repaired fortifications, whose turrets and curtains encompass an area of four miles round, and in the course of whose strong, embattled line, still conforming to the extreme inequalities of the ground, we see one

> e at the bottom of a deep ravine, and another on the very vertex of a y eminence.'—pp. 387-8.

ribourg contains many convents, and Mr. Stevenson gives an ount of each of these institutions. Speaking of that of the Ca- hins, he bears witness to the frugal diet of those poorest among obites, who certainly, if they follow a wrong vocation, cannot be l to have embraced it for the sake of luxury and enjoyment.

he town, as well as the canton, are divided by language and tume into French and German. We have a curious specimen he latter, in the description of the nuptial habiliments of a ly-married couple!

> The woman wore a flaming red gown, with long sleeves of the same co- , and black cuffs; a yellow stomacher enriched with a large circlet of e, in which were worked the initials I. H. S. and a cross over the cen- letter; a black silk apron; a green ruff round her neck; and a high ndrical cap of many hues on her head. The happy man appeared in a eau-coloured coat and tight pantaloons of formal cut, vermilion waist- and lappets, and broad silver buckles to his shoes; whilst a bouquet lowers and a polished buckle, both of extraordinary size, adorned his -crowned hat.'—p. 391.

he multifarious costumes of Switzerland, are, indeed, one of great curiosities of that singular country; and the tenacity with ch the people of the various cantons and districts cling each to eculiar dress, is quite a characteristic trait of the temper of those ntaineers. We are far from admiring most of them; they have her the noble appearance of the Gaelic, or Albanian highland s, nor the gracefulness of the costumes of southern Italy and ece; it is, indeed, difficult to imagine for what purpose, except nvenience, some of the Swiss fashions have been invented. e, for instance, the head dress of the Bernese countrywomen:

> The cap, consisting of a small circlet of black silk or velvet, fastened e back of the head; whence springs a frame of wire supporting a c of black gauze, the reticulations of which, in a front view, diverge the face as rays from a centre: they are, however, rays not of *light,* of *shade,* unsuited to beam round a fair complexion, and serving only to lay a tanned or wrinkled countenance to the greatest possible disad- age.'—p. 412.

ut these fashions have become part of the features of these re- l people; they are associated with their historical recollections, therefore venerable and classic in their eyes. A lively French er has remarked on this subject, that the local habits of the ss, seem to be inherent in the nature of the country, and as hangeable as the granite of its mountains. The lapse of ages, revolution itself, have passed over these vallies without leaving ore lasting impression than the traces left by the torrents swol- by the melting snows.

erne is a respectable, aristocratic, looking city, well-built, n, well-paved, and beautifully situated; its government wise and mild, the people comfortable and contented. 'But there is a strongly marked line of separation between the families of those who hold the sovereign power, and the rest of the citizens. T throws such impediments in the way of social intercourse, as ar said to deter even strangers in general from making any long s y within its walls.' We have found, however, the line of demarcation as strongly traced, if not by privilege, at least by opinion and custom, in the democratic cities of Geneva and Lausanne, where, especially in the latter, the society of the ancient families is perfectly distinct from that of the new men; and the latter, if persons of wealth and education, keep themselves as separate from the tradespeople. The love of aristocratic distinction seems implanted in man; civilization modifies it by extending it, and even revolutions end by substituting for an old aristocracy, a new one generally more jealous of its insecure distinctions.

From Berne, Mr. Stevenson proceeded by the way of Thun, towards the mighty central chain of the Swiss Alps, where the Jungfrau, or *maiden*, and the Wetterhorn, tower above innumerable peaks and glaciers. The excursions to the valleys of Lauterbrannen, Grindelwald, and Meyringen, which are the most frequented mountain regions next to Chamouny, is well described by our author. English travellers, and English families, are crowded there during the summer months. Next in number, are the Germans, mostly young men, and students of the universities. The French, of late years, are also become frequenters of the Alps; and we have met fine Parisian ladies, travelling there in bold defiance of the surrounding terrors and dangers, and lost in admiration of the wild beauties of nature, repeatedly exclaiming, "How happy the Swiss must be to inhabit such a country!" Probably, they would have modified their judgment, had they been detained among those happy Swiss during the winter months, instead of being safely lodged in the comfortable saloons of la Chaussée d'Antin, or the Rue de la Paix.

But we must hurry over the remainder of Mr. Stevenson's tour. From Meyringen, he proceeded by Mount Brunig, into the little cantons, or Waldstetten. At Alpnach, in the Unterwald, he embarked on the lake of the four cantons, that truly classical region of Helvetic independence. Sailing in view of the pretty village of Stantzstadt, he reminds his readers of the heroic, though ineffectual resistance of a handful of brave men, against the iniquitous aggression of the French in 1798. In the church of Stantz, is seen the altar where a priest was saying mass to a congregation of women and children, whilst their husbands and fathers were fighting and falling in the field of battle hard by. A shot came and pierced the venerable clergyman—while engaged in the act of raising the host. The mark is still seen in the wall where the ball lodged itself. In the adjacent cemetry, near the chapel of St. Jacob, are numerous hillocks, where lie buried the remains of four hundred and fourteen inhabitants of Stantz, who were butchered on that day. In this number are included one hundred and two women, and twenty-five children. Eighteen young girls, after defending themselves in the chapel of Winkelried, were fortunate enough to die in fighting. A young man, who refused to act as guide to the French, was shot on the spot. It is the boast of these heroic people, that the French could not find among them, *either a spy or a mistress.*

Near Lucerne, our traveller saw the monument lately erected to the Swiss guards, who died in the defence of the Tuileries, on the 10th August, 1792. It consists of a colossal lion cut on the perpendicular face of a large and lofty rock. The noble animal is seen stretched on a heap of broken arms, and pierced with a spear wound through his back. He is partly resting on a shield, embossed with the lilies of France, which he seems to watch over with his dying gaze. The Helvetic cross, the symbol of fidelity, lies by his side. Above his head is this simple inscription: *Helvetiorum fidei ac virtuti.* Below the pedestal are the dates of August x., and September ii. and iii., with, on one side, the names of six and twenty officers who were killed, and on the other, those of sixteen who escaped death. One of the latter, Colonel Pfyffer, of Lucerne, has been the planner and promoter of this monument. The privates killed, are stated to be about 760, the survivors 350. The model is by Thorwalsden: the execution was entrusted to a native artist. The funds were supplied by a subscription from various cantons; and the Bourbons, as in duty bound, have also contributed to it. The recess where this monument stands, is overhung with foliage, and laved at its base by a pool of spring water, and with the little chapel adjacent, it forms altogether a most interesting and hallowed spot.

After a pilgrimage to Tell's chapel at Kussnacht, Mr. S. ascended the Righi, to enjoy its splendid panoramic view. The description, like most of our author's descriptions of scenery, is striking, because simple and accurate; his topography is remarkably correct, indeed, his whole Swiss tour, were it recast in a more convenient shape, would form, we think, a very acceptable companion to the traveller in Switzerland.

Passing through Zurich and Schaffausen, of which cities he gives also a detailed account, our traveller quitted Switzerland, and here we shall take our leave of him; the German part of his excursion we have not room to notice further than by saying, that we have met in it many interesting passages.

We have said enough to express our good opinion of Mr. Stevenson's work; one topic, and one alone, we wish he had been more chary about, and that is, his polemic reflections. In a country of general toleration like Switzerland, he might have imbibed a more lenient spirit towards the creed of his Christian brethren, although of a different denomination. In a country where Ca lics have kept themselves for ages free, faithful, and brave—where their honesty is proverbial, and their morals exemplary, even a strict Protestant might look with charitableness on the practices of their communion, and allow his brother Catholic, with his sincere devotion, the forms of which have been transmitted to him from time immemorial, to find acceptance in the eyes of his Creator. It is far from our wish to discuss the different points connected with Catholicism, which our author has thought proper to introduce in a book of travels, but we may observe, that there was hardly a church or a convent, was not an image or a legend he met with, but furnished him with an opportunity of bestowing severe reprobation on the church of Rome. Even the meek virtues of St. Charles Borromeo, his 'real acts of charity, humanity, and benevolence,' which he willingly acknowledges (p. 102), have not induced him to forgive his canonization, and the fond belief of votaries in the efficacy of the saint's intercession.

And shall this tone of reproof, shall the bickerings and revilings between Christians last for ever? Shall not those who profess toleration testify it by their sentiments and words, as well as by their deeds? Can we not dissent without condemning, and without judging rashly, in matters of internal conviction. Children of one common father, inheritors of the same will, believers in the same promises, shall we never look upon one another with brotherly love and indulgence? Shall we continue to be a scandal to infidels, and unconsciously assist the common and undiscriminating enemy in assailing the whole fabric of the Christian church? And here one more consideration we must submit to our English travellers through the continent; and especially through the south of Europe. *There* the deserters from Catholicism go to join, not the ranks of Protestantism, but the crowds of irreligion and infidelity, which are already formidably numerous. Let us therefore be on our guard, lest by a manifestation of scorn for the practices of the church there established, we join unguardedly in the unhallowed work of bringing the very name of Christianity into disrepute, and thus preparing another such triumph for incredulity, as the scorners and the sophists of the eighteenth century, brought about in France.

ART. V.—*A. W. von Schlegel's Vorlesungen über Theorie und Geschichte der bildenden Künste* (*Gehalten in Berlin, im Sommer.* 1827).

THE investigation of the theory of the fine arts, if conducted in a philosophical spirit, is productive of manifold advantages. The pleasure derived from the contemplation of the masterpieces of all ages and nations, common to man, diversified as he is by climate, country, and government, must belong to the principles and instinctive feelings of human nature. Even if the inquirer should not succeed in tracing this pleasure to its source, he may (like the alchymists in the prosecution of their fanciful science), strike out many incidental discoveries, although he fail in the immediate object of his pursuit. The productions of the fine arts, in which we behold embodied the ideal of perfection, entertained by the most highly favoured nations, teach us to distinguish what is essential, from what is accidental; to ascend from mechanical imitation, to the exercise of creative power, in accordance with the grand principle discernible in the operations of nature. These topics, Professor Schlegel (as might have been expected), discusses with the skill of a master; in fact, his demonstrations frequently acquire the force of rigid mathematical deduction. We do not wander amid vague and indefinite ideas, in which the expounder is not always clear to himself; his explanations partake of the order, beauty, and harmony, of that nature of which he is the gifted interpreter, and we rise from them in admiration of his talents and genius, gratified that an additional proof (if indeed such were wanted), is afforded, that every succeeding inquiry discloses fresh instances of the wonderful extent of creation, and of the awful majesty of its all-powerful author.

But we must allow Mr. Schlegel to speak for himself.

'Among the plastic arts, we reckon architecture, sculpture, painting: according to the commonly received expression, by which under the term plastic, we understand those arts which are represented, not only in a bodily form, but in general visibly, for which reason painting is included. The French, who name these arts *les arts du dessin*,* are not more accurate than ourselves, since design does not comprise the sphere of painting. The expression "fine arts," is more comprehensive,—it is then alone that we include music, poetry, oratory, the dramatic art, and dancing. The object of these arts is to produce the beautiful, they regard not the useful.'

A detail of the different opinions respecting beauty, would lead us beyond our limits; we shall therefore content ourselves with quoting what Mr. Schlegel says respecting Kant.

'The first who returned with a philosophical spirit to the consideration of the beautiful, was Kant. Before he appeared as a speculative metaphysician, he wrote (1771), on the feeling of the sublime and beautiful. Kant is completely victorious in combating the opinions of his immediate predecessors; he did not sufficiently value the doctrines of the older philosophers, viz., Plato. But Kant's great merit consists in having put an end to the rhapsodical philosophy. He discovered as a fundamental characteristic of the beautiful, that in it the general and particular are immediately united. What he further says respecting the beautiful, is, it must be confessed, unsatisfactory—he knew the arts, and the works of art, too little.'

Mr. Schlegel in the second lecture, notices 'the philosophising rhapsodists.' Of Winckellmann he says, that

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* Or, as the German term die Scöhne Künste more happily expresses it, the beautiful arts. Rev.

'He wrote at an earlier period than Kant, and his sound sense, preserved him from the evil tendency of the age in which he lived. But he had not sufficiently studied philosophy, hence his language is frequently inaccurate and involved. He then comes from the sanctuary like one of the initiated, he stammers forth oracular sentences, and suddenly breaks off. His description of human beauty is peculiarly his own; the ideas which he gives of the beautiful itself, it is easy to perceive, are borrowed from Plato.'

Hogarth with his waving line is also mentioned; but applied as a measure to a beautiful Grecian profile, this line will not suffice. This mode of trial, however, ought not to be regarded as altogether decisive, although it is the best that in the present state of human knowledge could be suggested.

The following beautiful and spirited refutation of the often repeated assertion, that art must copy nature, deserves to be quoted at length.

'Aristotle had already said, that art contained an imitative element, but at the same time started the question, why is not that which is disagreeable to us in reality, disagreeable likewise in painting? The arts ought to produce the beautiful, and yet imitate nature, which is not always beautiful; this appears a contradiction. The mistake arose from confounding with imitation, copying, which would have been an unworthy aping of the original. Imitation is used in a higher and more worthy sense: to act on the same principles, to labour in the same spirit, as other great models before us. But to imitate nature in this sense, the artist must understand her. In its true meaning, nature is that infinite original power of inexhaustible creation and production (φυσις from φυω, *nasci* from *natura*). If we understand imitation and nature in this sense, we can then certainly say, art should imitate, *i. e.* strive after that highest creative power. But if we limit imitation to sensual counterfeiting (*nachmachen*), even in the most fortunate case, nothing could be gained; for why repeat nature again, since she so often repeats herself, and since the fulness of immediate life must constantly fall off, in the repetition by the hand of the artist. With respect to the ideas which the ancient had of nature, it is manifest from their mythology and philosophy, that they attributed to her an animated (*beseelte*) power, but their knowledge of nature was deficient and limited. Thus, in their opinion, the earth was the centre around which the whole universe revolved. There was, indeed, a school of Grecian philosophers, who styled themselves the "physical," but the art of experiment belongs to modern times. Through astronomy and natural philosophy, the heavens and the earth have been explored in all directions, and man has made himself the master of the elements. Philosophy and poetry are as old as the history of the world; in the plastic arts the Greeks have surpassed us; Europe has attained maturity by a knowledge of nature corrected on all sides. This is the characteristic trait of the formation of our age. But with this penetration in all directions into the finite and single, the fundamental idea, the *thought* of nature, became lost to our natural philosophers; they have, as Goethe says, the parts in their hand; but, alas, the spirit is wanting. In the region of the natural sciences, experience alone is attended to, and the natural philosophers who affirm this the most stoutly, cannot yet get rid of metaphysics, and introduce general ideas and principles into their experimental physics. On the other hand, first, and we may say only in Germany, has philosophy arisen and vindicated the claim of the human mind, to embrace nature as one system, one whole; only by the *thought* can this Proteus be fixed, and this is the problem undertaken by natural philosophy. To prove this right of the human mind speculatively, does not lie within the circle of these discourses; yet we cannot wholly omit it. To animals was given, by nature, an instinct, a prescience in a low and limited sphere of the sensual world; man also has a similar natural instinct (but in the higher sphere of consciousness), a presentiment of the secret that lies concealed in nature. But as by artificial culture the simple natural sense is destroyed, so, through too much experience and observation, is the originally pure feeling for nature lost.

'As Plato showed the sophists that science was nothing else than a slumbering memory in man, which would awake when called by its right name, so nothing but this call is necessary to awake the original idea of nature slumbering in man. Even in uncivilized nations we find this sense for nature. If the botanist teaches us that flowers are the highest development of vegetable life, the natural man knows this full as well, and in all national poetry this love of flowers expresses itself. Man, the richly gifted, becomes the physiognomist of nature. This divining look into nature, must also exist in the artist, if he would strive after this creatrix and contend with her. But if we before named nature an image of the Eternal Spirit, we must here, likewise, ask the question, wherefore is she not always beautiful? Nature, too, frequently presents herself hostilely, and with unrestrained force; life must constantly struggle against the pressure of the elements, pain stands beside pleasure, death beside the blossom. Nothing is more easy than to compose edifying considerations on the order and design in the creation; as, for example, St. Pierre observes, that every insect finds its table covered. The only thing against it is, that the guests themselves are afterwards served up. In reply to this pious mode of contemplation, it may be objected, that if a mite understood philosophy, it could demonstrate to us that the whole world was created on its account.'

In the third lecture, the common-place, 'there is no accounting for taste' is discussed; and the question proposed—who shall be the legislator in the region of the beautiful?

'It can be proved that the most different nations in the most different degrees of culture, have, in substantials, agreed in their opinion of the beautiful, and that a general original of the beautiful may be traced throughout. But if whole nations, through the disfavour of nature, were kept far removed from the original of the beautiful, they are entitled to no voice. Above all, we ought to prefer those nations in whom the divine impulse of *representing* the beautiful awoke. There is in the human mind a radical want, by which it finds itself unsatisfied with the given reality. As it will be the creature of its own formation, so it will likewise surround itself with a world of its own creation, and the fine arts alone gratify this impulse. Not poverty, nor accidental luxury, produced works of art; the deeper cause from which they proceeded, was the striving to throw out, and to give reality to that ideal which God-gifted men bore within them, and to which they found no corresponding image in nature. There is scarcely any human station so devoid of all sense of the beautiful, as not to have exhibited some commencent cf the art. We find poetry and music early united in song, in which no mechanical tool was necessary. Of later origin are the plastic arts, to which we shall now devote our exclusive attention. We have already remarked, that they are introduced to the mind by the sight, which belongs, therefore, to the nobler sense. If the philosophy of the eighteenth century was justly blamed for submitting the mind to the material and sensual, the intimate connection of the senses with the mind, cannot, however, be mistaken. But the senses must be uplifted to the mind; only the inferior senses, taste and smell, which afford no aid to the beautiful art, are excluded from it.'

Our professor next proceeds to the theory of architecture. This art did not arise from the necessity of protecting ourselves against wind and weather. The first ornamental buildings served not for bodily wants, but were erected in honour of supernatural beings. Architecture, in its widest sense, comprehends all works of art, for which man has invented names, and of which no definite species, as originals, exist in nature. In architecture, respect must be had, 1. To the general geometrical and mechanical foundation: 2. To the symmetry: 3. The proportion: 4. The ornament.

'The geometrical and mechanical foundation is a substantial requisite; it is therefore incumbent upon us to show how the artist in this follows nature. Geometrical relations are reducible to straight and crooked lines. By this means a capability of the mind, born with us, is addressed, with which is connected the pleasure that we derive from just proportions. The ablest men are practical geometers, as Plato proves in Menon. In that which is regular, we easily find an agreement between figure and idea; in the irregular, we do not simultaneously embrace figure and idea. An oblong forms the ground-plan of the beautiful Grecian temples; the principal façade is formed of a square, with a superincumbent triangle. On these two figures, the square and the triangle, rest the radical relations of the buildings, of *beautiful* Grecian architecture; and these lines should never be hidden nor broken by external ornament.

'The lines which predominate in beautiful architecture are the perpendicular and the horizontal, and they have this advantage, that they give to the ornamental building the appearance of undisturbed solidity. Both lines have respect to the law of gravity: the perpendicular exhibits the direct tendency to the centre of the earth; in the horizontal, gravity is kept in equilibrio. A cube gives us the image of solid rest; a circle, on the contrary, that of mobility. The hanging tower at Pisa, which departs considerably from the perpendicular, makes a dangerous, unpleasant, impression, even when we learn that it has stood so for 700 years. If we turn to nature, we find in the kingdom of the elements regular geometrical figures; we need only mention crystallizations in the mineral kingdom, which are so regular, that the angles of the different sides were a means of their division and classification. Even so with the different salts, &c. We here behold a geometry inherent in nature. On the lowest steps of animal life this regularity is lost—the living does not endure such limitation; in testaceous animals, in which something similar is seen, it enters not into the animal organization, but is confined to external covering and abode. We do not, however, find the regularity and geometry of crystals in snails and muscles; the lines here are curved.'

2. The symmetry. By this we understand a correspondence of the parts, which is immediately discernible by the eye. It is divided into *central* and *bilateral* symmetry. The central symmetry obtains principally in regular figures, in which, from the centre, we can look to every side, as in a rotunda. The kaleidoscope is a pretty plaything in this point of view.

The bilateral symmetry is when the two halves of a whole exactly correspond. All nations, who have laid claim to ornamental architecture, agree in these two symmetries. The bilateral symmetry is not seen in unorganic nature, but it is in the vegetable kingdom; 'the striving out of the subterraneous darkness into the light of the sun, produces the upright growth; the number of leaves and branches, indeed, is not regular, but the leaf itself, a renovated image of the whole plant, exhibits marks of bilateral symmetrical order. But the central symmetry is observed by the flower, in which the plant attains the highest enjoyment of its life. Here we behold symmetry of the leaves, of the stamina, and architecture has borrowed largely from these beautiful forms. In the animal world, the bilateral symmetry predominates in proportion to the perfection of the organization—eyes, ears, hands, and feet. Where this symmetry is not observed, mis-shapen monsters appear.' As in the animal formation this symmetry is merely external, but is not found by the anatomist within, the architect is at liberty to arrange the interior according to convenience or economy. But in those buildings which are not intended for the purposes of economy, symmetry is likewise observed within, as in temples, churches, &c.

The third requisite in architecture is proportion, by which is meant the ratio of measure, either of the whole or of single parts. Some theorists have wished to establish certain absolute proportions; but the works of classical antiquity are against them, although something of the kind may be observed in some nations. The creative fancy requires likewise, in architecture, free scope; and the Greeks, above all people, required in art a freedom corresponding to their own serenity of character. Proportions can be only established relatively, and even in this case some variation of, more or less, must be allowed.

'The principal relation in a building is that of the heighth to the breadth; if it stands detached, that of length or depth enters likewise. It may be taken as a general rule, that what a sound and practised eye cannot compare, exceeds proportion. We find, farther, that the character of buildings may be different according to their different proportions, without injury to their beauty. Thus we find animals beautiful, the structure of whose limbs is very different. The strong Andalusian bull is, in proportion, as beautifully formed, as the light gazelle or the swift stag.

'False ideas of proportion, and a blind adoration of classical antiquity, have produced partial views, in which nothing but Grecian architecture was esteemed. The proportions of this were to serve for all people, zones, and times; whatever departed from these was accounted barbarous. But the prevailing idea, in a certain condition of the world, has impressed its seal on architecture as on every other art; and of this, the works of art are merely the refulgence in the visible world.'

4. Ornament. When all the substantial requisites are attained, then ornament is added to the completion of the whole. The whole wealth of mineral and vegetable nature may be expended on the decoration; but the artist must here, likewise, not merely copy, but imitate. With the Greeks and Egyptians, this imitation was frequently only allusion. The ancients, in the classical times of architecture, shewed great taste, even when they descended to the fantastic play of the animal and vegetable world. Grand architecture must be chaste and temperate in the selection of ornament; too much importance ought not to be given to single parts. In this, sculpture can assist architecture; certain spaces are allowed to the sculptor for ornament. The Acroteria, Frontoons, Metopes, and Friezes are partly adorned with detached statues, partly with reliefs. It may be assumed, as a general principle, that the top and front of a building are its most richly ornamented portions.

Respecting the colour of the materials, those of one colour are the most favourable; a variety of colours prevents the projection of pure forms and simple lines. Spotted granite and porphyry, or striped and veined marble, may be used, because at some distance they appear as of the same colour. Metallic splendour is not to be rejected; the splendid buildings of the Romans were overlaid with gold plates; and the impression which the gilded domes of Moscow (which belong to Byzantine architecture) made on the mind of Buonaparte, was such, that, on his return, he gave orders to gild the dome of the Hospital of the Invalids.

'Thus we see how geometrical lines form the solid fundamental relations of a building. Symmetry proves the work to be one of the human mind, which should exist by itself; proportion defines the symmetry and character; and fulness and magnificence are given to it by the decorations. We now understand the fable of Amphion, which relates to us that the walls of Thebes arose from the harmony of tone.'

We have now conducted our readers to the commencement of the sixth lecture, which treats of the difference between sculpture and painting. 'Sculpture represents individual forms corporeally.—Painting seizes the optical appearance, and conveys it upon a surface. Both labour for the eye, but sculpture has respect also to the touch. The eye beholds only light and shade, and the interjacent colours; it cannot instruct of bodily forms, as we see only the surface. To acquire a knowledge of bodies, we call the feeling to our help; and how far this can carry us, we may learn from people who were born blind, and yet became good teachers of the mathematics. The experience acquired by the seer in childhood, is so mechanical, that he entirely forgets how much the eye is indebted to the hand.'

A problem is then proposed, to procure the statue of a person already deceased, by giving to the sculptor a portrait; and a portrait, by giving to the painter a bust. Professor L. Wichman executed a bust of Th. Körner, from a portrait and profile, in which he succeeded in conveying the features idealized, indeed, yet true, to the entire satisfaction of the poet's relations and friends.

The peculiarity in sculpture is, that it rejects colour. This has been ascribed to the inaptness of the materials; but if wood do not readily receive colour, wax figures admit of the finest tint of carnation, and artificial relief of every description; but even this carried too far is unpleasing. It must be confessed, that Grecian sculpture did not entirely commence in colourless marble, and at the highest did not reject the advantage of colour. The oldest images of the gods of the Greeks, were partly clothed in coloured vestments, partly painted; and, in the latest period, ivory, gold, and purple were used in ornamenting the statues, and eyes of transparent jewels inserted: yet we must say that beautiful sculpture rejects colour. When we recollect, however, that the celebrated Jupiter of Phidias was not without these extraneous ornaments, we may perhaps be permitted to doubt whether the object proposed by the ancient sculptors, may not be different from the ideas suggested by the moderns.

The next question is, what should sculpture represent?

> 'The whole wealth of creation lies extended before the artist, but the sculptor elevates himself above unorganic nature; for, to represent the fixed (starre) and lifeless, with materials, equally lifeless, would be an uninteresting repetition; to represent the living in dead matter, possesses, on the contrary, great charms. Even the vegetable kingdom and the shapeless masses of the lower circle of animal life, sculpture rejects as unworthy of her; she first approaches nature where animal life ascends to a higher degree, and where in the animal formation the bilateral symmetry appears perfectly developed; but her worthiest object is the human figure, the summit and triumph of creation. Art has, however, honoured some of the animals as fellow creatures of man, and has considered others, from their beautiful form or noble expression, as not unworthy of representation; but between the animal and man, there is an unbounded gulf, and although the French philosophers of the last century (Rousseau), called man only a civilized ape, yet he was told in paradise, that he was created in the image of God. *His look is not bounded to the clod from which he receives sustenance, he raises it to those higher spheres, where perhaps his past hath been, but certainly his future rests.*

We now come to the Professor's observations on *the beauty of man.* The attempts to define human beauty by mere line and measure, must necessarily fail; beauty cannot be calculated mathematically—even the wavy line, pleasing to the eye, is not decisive. That from the exterior we form conclusions respecting that which is within, was affirmed by the ancients. Thus much is certain, that men are born physiognomists, *i. e.*, that without knowing the inward man, they form certain prejudgments from the exterior, which certainly mislead sometimes, but not always. How often do we find that children are good physiognomists! We pass over the speculative opinions of Lavater, Tischbein, and others. The face is not alone the book in which we read the expression of the mind of man, we must observe also the voice and movements. The signs of the passions may be considered threefold. 1st. The physiognomical. 2nd. The instinctive motions which are performed quickly or voluntarily; such as of violent desire or dislike. 3rd. Allegorical gesture to make ones'self understood. It is not designedly, but physiologically, that the impression made by these motions acts sympathetically. The mere imitation of the features can convey an idea of the feelings of another; frequently repeated movements at last produce a visible effect upon the form; and habituation to violent passions, leaves permanent traces behind it. It must not, however, be forgotten, that external influences, independently of the individual, begin even in the earliest infancy. Nature acts with inexorable consistency; the malformation of a single part, causes the distortion of the rest; the internal powers are then checked, and the physiognomist will be deceived. The features are for the most part formed before man has attained moral maturity; *that* is often spoiled which nature made good, and the formation neglected by her, is often developed by mental and moral exertion. The reply of Socrates to the physiognomist is well known. Man cannot wholly remove the early traits, yet he can disguise them by the expression of acquired mental qualities.

If we wish to know which of the different races of men have received the noblest structure from nature, we must examine the history of the world and of civilization: this will decide in favour of those tribes which from the north-east of Asia, and from the Ganges, spread over all Europe,

'It appears, that in the formation of the human race, nature had made use of different standards; the head of the negro, with his retreating forehead, and prominent jaws, is unquestionably nearer to the animal structure, than is that of the European. The works of the great Grecian artists are to us as eternal types of the beautiful ideal. No nation bestowed so much care on corporeal improvement—no nation advanced such claims to beauty; when we consider their works, we might almost believe that the artists had sat in the council of the Gods, when the structure of man was discussed.

'Nature has diffused beauty over the whole body of man, and thence the Grecian artists placed in the circle of the ideal, which they realised, the human body, as it came from the hand of the Creator. Yet in this they have shewn their deep, yet tender sense for the beautiful and becoming. Only the youthful gods and goddesses were represented unclothed; Bacchus, Apollo, Hermes, had not yet attained to man's estate; Venus and the Graces belong to yet undeveloped youth, and we may remark that it was not until after Phidias, that they were represented naked. Where, on the contrary, age and divinity require clothing, it is never wanting; thus Jupiter, Neptune, Æsculapius, the severe Pallas Athene, the chaste Diana, the serious Juno, are always clothed. This again was the great art of the Greeks, that they allowed the body to be seen through the drapery, where decorum was not by this means violated. This difficulty of design and sculpture, is to render that visible on the surface, which lies underneath it, so that the structure of the muscles and the bones is discernible. With respect to costume, the art was favoured by the Grecian dress, yet sculptors, when they found a deviation expedient, did not consider themselves limited to fashion and custom. But to remove from the nobler nature of man that community which he has with animal nature, their fancy placed such forms below humanity; thus the goat-footed satyrs were in the train of the beautiful Bacchus; the sea was peopled with Tritons; the Centaurs likewise belong to such creations.

'If we must allow that the imagination of the Grecian artists often raised them above the limitations and obstructions of terrestrial life, so that they created forms which were free from every want, from every token of defect, we ought not to consider these forms of the Gods as supersensual abstractions, but as individuals completed by art; the artist exalted the beautiful out of nature, and purified it from accidents. Thus the sculptor was an expounder of nature, who must submit to him as the Sphynx to the wandering Œdipus, if he can solve her enigma.'

If the artist thus discovers the noblest human structure to be his noblest object, another question arises. In what proportion should he imitate these originals? Painting has usually confined itself to the natural size; in fresco painting alone (Michael Angelo) it has exceeded it; but all nations that have made any progress in sculpture, have set great value on representations larger than life. This is the surest touchstone to the artist, for if he understand not the very smallest lineaments, his colossal work will be as a frame, which he knows not how to fill up, and the faults will become the more manifest. Sculpture can also diminish; but it may be assumed as a general rule, that it has accomplished nothing on a small scale, which it has not previously effected on a larger. The study of the statues of classic times, teaches us also that sculpture stood in close connection with architecture, and this principally defines the point from which we should contemplate the statue. To insist that a statue should bear examination on all sides is unjust, even the Apollo Belvidere, and the Laocoon, require certain points of sight.

The eighth lecture treats of the composition and position of a group, the theory of relief, and the theory of painting. The object proposed in the former case, is so to arrange the figures, that they should neither perplex nor displease the eye.

'The difficulties which this problem presents to the artists and connoisseurs of the present day, was manifest in the many attempts made to fix the position of the celebrated group of the Niobe, at Florence; the figures of which were sometimes placed above each other, as the muses on Parnassus, sometimes in a semicircle, and sometimes otherwise, until Cocquerell (Cockerel) ? hit the right point, by declaring them the ornament of the frontoon of a temple, and placing them beside each other in a row; the principal figure in the middle, the sons and daughters on each side, as the triangle of the frontoon permitted. Such a position of whole figures had more energy than a relief, it stood more out from the surface, which to increase this effect, was frequently of a blue ground. As such statues were fixed in their places, and only seen in front, the reverse was neglected. The artist in composition rose above the order required by prosaic probability. Thus a precise spectator might have his doubts whether the sons and daughters of Niobe had stood in a line, when Apollo and Diana showered their arrows at them; the artist gave himself no such trouble respecting appearances, he applied all his powers to the truth which he considered most important, viz: that of beauty and expression.'

The fronts of the oldest temples were adorned with detached statues; relief or wall sculpture (as we name this art in contradiction to free sculpture) was of later date. The simplest kind of relief would be to fasten, on the wall, a head divided on the profile; as one half exactly covers the other, nothing would be lost to the spectator. The same might be done with the whole body, if that symmetrical portion were given to it, as in the Egyptian statues; in these nothing of the other half would appear. But artists soon attempted bolder things. Not confining themselves to the profile, they sought to represent the different parts.

'The question then was, what parts could be represented in front, what motions permitted, without causing disagreeable shortenings and distortions; the ancients solved the difficulty in a genial manner. If they represented many figures not resting beside each other, but in motion, action, and in the tumult of feasts or battles, they passed out of relief into detached statues, so that not only single arms, feet, heads, but also whole figures stand out from the wall.'*

The more modern artists, in such representations, were often reduced to perplexity; they attempted to introduce the laws of aerial perspective, which are only applicable in painting, heaping heads over one another, in attempted perspective diminution, which produced a disagreeable effect. Recently, however, the art has gradually returned to the method of the ancients, and among the many works (says our author) by which 'Berlin has been beautified by artists, whom we are proud to call our own, the relief on the south front of the theatre, of the procession of Bacchus and Ariadne, by Tieck, deserves particular mention.' Nothing, in this respect, appeared too bold to the ancient artists; Phœbus drives his four horses straight towards us—two spring to the right, and two to the left, and if a skilful driver would, in such a situation, be in fear for his chariot, this gave the artist no anxiety. The Grecian artists compressed the magic of life, and of the ideal beautiful, into the narrowest spaces, and many of their gems belong to the most complete productions of skill and genius.

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* 'A sarcophagus, in the collection of antiques at Dresden, is a beautiful piece of art in this respect.'

Sculpture, as has already been mentioned, represents the form bodily; painting represents the visible on a surface by means of colour. Perplexed notions of imitation and deception have produced a very injurious effect on the theory of this art. A very general prejudice was entertained, that he was the greatest painter, who copied nature most faithfully, repeating the objects most exactly in colour and form. 'What has been said in general of the relation of the artist to nature, is applicable likewise to the painter in particular; he is not to repeat nature as she lies before him; he should give only the *appearance* of it: and the art expressly requires that the spectator should know that the picture is only an appearance. Deception is beneath the dignity of the art, and, besides, is not so difficult as is generally imagined.'

Denner, a celebrated copyist of nature, has painted heads, in which the pores of the skin and the humour of the eye are discernible through a microscope: this laborious art is imperceptible at the distance from which pictures are usually viewed. On the other hand, a picture of Titian's, if examined closely, even with the naked eye, exhibits a confusion of forms and colours, and the masterly hand of the artist first becomes visible at the proper distance. The painter should represent not the reality, but the appearance of reality. Not only the portrait and historical painter, but likewise the landscape painter, should work upon this principle.

In painting, the observance of the laws of optics is of primary importance; in real life, the eyes are the servants of the understanding, and act as guides: without having learned theoretically, we are practical opticians, and refer the appearance to the reality. But the painter represents sight in its freedom; hence, the contemplation of the picture can become a more intellectual enjoyment, than the contemplation of nature itself: that which is in nature indifferent, gains an interest in painting; hence, the artists may descend to what is called still life.

No object is so little, that it cannot derive value from the manner in which it is painted; only the disagreeable and loathsome, in which the pain given to the imagination cannot be effaced by the skill displayed in the art, is excluded. The Dutch school has shewn us how that which is insignificant can acquire interest by art.

'From such lifeless objects the art ascends to the representation of flowers, and extends itself to the landscape, which it peoples with animals of every kind. Then it elevates itself to the portraits of men, to the representation of historical events and tragic actions, and whatever has happened, does happen, or will happen in heaven, earth, or hell, has been painted. The more the object gains in interest, the more subordinate the secondary objects become. We do not require the robe of a Madonna by

Raphael, to be painted with the same exactness as a carpet of Netscher, or of Gerard Dow.'*

In painting, design is required in a more comprehensive sense than in sculpture; in the latter art, it is sufficient that the lineaments of the form are correct in proportion, mechanics, the motion of the limbs, &c. In the former, the same requisites of design are necessary, with the addition likewise of the accidents, in which light and air are included. To accomplish this, the science of linear-perspective is necessary; it teaches us to calculate the size of the object, and the relation of several objects to each other at different distances, and from the different points of sight from which they are viewed. Linear-perspective has an influence upon the design of single figures, for distance diminishes. Hence, the opinion respecting correctness of design is, in painting, more uncertain than in sculpture; and we often find that even masters do not agree on this point. The cause of which is principally this, that in pictures only one side is given, which is seen from one point of sight. When the painter has, by design and perspective, fixed the limits of his pictures, and the objects which it includes, the chiaroscuro and colouring must engage his attention. These cannot be well separated, for there can be no good colourist who is not master of chiaroscuro, and the mastery of this last art presupposes a good colourist.

> 'Chiaroscuro is an article which does not lie on the painter's palette; and although something similar appears in nature, since even in the shade exists a shadow, and in the night a brightness, yet the art of chiaroscuro belongs to the creative free will of genius.† To this belongs the reflex, which is nothing else than the reflected light which falls from one illumined opaque body upon another, and not only enlightens this, but likewise disturbs and alters its local colour.'

With respect to the colouring of the object, colours are given by nature, but modified by light and distance. Between us and the object is the air, a troubled medium, not wholly transparent. The effect of this medium is more or less perceptible, according to the distance of the object: distant mountains appear blue. This observation is the foundation of aerial-perspective, with which the painters of the fifteenth and of the first half of the sixteenth century were unacquainted. Landscape painting rests upon the art of aerial-perspective; before this secret was discovered, there was no landscape painting. Oil painting was very favourable to the application of air-perspective, for only by means of such half-transparent colours can this charm be produced.

It has been doubted, whether the ancients understood the art of foreshortening; but it is manifest, that the Greeks knew how to produce this effect, by means of light and shade. Of a picture of Alexander, painted by Apelles, it is mentioned, that the lightning in the hand of the hero, appeared to stand *before* the picture. Pliny relates, that Pausias, who was likewise celebrated as a flower-painter, painted a blackbull, which the spectator saw only in front, and whose length, notwithstanding, could be measured. We cannot enter more at length upon the theory of the doctrine of colours. Goethe has written excellently on the choice of them, and on their moral effect, and has proved himself a true philosopher, with respect to the harmony and the manner in which the eye always requires the totalizing colour, and creates it for itself, if it is not presented to it.

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* These remarks in the original are in the succeeding lecture; we have transferred them for the sake of connexion. *Rev.*

† 'Sufficient attention has not been paid to the effect of coloured shadows in the chiaroscuro.' *Schlegel.*

'In the treatment and selection of drapery and costume, the painter is more free to choose than the sculptor, who, in this, is limited to little. The painter can pourtray all materials, and give great value to his picture through rich and splendid garments, as is frequently the case in representations of solemn actions, festal processions, &c.

'Grouping. The usual requisite in grouping is, that it should be arranged pyramidically, or in the form of a burning flame. The truth is, the painter should not place his figures on the same line, in manner of relief, but should so arrange them, that the picture should acquire depth, that the figures should partly retreat, partly advance.'

'Composition. The painter should have his picture as vividly in his imagination, as if it stood before his eyes; in this consists the power of the artist, yet skill in composition will avail him little, unless he possess the necessary knowledge of design and colouring.'

The attention which we have bestowed upon these lectures, sufficiently proves the high estimation in which we, in common with all admirers of the arts, must hold them; we have, however, merely given a succinct account of that part which treats of the theory of the plastic arts; the remaining lectures on the history of these arts, would still less admit of abridgment, although equally deserving of attention, from the admirable union which they display, of extent of view, with accuracy of detail. We have been informed, we trust incorrectly, that Mr. Schlegel has relinquished the intention of publishing them in a separate form*. Should our hopes be realised, we may at some future period resume this second part of our subject.

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* 'The only form in which they have hitherto appeared, is in detached extracts in the Berliner Conversationsblatt, furnished by Mr. Schlegel himself.'

Art. VI.—*The United States of North America as they are.* 8vo. pp. 242. 7*s.* 6*d.* London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1828.

The details of the past having been for some time pretty well exhausted, as to most countries of the world, it has lately become a fashion with authors—one by the way, which originated in Germany—to describe countries not as they have been, but *as they are.* Thus we have "Vienna as it is," "Berlin as it is," "Austria as it it," "London as it is," and now, 'The United States of North America as they are.' Hitherto it seems to have been imagined, that events which passed under our own eyes, and personages with whom we might become acquainted in the daily walks of life, were in some measure too near us to assume the forms that would fit them for history. The follies and corruptions of the day might have been considered fair game for the poetical satirist; the political errors of a ministry might have excited the bile of an angry politician, and have induced him to vent his rage in a pamphlet. But thirty or forty years ago no author of any merit would have thought of writing any thing more than some memoranda, to be published among his posthumous papers, concerning the state of society which prevailed, the public characters who flourished, and the national proceedings and events which took place, in his own life time. Some exceptions to this rule will, indeed, occur to every body; but they were few, and the individuals who furnished them must be considered as greatly in advance of their contemporaries.

But to write, seems in these our pleasant days, to have subsided from a rage into a habit. Every body is either an author in *esse*, or in *fieri*. Every body travels, every body takes notes; all the world publishes, and it would appear as if we meant to supply twenty worlds with books. In this situation of things, new paths must of necessity be beat out for new adventurers, in the fields of literature. They cannot find in the past a single spot unoccupied; they are forced to apply themselves to the present, and some even to the future. It was not long since that we saw a history of the year 1840; Mrs. Shelly, still more enterprising, shot her prophetic glance almost a century farther, and having resolved that no author should come after her, that she should be the "last of the Romans," she frightened us all with her tragical story of "the last man."

Novelty is, in all such cases, not merely an object to be desired, but a necessary article of life to be obtained at almost any hazard. Nothing now is sacred. We daily, or at least weekly, see the sanctuaries of private life laid bare by literary marauders, to the gaze of the public eye, in order that they might give an air of novelty to their polluted columns. What has been called "fashionable life," has been for some time a particular source of plunder to these vampires of the low press; but that source having been nearly emptied, even to the dregs, private life in any rank, latterly, appears to have become to them a field of legitimate systematic spoliation.

Who the author of the present work may be, we know not; but we imagine, that in North America at least, he will be set down among the race of her living libellers. It is odd to find him at the close of his volume, working up an eloquent peroration, in order to dissuade English travellers from speaking, or writing, harshly of brother Jonathan, and dwelling in forcible terms on the expediency of each party cultivating those amicable relations which at present subsist between them; while at the same time he has himself only just risen from penning one of the most severe and humiliating reports of the state of society and politics in the United States, which it has yet fallen to our lot to peruse. It seems as if he thought himself entitled to monopolise all the topics of American slander to himself; for there is not one of them that has ever been touched upon by the most violent anti-republicans, which he does not revive and even exaggerate, with all his ability.

It is difficult to make out to what country, or to what party, he belongs. Occasionally we find him writing of the North American States, as if he were one of their citizens; but he has more than once betrayed his alien character, by speaking of brother Jonathan as if he had no connexion whatever with that sturdy personage. He is not a democrat, for he has in more than one instance, ridiculed the popular elections. He is not an aristocrat, for he seems strongly inclined to support General Jackson's elevation to the highest office in the states, and all the world knows, that the general and his friends are violent radicals. He is not a monarchist, for among the many dreams which seem to torment his imagination, none oppress him with a greater weight of horror, than that which makes him believe, that appearances inevitably tend, in the northern and eastern parts of the Union, towards the establishment of royalty. He seems to us, though we may be in error, to be a disappointed, and of course, a discontented emigrant, who having lived in the United States for several years, and having failed in all his prospects there, turns ungenerously against the people who gave him hospitality, and paints them in colours, with which certainly they have every reason to be displeased. He finds much to say against almost every man of eminence among them, and not satisfied with this, he inveighs against them by classes, particularly their statesmen, their lawyers, and their soldiers. The farmers are the only body of men in the Union, whom he can at all tolerate; and even these come in for their share of his reproaches.

Our author proposes to accomplish in his pages, three distinct objects: 'to exhibit to the eyes of the world, the state of American affairs, *without prejudice*, and *without party spirit*;' 'to shew the state of society in general, and the relative bearings of the different classes to each other,' and 'to represent social intercourse and prevailing habits in such a manner, as to enable the future emigrant to follow the prescribed track, and to settle with security and advantage to himself, and to his new country.'

Treating of his first topic, he admits, that the fifty years which have already rolled over the United States, have established 'the possibility of a people governing themselves, and being prosperous and happy.' He thinks, however, that they have recently made an important deviation from the policy bequeathed to them by Washington, in intermeddling with Russia about preserving Cuba to Spain, and in pledging themselves to resist any attack that might be directed from Europe, against the independence of the Spanish American states. There can be no doubt of the truth of this position, and we are inclined to go with the author in his apprehensions of the effect, which that deviation may produce upon the future stability of the Union, if the new policy be persevered in. But to say that the declaration of such principles is evidence of a rising spirit of monarchy in the states, seems to us absurd. If the states ever separate, they will infallibly separate into republics, not into kingdoms. If the influence of American liberty, founded as it is upon the example and institutions of our own country, have been felt throughout 'the civilized world;' if to it 'the French, and more recently the South American revolutions, and the commotions in Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont, owe their origin,' as our author asserts; assuredly that influence will not have lost all its efficacy at the very fountain from which it has first proceeded. He has got it into his head, however, that in proportion as the example of transatlantic freedom has acted upon Europe, the politics of the Holy Alliance have operated upon the American nation.

> 'A party,' he gravely tells us, 'existing since the revolution, and extending its ramifications over the whole United States, is now growing into importance, and guided by the principles of European diplomacy, is rooting itself deeper and deeper, drawing within its circle the wealthy, and the dissatisfied, and thus adding every day to its strength. We see, in short, the principle of monarchism developing itself in the United States; and though it is not attempted to establish it by means of a revolution which would assuredly fail, there is a design to bring it about by that cunning, cautious, and I may add, American way, which must eventually succeed, unless the spirit of freedom be sufficiently powerful to overrule these subtle preparations.
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> 'There have been many changes in the United States within the last ten years. The present rulers have succeeded so far in amalgamating opinions, that whatever may be said to the contrary, only two parties are now existing there—the Monarchists or the Governors, and the Republicans, who are the governed.'—Preface, pp. vi., vii.

Mr. Adams, the present president, who, our author says, is 'a favourite with Great Britain,' is the person whom he fixes upon as the head of this monarchical party.

'John Quincy Adams was already unpopular on his father's account. Introduced at an early period into the most important public offices, he became accustomed to look down upon the people. A Tory by birth and by education, he is as staunch as his father; but with less mental capacity he is infinitely more dangerous. His father's political errors, and the embassies of London, St. Petersburgh, and Paris, were the schools in which he was trained; cold, circumspect, and free from passion, he disregards the censures as well as the approbation of the people, above whom he considers himself elevated. This pride or rather arrogance, is a family failing, and so little is he able to suppress it, that previously to his elevation, and while yet but a candidate, he so far forgot himself as to threaten an officer of the Bank, who presumed to consider his indorsement as no better than that of another citizen, with the full weight of his displeasure. In private life he seemed anxious to conceal this passion under the mask of republican carelessness, and a certain *nonchalance*. His countenance betrays a cold ambitious mind, his dark eye exhibits the heartless diplomatist. As a politician, he adopts the axiom that the means are justified by the end. Neither a democrat nor a Federalist, he joined both parties, and left them as he found it best suited to his interest. When Secretary of State, he uttered the following memorable words: "The United States will not be ranked among nations till the Presidency becomes hereditary." When one of the representatives was introduced to a nightly interview with him, and expressed his scruples respecting the manner of the election, the characteristic reply of Adams was, "Sir, the time will come, even with the United States, when the government, and not a prejudiced populace, destitute of character, will determine the public opinion. The question is, whether you, Sir, are sensible of the importance and the advantages which must necessarily accrue to you from the present course, or whether you prefer the old system. Your determination in regard to the election is decisive."

'Adams is reputed by his party and the majority of the people, to possess a great mind: this is far from being the case. His talents are rather of an ordinary kind, but they are not the less dangerous on that account; for it is not the greatest, but the coldest and most persevering statesman, alike insensible to contempt and to praise, who is most obnoxious to the freedom of a nation. His style, a mixture of the elegant and the diplomatic, is admired, because it is new to the United States. It cannot be denied, that it is the most fit to disguise his political opinions and his deep-laid schemes. This motive, and his predilection for everything coming from the eastern courts, may sufficiently account for his adoption of, and fondness for it. If taken upon the whole, he may be considered a most dangerous man to the freedom of the Union, and if he had been sent by Metternich himself, he could not pursue more closely the principles of the Holy Alliance.'—pp. 19—21.

The history of Mr. Adams's election, by the House of Representatives, on whom it devolved, and of his victory over the numerical majority of Jackson, is well known. Our author imputes his success to underhand proceedings, but this he deems not at all an uncommon occurence, as 'there will hardly be found,' he says, 'a constable in the United States, who obtains his petty office without intrigues.' He roundly charges Mr. Adams wit purchasing the voice of the House of Representatives, but he offers no proof in support of so serious an accusation. He declares the president to be extremely unpopular. If so, there is little chance, we presume, of his ever obtaining a crown in America.*

Mr. Clay, the secretary of state, next becomes the object of our author's vituperations. This gentleman, it may be remembered, was also a candidate for the presidency at the last election, and his subsequent resignation in favour of Adams, is imputed to a corrupt compact, said to have been entered into between the parties, by virtue of which, Clay holds his present office.

'In his earlier life this gentleman was a lawyer in Kentucky, and he was afterwards chosen for his oratorical talents as representative for that state in Congress. In this capacity he distinguished himself by a nervous, a natural, and a practical eloquence—*ad hominem*. A quick penetration, and a self-possession which scarcely anything could disturb, procured him influence, and a daring presumption common to the Kentuckians, gave him preponderance. Without classical education, he knows how to assail the weak part of human nature in a truly singular way. . . . . His peculiar talent consists in making himself popular with his state. In order to win his countrymen over to his interests, he plays as easily the part of the drunkard and the gambler, as in good company he can put on the gentleman. The Kentuckian, however, is apparent, and his coarse impetuosity breaks forth on every occasion. This latter circumstance, so far from affecting his popularity, renders him the idol of his countrymen. "That is a mighty great man! That is a wonderful eminent man! That is the very first man in the Union," you may hear from every Kentuckian, and be knocked down if you should not be precisely of the same opinion.' —pp. 28—31.

Such is our censor's account of Clay, who has also, it seems, rendered himself so unpopular by accepting office under a man whom he had so long opposed, and upon terms, according to the author, of so debasing a character, that 'none of the twenty-two states,' he asserts, 'would choose him under the present circumstances for a constable.' 'His private life,' adds the author, 'is far from being exemplary: a duellist and a gambler, he has neither principle nor a sense of what is due to decorum' (p. 31). In any other country than America, it would certainly seem little consistent with the dignity of a person, filling so grave an office as that of the speaker of the House of Representatives, to reply in the coarsest language to an anonymous newspaper paragraph, and to follow it up with a duel. But, independently of this, if only half of all that our author says of Clay be well founded, the American people stand in a pretty predicament between such a man and Jackson, for their next chief magistrate.

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* 'One of the proofs which our author adduces of the president's desire for a crown, is, that in the course of the last year, in the due exercise of his powers, he appointed a postmaster at Nashville! In another place he says, that this aspirant to royalty 'has all the New England States, and part of New York and New Jersey on his side.' 'In both these latter states,' he adds, 'as well as in Virginia, public opinion amongst the higher classes declares itself almost openly for monarchical government.' p. 59.

We have already seen that our author disapproves of the policy, which induced Mr. Adams's government to declare itself so decidedly in favour of the Spanish American states. He thinks the alliance altogether an unnatural one.

> 'The form of these republics, as they call themselves, is a military obligarchy. The sovereignty is not in the people, but in the government, or rather in the dictator. Sooner or later they will become monarchical: religion, education, character, all conduce to this end. The establishment of such a form of government, has only been prevented by the hatred in which the monarchical system has been hitherto held. Time, and the influence of the priests, will soften that hatred, and prepare the way; and if Mr. Adams, who is notorious for never having acknowledged the sovereignty of the people, is permitted to join this confederacy, the United States are most likely to reap the same effects from this unholy compact, as the nations of Europe have experienced from their holy alliance.'—pp. 51, 52.

In another place he says, that 'the Spanish character will never harmonise with that of the descendants of the English;' that 'a war may take place with all these new republics;' and, that 'with Mexico it is inevitable, and may happen sooner than may be imagined.' It is very certain, that neither in Mexico, nor in any other of the new states of the Spanish continent, have the North Americans ever been very popular. The truth is, that they have been a great deal too officious, and that not only have they sought to exercise a preponderating influence in the councils of the young republics, but they have shown that they sought it, and that, too, in the most ostentatious, and sometimes the most insolent manner. If the author really thinks that those countries are ready to adopt the monarchical form of government, we would recommend him to try the experiment, and to offer himself for their acceptance. He would soon perhaps find his imaginary speculations vanish before the stern republicanism of a corporal's guard, drawn out to send him and his theories to a very different tribunal.

Our author gives the following summary of qualifications, as those which are most respected in North America.

> 'To observe most rigorously the laws of decorum, and to be a strict economist, though at the expense of a poor mantua-maker; to keep the statutes inviolate, neither to ride nor to play, nor to indulge in the least pastime on a Sabbath, but to study in silent meditation how on Monday to deprive a neighbour and fellow-citizen of his property or his liberty; to be liberal towards ministers; to have no religion; not to be put out of countenance by the most sarcastic attacks of an adversary, but to wait with Christian patience, until the opportunity offers for revenge in a diplomatic style—this is what we must do if we desire to obtain a character for steadiness with brother Jonathan.'—p. 63.

We would fain hope that in this, as well as in most of his remarks, on "brother Jonathan," our author is actuated merely by a spirit of political animadversion. We fear, however, that his virulence partakes more of a private than a public character; and we might be supposed to lend a sanction to his philippics, if we were to pursue the quotation further.

As General Jackson is likely soon to attract some public attention, we shall give our author's characteristic sketch of him. It will confirm what we have already said of the indiscriminate severity with which this writer treats almost every body whom he encounters in his progress.

'Never, perhaps, has public opinion been so divided about any man as it is about General Jackson. Whilst the one party (Adams's), describes him as a tyrant, a military chieftain, a lawless soldier—the other represents him as a hero surpassing Washington himself. He is at the head of the Opposition, and the ruling power has, therefore, as much reason to depreciate him, as his own party has to extol him to the skies.

'The first view of Andrew Jackson is imposing, but the impression he leaves is not an agreeable one. A stature above the common size; a body which fatigues and hardships have cleared of all superfluous flesh; a physiognomy indicating violent passions; a face furrowed by deep lines; a greyish piercing eye bespeaking less of shrewdness than of impetuosity, and which age has not robbed of its fire; these, with a tincture of Irish cunning, are the peculiarities that distinguish the present hero of the Opposition. He lost his father in early life, and was thrown, when an orphan of fourteen, into the vortex of the revolutionary war. Having been taken prisoner, he rescued himself with a firmness of purpose, seldom to be met with at his age. His predilection for a military life may be dated from this early period. Shortly afterwards he gave himself up to the study of the law: a curious incident laid the foundation of his fame. On a journey from his residence to a distant country-town, where the quarter sessions of the court were to be held, he met a farmer, whose sorrowful countenance seemed to indicate that his affairs bore a no less sorrowful aspect. By his natural power of persuasion, he soon learned the cause of the farmer's grief—a hopeless lawsuit—Jackson inquired more particularly into the matter, and asked his companion if he would permit him to plead his cause. The farmer casting a side glance at Jackson's wretched pony, and at the still more wretched rider, expressed his disbelief of his power to be useful in this case, adding, that the first-rate lawyers could not give him any hope: but at last he consented. The issue of the trial was at hand; the farmer's counsel was pleading; the counsel of the opposite party as well as the jury were about to retire. "Stop gentlemen," exclaimed our young lawyer, presenting himself at the bar in front of the presiding judge, and exhibiting his license: he was allowed to plead accordingly. In less than fifteen minutes he succeeded in riveting the attention of the judges, jury, and assembly, all equally astonished at the forcible address of a peasant, who made his first appearance dressed in a home-made coat, with a linen bag thrown over his shoulders, containing provisions for himself and his horse. The jury retired, the verdict was pronounced, the farmer recovered his property, and the young lawyer gained a name and clients.'—pp. 71—73.

After filling the office of President-Judge of the Quarter Sessions, Jackson, with that facility of change so prevalent in America, became a soldier, and took the command of a body of militia destined to act against the Indians. His military career is known. His tyranny while he commanded in the South, his atrocious execution—murder we should call it—of our countrymen, Arbuthnot and his companion—and his Nero-like assertion, that "had it been in his power, he would have caused all the members of the Hartford Convention* to be hanged," certainly justify the author in saying, that 'these are stains upon his character, which no subsequent efforts for his country can remove.' Yet we are afterwards told, that 'he is the only individual in the Union, who can apply a remedy to the existing evils.'—p. 87.

Having now presented to the reader our author's descriptions of the most conspicuous personages in the United States, let us see his account of the Congress, as at present constituted.

'A glance at the Congress of the United States will solve the mystery of the last election. The congress is composed of so many states, varying in degrees of civilization, that an infinite diversity and contradiction in the views of the honourable members must be the necessary consequence when assembled in Congress. The cunning literate Yankee †, the adventurous New Yorker, the simple and honest Pennsylvanian, the aristocratic Virginian, the proud Carolinian and Georgian, have the same language with the unfeeling and presumptuous Kentuckian, but not the same views. Their manner of speaking, the course they pursue to attain their ends, are, *toto cœlo*, different. The first interest with every member of the Congress is of course his own; the station of a representative is to be the stepping-stone to a permanent office. His second object is to promote the views of his party; the next, the interest of his county; then of the particular state to which he belongs; and finally, that of the nation. A central point of union could hardly be expected amidst so many conflicting objects. The interests of the different states clash in such a manner as not to admit of a steady aim, such as is exhibited by the British Parliament. The latter consists of whigs and tories, whereas the congress of the United States is an assembly of brokers, sent by their respective states, not to promote the welfare of the Union, but of their own mean and sordid interests. One is expected to bring the turnpike through his county, another a canal; a third is to procure a lighthouse, a fourth an academy, or a deaf and dumb asylum. These are the important affairs committed to the representatives: if they succeed, messenger-like, in the execution of their errands, they are called "excellent fellows." The administration of course avails itself of these opportunities, does all in its power to meet the wishes of its "honour-ables" in matters of such vital interest, and is rewarded by corresponding good offices in return. The Congress has precisely the appearance of an exchange, where every one manages his own business to the best of his understanding, without troubling himself much about the affairs of his neighbours, until his own are terminated. Men of talents are not wanting in the Senate as well as in the House of Representatives, who might vie with the very first members even of the British Parliament, certainly not in point of education and learning, but unquestionably in shrewdness.

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* The Hartford Convention which assembled during the late war, was composed of delegates from all the eastern states; their object was to separate themselves from the rest of the union, and had the war continued much longer, it was supposed that they would have accomplished their purpose. *Rev.*

† By *Yankee*, the author means the inhabitants of the six New England states. *Rev.*

Webster, Everett, Hamilton, M'Duffie, Livingston, Sergeant, Randolph, are deservedly celebrated names; but as a set-off to such men of genius, there are such men as Vance from Ohio, Mr. Trimble from Kentucky, and most of his western brethren. The well-informed members of Congress are generally from the New England states and the sea-ports; the most impudent and presumptuous, the Kentuckians: these are now hand in glove with the party of the administration. In opposition to this party are the Virginians and Georgians, both Carolinas, Pennsylvania, part of New York, Ohio, Indiana, &c.'—pp. 89—91.

The literature of the United States, the topic to which our author next proceeds, may be said still to resemble a reflected light. It is feeble, imitative, and possessed of no individual character. The Union, however, boasts of a great number of literary institutions, universities, and schools; but the pupils generally go through their courses in too hurried a manner, being anxious to get into the world, and apply themselves to those pursuits by which they can get most money. The period for learned leisure does not seem to have yet arrived in those countries, and until wealth be more substantially and more generally diffused through them, they will court the muses in vain. Of newspapers, and these too conducted in many instances with great vigour and ability, they possess a considerable number—it is said, upwards of one thousand. Pennsylvania has one hundred and fifty; and there is hardly a populous county without at least one public journal. Our author represents "The Richmond Enquirer," "Neale's Weekly Register," "Noah's Advocate," and "Mr. Walsh's Newspaper," as the best of these productions. Their Reviews are limited to two or three quarterly publications, which seldom display critical acumen, or anything more than very moderate powers of composition.

Approaching the second division of his subject, the state of society, our author devotes a chapter to the description of American life, as it appears in the cities, the county towns, and the country. Having but lately gone over most of these topics with Lieutenant De Roos,* we shall not return to them, particularly as the picture which our author presents is an unamiable one, and evidently a caricature. One of his ungallant objections to the American ladies is, that they are too 'prudent,' and that 'they live longer than their husbands!'

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* M. R., vol. v., p. 558.

Of the different religious sects which prevail in the United States, our author speaks with a degree of harshness, almost bordering on intolerance. The Unitarians he looks upon as little better than Pagans, and he laments that they are every day becoming more numerous. He gives a striking account of one of the Methodist camp meetings, than which, if he speak truth, no assemblage can be more opposed to the practice of religion and morality.

We have already alluded to our author's severity of remark upon the different classes which compose American society. According to him, the lawyers, 'if you can hire them, will undertake to save you from the penalties of any crime.' The merchants are Jews; the store-keepers charge double for every thing they sell; and the pedlars are all cheats, who sell balls made of walnut-wood for nutmeg. The farmers he speaks of as the most numerous, as well as the most solid class of society in the United States. The manufacturers seem, to be not yet considered as a class; for what reason we know not, as the cloths and cottons of Massachusets are said to rival those of other nations; as Pennsylvania has one hundred and thirty-six manufactories of iron, cloth, and glass, and New York nearly the same number. In his concluding chapters, our author gives some advice for the benefit of emigrants, which is, perhaps, the only blameless, as it is unquestionably the most useful, portion of his work. We cannot, however, deny it the praise of being generally written in a pointed and vigorous style, and it confirms our suspicions of his being an alien in disguise, that we have not discovered in his pages a single *Americanism.*

ART. VII.—*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Samuel Parr, L.L.D.* By the Rev. William Field. In 2 vols. vol. 1, 8vo. pp. 459. London: Colburn. 1828.

THE late Dr. Parr, though not perhaps quite so great a man as he imagined himself to be, had yet, undoubtedly, many points about him, appertaining to both his intellectual and his moral character, worthy of all commendation. If he had studied language rather as a lexicographer than as a philosopher, and had no pretensions to any distinguished rank as a philologist, in the highest sense of that term, his erudition, at least, was incontrovertibly both extensive and accurate, and sufficient to place him, as a mere scholar, nearly on a level with the first names of his age. The general powers of his mind, too, however extravagantly they may have been overrated, were yet unquestionably of no mean order; remarkable, at all events, for the activity, vigour, and decision of their operation, if not for any extraordinary display of either originality or profoundness. It was unfortunate for him that his own vanity, and the flattery of his friends, tempted him to set up so pertinaciously for a man of genius, which he certainly was not. Had he avoided this unhappy delusion, and also his incessant, systematic, and outrageous imitation of Dr. Johnson, he might have made perhaps a little less noise in the world, but he would have been less laughed at, and much more generally and sincerely respected; and, if not looked upon exactly as one of the wonders of his age, he would at least have escaped being held up as only one of its oddities.

As a man, both of heart and of principle, however, he had no superiors. Naturally ardent in all his affections, he uniformly espoused what he believed to be the cause of duty and conscience, with a manliness and devotion, which no sacrifices and no dangers were ever able to chill or intimidate. His attachment to the cause of civil and religious liberty, in particular, was passionate and uncompromising, and withstood nobly both the fiercer trials of the extraordinary times in which he lived, and the perhaps more withering discouragement of that long-continued neglect, and almost hopeless exclusion from many of the objects of an honourable ambition, to which his known independence and fearlessness exposed him. Yet, with all his intensity, and even vehemence of political feeling, Dr. Parr was the very reverse of a rash or extravagant politician. His patriotism was as steady and considerate, as it was enthusiastic and liberal; and he was at all times just as forward in opposing himself to innovations, which he deemed either perilous or unnecessary, as in lending his countenance and support to reforms imperatively demanded by the circumstances or the genius of the age, Nor could his partizanship, eager and zealous as it was, be reasonably accused of any thing more culpable than a natural and not unamiable blindness to the faults and errors of his friends, and perhaps a little too much occasionally of dogmatism and precipitation. It was, at all events, we think, as pure and unselfish as any attachment of the sort can well be. He expected, we dare say, from his party, his share of professional preferment, should they ever come into power; but overlooked as he was during, we may say, his whole life, he certainly did not spend his days either in complaining of his hard fortune, or in scheming by what means most effectively to force his pretensions upon the notice of the holders of patronage. His character and conduct in this respect contrast very favourably, for example, with the behaviour of his celebrated contemporary, Bishop Watson, whose party services, as well as his general merits, were perhaps greater than Dr. Parr's, but who was also rewarded in a style that might be almost called magnificent, if compared with any thing Dr. Parr ever reaped from his political connexions, and who never ceased, notwithstanding, to think and to speak of himself as the most hapless and ill-requited of men.

With all his fervour, too, in behalf of his own creed, his tolerance towards men of the most opposite principles, both in politics and religion, was above all praise. Constitutionally of a kind and noble nature, as well as fortified by long reflection and experience, in his love for every thing belonging to liberal and philanthropic sentiment, he detested oppression in every one of its degrees and forms; and so far from desiring to subject those who differed from him in opinion to exclusions or penalties, he never permitted himself ever to make them, on that account, the objects of either his hatred or his avoidance. For a man of strong feelings, indeed, he appears to have had singularly few prejudices of any kind, and those few were all on the side of good nature and virtue. Finally, as a friend, as a preceptor, as a clergyman, and in all the relations of domestic life, the character of Dr. Parr stands not only above censure, but so high as to merit the epithets of—most estimable and exemplary; a measure of praise which, unfortunately, it is not always in our power to award, either to the most splendid talents, or the most upright and undeviating patriotism.

The volume before us, contains the first part of a biographical account of this distinguished person, by one of his intimate friends, a dissenting clergyman, in Warwickshire. The remainder of the work is promised us, as soon as the writer's avocations shall afford him leisure to get it ready for the press; and in the meantime, it is presented to the public in its present unfinished state, as we gather from the preface, in order to anticipate another memoir of Dr. Parr, which is understood to be in preparation—that, we suppose, which is expected, along with a new edition of the Doctor's works, from Dr. John Johnstone of Birmingham. Dr. Parr's amanuensis, Mr. Barker, is also engaged, we believe, on a work of a similar nature; so that, even without taking into account either what the great scholar has himself told us of his history and habits, in his various publications, or what we have learned of him since his death, from the gossip of the magazines, we are likely to be soon pretty well instructed as to all he did, and all he was, by the zeal and industry of more formal chroniclers.

The present publication brings down the narrative of Dr. Parr's life to the year 1807. It contains little more than a plain detail of facts, few of which are new to the public, illustrated by plentiful quotations from the Doctor's printed works, and by a few occasional reflections, generally of a very slight and common-place tissue, from the biographer himself, who appears to be a well-meaning, and tolerably well-informed man, but not very strikingly gifted with any higher powers. The book, as a literary production, indeed, has little or no merit, and derives all its interest merely from its subject.

Dr. Parr was born at Harrow, in the year 1747, his father being a respectable medical practitioner of that place, and descended, as the present writer informs us, from a branch of the same family which gave to the throne Henry VIII.'s sixth wife, Queen Catherine Parr. The father of the future devotee of Whigism was, it seems, in early life, at least, not only a determined Tory, but an active partizan of the Pretender—although Mr. Field hints that certain heavy losses, which he sustained in his efforts to promote the interests of his somewhat antiquated political faith, considerably cooled his attachment, in his latter days, to the doctrine of the *Jus Divinum.* Young Parr was entered at Harrow school in 1752, and continued there under Dr. Thackeray and Dr. Sumner, till 1761. Here, besides the benefit he derived from the instructions of his excellent masters, he enjoyed the inestimable advantage of exercising his faculties in competition with several fellow-pupils of great talent and promise, among whom are mentioned, in particular, the late Dr. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Sir William Jones. Some interesting details have been collected by Mr. Field, of the school-boy intercourse of the editor of Bellendenus with these his two favourite associates—for which, however, we must refer our readers to the volume itself, or to "Maurice's Memoirs," and Lord Teignmouth's Life of Sir William Jones, from which they have been principally extracted. Dr. Parr himself informs us, in one of the notes to his Spital Sermon, that he had attained the head of the first form at Harrow, before he had completed his fourteenth year—a proficiency the more honourable, when we think of the formidable rivals he had to contend with. At this period, however, his father resolved upon removing him from school, in order to initiate him in his own profession; and our young inamorato of the lore of Rome and Greece, was set, accordingly, to pore over "Huxham on Fever," and to wield the pestle and the lancet. Nature, however, would not be so subdued; and although the struggle was a long one, parental obstinacy eventually yielded up the victory—grumblingly, it must be acknowledged, and ungraciously enough—for all that poor Parr could at first obtain from his father, after four years' pleading, was permission to enter the University as a Sizar, or Servitor. But sometime after, means having been found to weaken the influence of an economic step-mother, who had suggested, and principally insisted upon, this humiliating condition, it was generously and wisely dispensed with, and in the autumn of 1765, he was allowed to proceed to Cambridge on his own terms, where he entered himself of Emanuel College, and commenced his academic career under the direction of the then tutors, Mr. Henry Hubbard, and Dr. Farmer the author of the famous essay on the learning of Shakspeare.

He had not resided above a few months, however, when his father unfortunately died, and this event put an end almost at once to his means of remaining at college. He returned, indeed, for a short period to Cambridge, after attending the remains of his parent to the grave; but his now scanty finances were soon exhausted, and he was once more forced to take up his abode at Harrow. Here he was in the kindest and most gratifying manner, immediately offered, by his old and attached teacher, Dr. Sumner, the office of his head assistant, which he accepted without hesitation, and the duties of which he continued to discharge with great ability and credit, till the death of Dr. Sumner in 1771. It was while he occupied this situation, that the late Mr. Sheridan was one of his pupils; and Mr. Field is kind enough to favour us with an elaborate enquiry into the exact amount of the share which his learned friend was entitled to claim, in the honour of having discovered the latent talents of that distinguished person. To our taste, his disquisition is more solemn than satisfactory.

On Dr. Sumner's death, Dr. Parr offered himself, although only twenty-four years of age, as a candidate for the mastership, but after being led to entertain the highest hopes of success, was, very unexpectedly, and to his bitter disappointment, rejected by the governors in favour of another candidate. According to Mr. Field, the electors were supposed, on this occasion, not to have been altogether uninfluenced by certain feelings of dislike to the late master, which they extended to his protegée—although certainly they had a very fair apology for their decision, in the mere circumstance of the youth of the rejected candidate; however well disguised it might be might be by the 'large obumbrating wig,' with which we are told he now for the first time 'covered his head,' and 'the dress and manners of an elderly ecclesiastic,' which he thought proper to assume to aid the deception. Be this as it may, however, his defeat seems to have attracted a good deal of public sympathy; and having by the advice of his friends, resolved, now that his connection with Harrow was at an end, to open a rival seminary on his own account in the neighbouring village of Stanmore, he was was followed thither by no fewer than forty of his former scholars. He married a Mrs. Jane Massingale, with whom, however, Mr. Field intimates, that he never enjoyed much connubial felicity (although they continued united, we believe, for nearly forty years). In other respects, matters went on prosperously enough. Our author bestows two of his chapters upon Dr. Parr's plans of tuition and discipline at Stanmore, which, although as usual, rather tedious and pompous, are not the least interesting in the volume. In this establishment, for the first time in England, a Greek play, the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, was acted in 1775; after the example of a similar exhibition which had been got up many years before in Ireland, by the scholars of Swift's friend, Sheridan. The Doctor, though an advocate for flogging, which Mr. Field, by the bye, much to his credit is not, was, in the opinion of that gentleman, rather more indulgent than was altogether correct, to the irregularities and mischievous propensities of youth, and apt both to feel and to express more admiration for the spirit and vivacity displayed in certain of their lawless frolics, than concern about their effects on the moral feelings of the perpetrators. Of the general kindness and communicativeness with which he treated his young friends, the following short sketch, written chiefly from the recollection of one of the boys concerned in it, gives us an agreeable enough specimen.

'On another occasion, though of much earlier date, returning home from Nottingham election, where he had been to give his vote in favour of that highly distinguished lawyer, and truly excellent patriot, Mr. Denman, and stopping on his way at Leam, the place of the writer's residence, he invited himself to dinner, absolutely insisting, however, on the condition that no separate table nor second course should be provided for him. "No, no!" said he, "I shall dine with the boys, and fare alike with them."

'Dinner, on his own terms, being announced, almost as soon as he was seated in the midst of the youthful company, he began to take some kind notice of each, as each caught his eye. "Where do you come from?" was the first question addressed to every one; and the answer returned was sure to suggest some farther inquiry. To one, who came from Banbury, he talked of the battle of Edgehill; and to another, who came from Market-Bosworth, of that "bloody strife" by which one king lost and another gained a crown. To a third, who said he came from Birmingham, "I suppose," replied he, "you mean Bromwych-am. Perhaps," continued he, "you do not know the derivation or signification of the word?—But I do." And then he explained the first syllable to mean the name of a small tree, to which the neighbouring soil is favourable; the second, a steep declivity, such as that near the "High Street," the site of the original town; and the third, a home, or dwelling-place, *i. e.* a town on a hill abounding with broom.

'Guy's Cliff being mentioned, he adverted to the tragic story of Gaveston, favourite of Edward II., who was beheaded on the summit of a hill near that place. Passing from the second Guy, Earl of Warwick, at whose instigation chiefly that dreadful deed was done, to the first and most renowned Guy; and talking over the wondrous tale of his valiant deeds, Dr. Parr said that he was very learned in the old legends, and took great delight in reading the history of "Jack, the Giant-killer," "Tom Thumb," "Guy and his Wild Boar and Dun Cow," and all the rest of them.

'One boy being pointed out to his notice as the nephew of the celebrated but unfortunate French leader, Brissot, he turned to him a look of mingled curiosity and commisseration, which spoke the thoughts that stirred within him, though he carefully avoided all inquiries that might revive even transient feelings of pain in the youth's mind. Another boy being mentioned as the grandson of Dr. Doddridge, he called for him, gazed upon him for some minutes with evident delight; then, taking his hand between his own, whispered a kind of benediction, and, with a benignant smile and a tone of affectionate fervour, said, "Be a good scholar, and, above all, be a good man;" and, alluding to his grandfather, added, "He *was* a good man, and a good scholar." The name of Doddridge led him to speak of other distinguished men among the non-conforming divines, and he spoke of them with expressions of high regard. He said that he had always lived as if there were no distinction of sects; and in reply to the observation which this called forth, " So much the more to your honour, Doctor," he exclaimed, " To my honour! No! But so much the more to my comfort." '—pp. 92—94.

The extraordinary excitement, however, which had originated the project of this opposition school, evidently could not last long, and notwithstanding all Dr. Parr's learning and talents, it became abundantly clear in a few years that the contest between Stanmore and Harrow was a very unequal one. In 1776, therefore, Dr. Parr very wisely accepted the mastership of the grammar school at Colchester. A short time previous to his establishing himself at Stanmore, he had been ordained and appointed to the curacy of Willesden in Middlesex, in which parish, however, he officiated only for a few months; and he was now admitted to priest's orders, and appointed to the cures of the Hythe and the Trinity Church, in the town in which he was for the present settled. At Colchester, however, he met with but little success; and having, in 1778, been elected to the mastership of Norwich school, he removed immediately to that city, where he soon after commenced, as curate, serving the churches of St. George's Colgate, and St. Saviour. Here he published his first four sermons, and took, in 1781, his degree of LL.D. He had previously obtained the rectory of Asterby, in Lincolnshire, worth only about 36*l*. per annum, which, however, he soon after resigned, upon being presented with the perpetual curacy of Hatton, with an income of about 100*l*. To the parsonage-house here he removed in 1786, taking with him only a few private pupils; and, although he afterwards exchanged this preferment for the rectory of Waddenhoe, he retained to himself the right of officiating in his old parish. It was at this favourite residence, indeed, as is well known, that he spent the remainder of his days, although, in 1802, the kindness of Sir Francis Burdett presented him to the rectory of Graffham, worth from two to three hundred a year; and his annual income was subsequently still farther augmented, by the produce of the estates belonging to a prebend in St. Paul's, to which he had been appointed in 1789. From this last source alone, he eventually drew a revenue of about 1,600*l*.

The portion of the volume before us, which refers to the events of Dr. Parr's history, subsequently to his settlement at Norwich, is, of course, principally occupied in tracing his career as an author and a politician. The account which is given us of his intercourse with many of the most eminent of the dissenting clergy, is strikingly illustrative of the fearlessness and independence of his character, as well as of his tolerant and enlightened principles; for in those times there was frequently no little obloquy, and even danger, to be encountered, by any man who dared to manifest any extraordinary measure, either of liberality in politics, or charity in religion. The courage and warmth of heart, especially, with which, in the dreadful days of 1791, he stood forward to express his admiration and sympathy for the persecuted Priestley, were alone enough to endear his memory to every lover of freedom. From a variety of anecdotes of his intrepid conduct at this period, we select the following:—

'It happened at this period, that, dining in a public company, Dr. Parr was called upon to drink "Church and King," the watch-word of a party, and the reigning toast of the times. At first he resolutely declined; but the obligation of compliance being urgently pressed upon him, rising at length with firmness and dignity, with a manner of impressive solemnity, and with a voice of powerful energy, he spoke thus:—"I am compelled to drink the toast given from the chair; but I shall do so with my own comment. Well, then, gentlemen—Church and King. Once it was the toast of Jacobites; now it is the toast of incendiaries. It means a church without the gospel, and a king above the law." The wit of this cutting reproof may claim to be admired; but the manly and the noble spirit which dared, at this season of popular fury and phrenzy, to espouse the cause of the persecuted, and to rebuke the insolent triumph of the mad persecutors, demands to be gratefully and fervently applauded.'—p. 309.

The following affecting narrative is much to the honour of Dr. Parr. We give it with as little abridgment as possible, and with it must conclude our extracts:—

'In the course of the year 1794, the mind of Dr. Parr was painfully agitated by the cruel fate of one of his earlier pupils, the richly gifted, the greatly imprudent, but dreadfully injured, Joseph Gerald, to whom he was attached with a fondness truly paternal, and by whom he was beloved with all the sincerity and warmth of filial affection.

'He was a native of the West Indies, where he possessed an estate of 3000*l*. a year; but a large portion of it was consumed in the course of a long litigation in the expensive courts of that country. He was sent to England for his education, and had the good fortune to be placed under the care of the master of Stanmore school. He was a young man of high talents and high attainments, of the nicest feelings of rectitude, and the keenest sense of honour, of firmness never to be shaken, of courage never to be daunted, in what he conceived to be a great or good cause. Unhappily he suffered himself to be hurried into irregularities, which it is neither necessary to palliate, nor possible to excuse. * * *

'Leaving England early in life, he went to America, and practised for some time as an advocate in the courts of Pennsylvania. Fired with the love of liberty, first kindled by his study of Grecian and Roman history and literature, and afterwards reanimated by his residence in the land of republican freedom, he returned to England, and enrolled himself among the bold and ardent patriots, who, about the time of the French Revolution, stood forward in the great cause of political renovation, with more zeal, it must be owned, than discretion; with the greatest purity of intention, no doubt, but with too much theoretical extravagance, and too little practical wisdom. Several of these, of whom Mr. Gerald was one, having met in what they called the convention of the delegates, at Edinburgh, were suddenly apprehended on a charge of sedition, and were successively brought to trial before the High Court of Justiciary.

'Being himself in London at large on bail, when he first heard of the trial and conviction of his associates, he was seriously advised, and earnestly entreated by his reverend tutor, and by other friends, to save himself from a relentless persecution by flight: and they generously offered to indemnify his bail against all pecuniary forfeiture. * * * "He heard my proposal attentively," says Dr. Parr, in the written memorandum of this extraordinary occurrence; "but with no emotion of joy. At first he paused; then, after calmly discussing with me the propriety of the proposal, he peremptorily refused to accede to it, and, finally, after hearing my earnest entreaties, and affectionate remonstrances, closed our conversation in words to the following effect:"—"In any ordinary case," said he, "I should without the smallest hesitation, and with the warmest gratitude, avail myself of your offer. I readily admit, that my associates will not suffer more, because I suffer less. I am inclined to believe with you, that the sense of their own sufferings will be elevated by the knowledge of my escape. But my honour is pledged; and no opportunity for flight, however favourable, no expectation of danger, however alarming, no excuse for consulting my own safety, however plausible, shall induce me to violate that pledge. I gave it to men whom I esteem, and respect, and pity; to men, who, by avowing similar principles, have been brought into similar peril; to men who were confirmed in those principles, and led into that peril by the influence of my own arguments, my own persuasions, and my own example. Under these circumstances, they became partakers of my responsibility to the law; and, therefore, under no circumstances, will I shrink from the participation with them in the rigours of any punishment which that law, as likely to be administered in Scotland, may ordain for us." He uttered the foregoing words emphatically, but not turbulently; and finding him fixedly determined upon returning that night to Scotland, I did not harass his mind by any farther remonstrance. He was very calm before we parted; and I left him under the very strongest impressions of compassion for his sufferings, admiration of his courage, and moral approbation of his delicacy, and his fidelity.

'The trial came on March 3, 1794. The defence of the accused by himself, though an astonishing display of powerful reasoning and glowing eloquence, proved unavailing. A most unrighteous and barbarous sentence of transportation for the term of fourteen years, was pronounced upon him; though it was strongly urged, that such a sentence, to one in his state of declining health, would be equivalent to a sentence of death. * * After remaining more than twelve months immured in the prisons of London, on May 2, 1795, about three in the afternoon, just as he was lying down to take some repose, which his ill health rendered necessary, he was suddenly called out of his apartment, and, without being permitted to return, or to take leave of his infant daughter, the companion of his imprisonment, he was instantly put into a post chaise, conveyed to Gosport, sent on board the Sovereign transport, which was already freighted with its living cargo, and soon afterwards set sail for Botany Bay.

'In this manner, as Dr. Parr often related the story, the ill-fated Gerald was needlessly and barbarously hurried away from the shores of England; and not only personal intercourse with his friends prohibited, but even communication by letter was interdicted. "Struck with amaze and horror at this flagitous conduct, useless in every way to justice, I sat up all night," said Dr. Parr to a friend, "and wrote a letter of six sides to Wyndham. I never wrote any thing before or since so severe. I sent off the letter, to which I never got a reply; but an order was given to allow the communication. Wyndham must have felt that remonstrance, if ever he felt any thing in his life."'—pp. 338—341.

It was the publication of the new edition of *Bellendenus de Statu*, in 1786, which may be said to have first brought Dr. Parr before the world, in the character of a decided party politician. The three books of which the work consists, were severally dedicated, as is well known, to Mr. Burke, Lord North, and Mr. Fox, in highly-flattering inscriptions; and the whole was, besides, introduced by a prefatory disquisition, in which the principles and conduct of his "tria lumina" are defended with great spirit, and in almost unqualified terms, by their anonymous champion, whose name did not, however, remain long concealed; while the measures and characters of their opponents are attacked, at the same time, with an audacity and vehemence of invective, which must assuredly have sounded not a little new and strange, at least to the ears of that classical portion of the public to whom it was especially addressed. The work, in fact, or rather the preface, produced a great sensation; for Bellendenus himself was almost completely forgotten in his eloquent and ardent editor. Nothing, indeed, could be more true than the remark which was afterwards made—that Dr. Parr had, by this effusion, converted the publication into a mere political pamphlet; although there is no reason for supposing, as was alleged, that he had thereby injured its sale. He obtained, on the contrary, undoubtedly, both for himself and his favourite modern classic, a degree of notoriety, by thus mixing up with his obscure treatise the interest of passing events and living names, which no other contrivance could have secured: and even considering the reprint merely as a mercantile speculation, it must have been principally indebted to the preface for whatever success it met with. Its chief effect, however, was upon the fame and fortunes of Dr. Parr himself; who, whatever might be thought of the purity and taste of his Latinity, could not be denied to have, at all events, made good his claims, by this effort, to a very distinguished place as a mere scholar; while the warmth and decision with which he had expressed himself, in reference to the political topics of the day, announced him as a party-man, in the strongest sense of the phrase, and seemed to commit him almost irretrievably to the cause under whose banners he had thus conspicuously enlisted.

Of the three illustrious objects of his panegyric, however, it was Mr. Fox alone to whom he eventually attached himself as his political leader. Even at the time when the preface to Bellendenus first appeared, it was not so much the politician as the man, that he admired in Lord North; and only a few years afterwards, the bond was broken for ever that had united him in political sentiment with Mr. Burke. Of Mr. Fox, he continued to the end of that great man's life, the affectionate and revering adherent; thinking with him on almost every great public question, and evincing, even after his death, the ardour and purity of his attachment, by the two volumes of "Characters" which he dedicated to his memory, under the signature of Philopatris Varvicensis.

Nothing, however, better exemplifies the liberal and amiable tolerance of Dr. Parr, than the frankness with which he was, at all times, ready to admit the general merits, even of those from whom political differences might be supposed to separate him most widely. The manner in which he continued to feel and express himself in reference to Mr. Burke, even after they had ceased to belong to the same party in the state, affords us an admirable illustration of his superiority to all petty and ungenerous jealousies, which, by the bye, we are the rather induced to quote, because we really do not think that Dr. Parr's noble and right-hearted conduct here is at all duly appreciated, or done justice to, by his present biographer. Mr. Field, although, generally speaking, a man of what is called liberal principles, has evidently hardly charity enough to think very highly of any person who is not a Unitarian in religion, and at least a whig, if not a republican, in politics; and genius like that of Burke, besides, is certainly a very great way above his comprehension. It is the Burke, therefore, who spoke and wrote before the French revolution, who alone enjoys any share of his admiration; and he would fain persuade us, that Dr. Parr's feelings too were here as illiberal and narrow-minded as his own. In quoting the eulogy on Mr. Burke, from the preface to Bellendenus, accordingly, he thinks it necessary to apologise for its warmth and cordiality, by informing his readers that it refers only to that distinguished person, as he appeared in the earlier part of his career; following up the remark, by the aid of Virgil's "Quantum mutatus ab illo," with an elaborate exposition of that unpardonable apostacy of his latter days, which ought, very obviously, in Mr. Field's opinion, to consign every thing about him to our abhorrence and contempt. Now this is really hardly quite fair. Mr. Field knew very well, and should have told us, that Mr. Burke continued to the very close of his life to be, in every respect but one, as much the idol of Dr. Parr's admiration as ever; nay, that never did the great scholar render deeper and more enthusiastic homage to the splendid powers of his illustrious contemporary, than while looking to him through that very medium, which, to the feebler optics of Mr. Field, so utterly obscured his greatness. The following is the manner in which Dr. Parr speaks of Mr. Burke and Mr. Wyndham, in the year 1795—only two years, we believe, before Mr. Burke's death. The passage occurs in his controversial pamphlet upon Combe's Horace, and could scarcely have escaped the recollection or notice of Mr. Field, who quotes, for another purpose, the very page in which it is to be found. He is replying to something which had been said about his party-zeal, and thus *proceeds:*

'Large as may be the space which political subjects occupy in my mind, strong as are my attachments and aversions to political men, and warm as are my approbation and disapprobation of political measures, I am not inattentive to *other*, and, perhaps, higher considerations. It is not my fortune to coincide in opinion with Mr. Burke and Mr. Wyndham, upon some of the steps which have lately been taken, and some of the doctrines which have lately been disseminated in this country. But have I forgotten the indisputable and distinguished merits of these great men upon former occasions? or, am I authorised to refuse them the praise of upright intention in their present conduct? Far from it. I *yet* remember that Mr. Wyndham is an acute disputant, an accomplished scholar, a polished gentleman, and a senator of whom I have hoped that he would be, like Abdiel, "among the faithless, faithful found." In Mr. Burke, I have not lost sight of his splendid eloquence, of his numerous and celebrated writings, of knowledge so various and so comprehensive, that imagination cannot assign its limits; and of genius more vigorous, more versatile, and more elevated, than at this day can be found among the enlightened inhabitants of the British empire, and, I had almost said, in the whole circle of the human race.'

Any sympathy, with these eloquent praises, is hardly, to be sure, to be expected from the man who coolly speaks of "Burke's Reflections" as surpassed, even in literary merit and intellectual power, by Tom Paine's "Rights of Man;" but Mr. Field, who inveighs with so much acrimony against Lord Teignmouth, and the Editor of the *Bibliotheca Parriana*, for their concealment of certain religious opinions, which he believes to have been entertained both by Dr. Parr and Sir William Jones, ought not on account of the political sentiments of his late friend, to have descended to any thing like an imitation of the same pious fraud.

Considering the author's long intimacy with Dr. Parr, we are not a little surprised to find in these pages so very rare a sprinkling of anecdote, touching his conversation and private life—or so little, in fact, of any thing that might not have been communicated by a person to whom he had not been known, except as a public character, at all. Mr. Field, however, perhaps reserves all his information upon this head, for his second volume, which, in that case, we hope he will very soon be able to lay before the public.

ART. VIII—*Elements of Rhetoric.* By Richard Whately, D.D. Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford. 8vo. pp. 391. London: Murray. 1828.

THE operation of mind or spirit upon matter, is not more interesting or wonderful than the action of mind upon mind. In neither the one instance nor the other are the objects themselves seen in contact, and, we can only judge of their mutual influence, either by the visibility of the means employed, or the effects following the impulse. Whether there be any conceivable proportion between the essence of a spiritual being, and the matter on which it has to operate—whether in the economy of the universe, in the mysterious harmony of nature, there be a certain balancing of intellectual and material forces, is a question of no slight metaphysical curiosity, but one which admits not of solution. The observation of mind acting upon mind, presents us with a subject of equal interest, and more practical utility. To measure the mental power of different characters, to be able not only to analyse the elements of thought, but examine the living substance out of which it springs, to compare and weigh one mind with another, and estimate their natural relation in strength and vigour, is a science which, however little way it may be proceeded in, is one of the greatest importance to mankind. Whatever enables us to compare power with power, unfolds to us safer and juster principles of conduct; and as all maxims of policy or government, and all speculations on the constitution of society, directly depend on a right estimate of human character in its several combinations, we can only be confident in the correctness of our notions, when we are able to form some estimate of the applicability of certain principles to certain situations, or compare the concentrated power of the few, with the diffused and varying forces of the many. One consequence of success, in such an inquiry as this, would be a knowledge of the true sources of oratory, of its legitimate purposes, and the natural limits of its utility; reason would point out the ridiculous mistakes which artificial systems have propagated respecting it, and we should no longer see attempts at improving the strength of the mind, by making it execute its first work in fetters.

It has never been doubted that there is an original inequality of intellect in different men, or, which for our purpose is the same thing, that there is a considerable difference of susceptibility in the human constitution. There can be as little doubt that minds either naturally stronger, or prepared to become so, will possess, as their natural birth-right, a certain influence over inferior ones, whenever and wherever they may be brought in contact. This appears to have been the original ordinance of nature, and which art must either modify or contradict. In advanced periods of society, it is seldom or never that any original principle of our constitution can have its full and direct operation, or that we are placed in situations precisely adapted to the exercise of our particular powers. As it, therefore, frequently happens that some will have to struggle with obstacles which require a foreign aid to overcome, and others to employ themselves about concerns to which their natural ability is not adapted, it often becomes necessary to invent arts, and lay down rules, by the application of which the difficulties of acting under such circumstances may be diminished, and man made less a creature of accident than he must otherwise become. But necessary as it thus is to meet the difficulties of civil life with artificial contrivances, it is equally necessary to guard against their introduction, where nature is sufficient for the purpose, or where they would only produce a false and dangerous imitation of her workmanship. Art is useful only in its operations or guidance, when it supplies the omissions of nature, not in its attempts to imitate her; and when its proper office is forgotten in the conduct or institutions of social life, in the adjustment of means to their ends, or in the cultivation of the intellect, confusion invariably follows, and the noblest opportunities of good are dissipated or turned to evil. There is no branch of human study to which this reflection is more applicable than to rhetoric, considered as one of the arts of social life; none, the history of which more strongly displays the tendency of the human mind to mistake partial for general utility, or the mischiefs which such a mistake is likely to produce. In every science which regards the improvement of the understanding, a distinction is to be observed between the means employed for its own enlargement merely, and those made use of to guide or direct it in a particular line of action, and in reference to some external object. The former are valuable in themselves, the latter only in proportion to their accidental fitness to produce the desired effect, and to the value of the object sought. Rhetoric cannot pretend to rank with the former, because it only professes to teach the art of persuasion, and borrows its materials from other sciences whenever it attempts to exemplify its principles. Its value, therefore, is to be estimated by that of the purpose it has in view, and its fitness to obtain it. Now it appears to us a subject of great doubt, whether the systematizing the intercourse of men's thoughts, the schooling of the feelings to rise or fall at the watchword of a rule or definition, or the habituating of the inward eye coolly to watch the chances of a certain trick or metaphor's succeeding, be likely to do any thing but cramp the energies of the mind, and damp the noblest of human feelings. There is, as we observed, a natural difference in the strength of men's intellects; and did not the institution of civil society hinder its appearance, it would uniformly produce the results to be expected. Where, however, circumstances are such, that men are enabled to try their powers to the utmost, what, it may be asked, is likely to be the effect of rhetorical studies? We answer, that weak minds will not be made stronger, but will be continually over-rating their powers, and mistaking the dextrous management of rules and artifices for acuteness of thought; that men of plain good sense will confine their useful knowledge, gathered from experience and observation, with subtleties and affectations: and that those of a higher character and genius will either be made dangerous sophists, or lose the free vigour of thought and expression which overflows from their hearts, and bears those of all others with it. We think, therefore, the purpose of rhetoric, as the art of persuasion, of very doubtful utility, because it tends to confine the mind within a system of rules, when its unconfined efforts appear to be more useful to its expansion; and that, while it does not alter the natural distinction between different minds, by elevating and strengthening the weak, it seduces them from employing the means of solid improvement, by at once giving them the shadow for the substance.

It is equally doubtful, we conceive, whether rhetoric contain any rules, which considered in themselves are worth attention, or which are likely to produce the effect promised by the professors of the art. Men of strong intellects and powerful feelings, devoted to a particular object, or excited by extraordinary circumstances, have ever been found to produce the noblest efforts of eloquence; others of similar intellectual character, but cunning, selfish, and treacherous, have with equal constancy employed the subtleties of sophistry to gain their ends; while others, the great mass and multitude of mankind, have ever been swayed and determined in their actions, by these natural senators and dictators of their race. It is from observing the methods of such speakers as these, that the teachers of rhetoric profess to draw their rules; the truth, consequently, of their pretensions, must entirely rest on the power which these rules possess, to make a successful imitation of nature. Let the qualities, now, of the most eloquent and persuasive speakers be examined, and it will be seen how far the art is likely to effect its object. Vigour and clearness of thought, perfect acquaintance with the subject in debate, purity and strength of language, a graceful action, a good delivery, and above all, great fervour of feeling and interest in the subject, are, we believe, the usual properties found in an eloquent speaker, and those which are mentioned as the chief requisites in books on rhetoric. But if this be the case, can it for a moment be supposed, that all the systems the world ever saw, contain any thing but what that proportion of talent would teach a man, without which he could never be a speaker, nor any thing else? And if the catalogue of oratorical essentials might be made out, without the assistance of a master of rhetoric, what else has the system to offer? Can it give what only perseverance and interest can give, a full acquaintance with the subject to be spoken on? can it drive a man into feeling, or raise a natural passion by artificial rules? can it give a good ear, teach gracefulness of gesture, or inspire sensibility of heart? This it is never pretended the system can do. There is not one of the above qualifications, which if present, is not either entirely the gift of nature, or improved by means, which not art but nature dictates; but one which could be ingrafted by teaching, or which, if only imitated, could deceive the least practised audience; and therefore, though we have no sympathy with the fears of the good old politicians who dreaded the overthrow of the state by rhetoricians, we regard the art as in many respects mischievous, and if any rank be given it, as deserving only the lowest place among the different branches of liberal study.

Lightly, however, as we are disposed to consider this science, it cannot be denied, that in former ages, it formed one of the most important pursuits of the greatest and most celebrated men. But it was with this as with the science of general criticism; it arrived at its perfection when the fire upon the altar of genius was spent, and when men were anxious to contrive artificial means to keep it still blazing, or light others from its embers. Aristotle lived in the last days of true Grecian literature, and in an age, when not only the muse, but liberty had veiled herself and fled from his country. Neither the inspiration of poetry nor of patriotism remained, and his was the very mind calculated in such times to rouse a spirit of speculative inquiry, and lead men, after the hurry and glow of national youth had passed away, to the calm and severe pursuit of analytical philosophy, But the labours of Aristotle were those of a weighty mind, and in the experiments of his intellectual alchemy, he made discoveries of more value than any of the definite objects he might profess to have in view. When the different subjects he investigated passed from his to other hands, they became a useless pastime to men of speculative habits. They sought the same objects as their great master, but they had neither the keenness of observation, nor the enlarged capacity of thought which he had, and pursuing a distant and dimly seen truth, they forgot to trace her by the print of her footsteps on their path. To speak only of the rhetoricians who followed Aristotle, they all appear to have mistaken either the extent or capabilities of their art, to have drowned the teachings of nature under a load of precepts and subtle inventions, and to have regarded the mind as a thing to be made and fashioned at the will, and after the prescriptions of their science.

It was not, again, till liberty was losing her height in the scale of Roman fortune, that this art became extensively in vogue in Italy. We neither suppose it to have been dangerous to that country, nor consider it ever to be so in a public point of view; but it is certainly a curious circumstance, that it has ever been found to flourish most in nations where political greatness was on the decline; whose heart was sick with incipient disease, and the manners of whose people were becoming universally corrupt. With regard to Roman literature at the period we are alluding to, we know of few men of taste who are not always ready to complain of its want of freshness, and of its too artificial tone. Of the orators, in particular, who saw the approach and accomplishment of their country's ruin, and who had all the advantages of rhetoric, in the most perfect stage of the art—who amongst them, with the exception of Cicero, appears to have been useful or powerful advocates of truth? With respect to Cicero himself, it may very fairly be doubted, whether he owed near so much to his rhetorical studies, as he himself imagined; or whether, with his elegant and susceptible mind, accomplished and enlarged by every species of human learning, he would not have been a more powerful orator, and, perhaps, a less confined and more original thinker, had he known nothing of the theory of persuasion, or the rules of speaking.

But it is time that we turn to the work on our table, which, coming from a man of high official rank in one of our universities, deserved, we considered, to be examined with some attention in reference to its subject, as well as its contents. We have given our ideas on the nature of the former, and it now remains for us to say a few words on the latter.

Doctor Whately has very judiciously chosen the ground of his reasoning, and by that means obviated many of the objections which might have been drawn against this work, from the nature of rhetoric itself. Rejecting the foolish idea of making the art embrace every species of science, as some of its old professors did, or its even relating to every kind of composition; and yet not confining its application to persuasive speaking merely, he has guarded himself against many of the errors, which either a more extended or narrower view of the subject leads to. In treating of argumentative composition, 'generally and exclusively,' a man like Dr. Whately, could hardly fail of doing much in illustration of logical science, and his work accordingly is full of valuable observations, and philosophical criticism. However the value of his or any previous system may be disputed, in its direct and original purpose, every species of inquiry which lays open the human mind to observation, or gives a clue to the windings and recesses of its mysterious retreats, is intrinsically valuable, and worthy the attention of every thinking man. There are several passages in the work which might be adduced in proof of the soundness of the author's judgment, and of his having given a value to the subject of his work, which it does not naturally possess. The following, on the chances against any supposition being true, is a good specimen of his style and manner of reasoning.

'And here it may be observed, that though the easiest and most popular way of practically refuting the fallacy just mentioned (or, indeed, any fallacy) is, by bringing forward a parallel case, where it leads to a manifest absurdity, a metaphysical objection may still be urged against many cases in which we thus reason from a calculation of chances; an objection not likely, indeed, practically to influence any one, but which may afford the sophist a triumph over those who are unable to find a solution. If it were answered, then, to those who maintain that the universe, which exhibits so many marks of design, might be the work of non-intelligent causes, that no one would believe it possible for such a work as the Iliad, *e. g.* to be produced by a fortuitous shaking together of the letters of the alphabet, the sophist might challenge us to explain why even this last supposition should be regarded as less probable than any other, since the letters of which the Iliad is composed, if shaken together at random, must combine in some form or other; and though the chances are millions of millions to one against that, or any other determinate order, there are precisely as many chances against one as against another, whether more or less regular; and in like manner, astonished as we should be, and convinced of the intervention of artifice, if we saw any one draw out all the cards in a pack in regular sequences, it is demonstrable that the chances are not more against that order, than against any one determinate order we might choose to fix upon. The multitude of the chances, therefore, he would say, against any series of events, does not constitute it improbable, since the like happens to every one every day; *e. g.* a man walking through London streets on his business, meets, accidentally, hundreds of others passing to and fro on their's; and he would not say at the close of the day that any thing improbable had occurred to him; yet it would almost baffle calculation to compute the chances against his meeting precisely those very persons in the order and at the times and places of his meeting each. The paradox thus seemingly established, though few might be practically misled by it, many would be at a loss to solve.

The truth is, that any supposition is justly called improbable, not from the number of chances against it, considered independently, but from the number of chances against it, compared with those which lie against some other supposition. We call the drawing of a prize in the lottery improbable, though there be but five to one against it, because there are more chances of a blank; on the other hand, if any one were cast on a desert island, under circumstances which warranted his believing that the chances were a hundred to one against any one's having been there before him, yet if he found on the sand pebbles so arranged as to form the letters of a man's name, he would not only conclude it probable, but absolutely certain that some human being had been there, because there would be millions of chances against those forms having been produced by the fortuitous action of the waves. So also, in the instance above given, any unmeaning form into which a number of letters might fall, would not be called improbable, countless as the chances are against that particular order, because there are just as many against each one of all other unmeaning forms; but if the letters formed a coherent poem, it would then be called incalculably improbable that this form should have been fortuitous, though the chances against it remain the very same; because there must be much fewer chances against the supposition of its having been the work of design. The probability, in short, of any supposition, is estimated from a comparison with each of its alternatives.'—pp. *53—55.*

We could have well spared all the rhetorical, or what may be strictly called the scientific parts of the work, for a few such specimens of acute reasoning, and we should have been glad had we been able to acquit so good a writer of entire freedom from the quackery and false pretensions of his art. On the whole, however, it is as free from what we consider to be blemishes in its composition, as could be expected; and to those who are believers in the efficacy of any rules of art, in making either orators or writers, it is one of the best and most judicious guides they can choose. Clear in its style, and interesting in the many illustrations of intellectual phenomena which it contains, there are few books in the present day that afford more solid food for the mind: and though we entirely disagree with Dr. Whately, in the value he sets on his art, we can cordially award him the praise of having evinced extensive learning, great practical knowledge of human nature, and much profound reflection.

We do not think the study of rhetoric will ever become popular in England. Oratory, as an art, has never been practised among us; and the national temper and habits of thinking, appear decidedly opposed to its theoretical cultivation. In the former ages of the world, and under different constitutions of society, truth, both moral and political, was more worshipped in the abstract than at present, and there was, consequently, a greater and more frequent opportunity for the exercise of an artificial eloquence. Since then, oratory, as it was said of philosophy, has come down from her heights, and forsaken her retreats, to learn the language of common life, to domesticate herself in the great household of mankind, and draw her topics, her arguments, and her illustrations, from the scenes and occurrences of our daily paths.

ART. IX.—*The Clubs of London; with Anecdotes of their Members, Sketches of Character, and Conversations.* 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

THESE are two very sprightly volumes, on a subject, or rather a variety of subjects, which can hardly fail to yield a pleasant hour to readers of every degree. Of the numberless coteries which once flourished in our vast metropolis, under the designation of clubs, few now exist, at least not on the homely, convivial plan, on which they were first established. A small comfortable room in a favourite tavern, in which good fires, warm dinners, capital port, and genial conversation, were to be enjoyed on stated evenings of the month, formed, some thirty years ago, an attraction sufficient to draw together the best spirits of the time, which rank, or literature, or the professional walks of life could afford. Now the system is altogether altered. Stately palaces must be built, cellars of wines must be purchased, crowds of servants must be engaged, in order to afford homeless individuals the opportunity, not of assembling together, but of dining separately at miniature tables, and swallowing from baby decanters their little modicum of Madeira or claret. Interchange of thought, there is none; the man who would venture to tell an anecdote aloud, would be avoided as a nuisance; and though newspapers, and new books in abundance, furnish ample materials for political remark, and literary criticism, politics and criticism are both condemned by rule, and proscribed in practice.

In this situation of things, it is a great treat for those who were members of the "olden clubs," to be reminded of the characters whom they met, and of the many bright hours which they spent in those delightful circles. To the colder and more formal generations which have since risen upon their ruins, it may be instructive to learn how such things were managed in the last century.

'There was the Kit-Kat, where heroes and patriots, the pride and glory of the realm, soothed their grave and dignified cares, in easy, tranquil communion, within the "warm precincts" of a tavern-parlour. When that club lost its *snugness*, as it did when it became a mere political association, it soon expired.—Then flourished also the Scriblerus-club, where Swift, Harley, Arbuthnot, Pope, Gay, and Craggs the younger, mingled in nightly converse.

'Nearer to our own days, was the club originally held at the Essex-head, where the genius of Samuel Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Windham, and Fox, threw out its milder—its evening radiance, over their easy and unrestrained communications of heart and intellect. *Noctes cœnæque Deorum!* The conversation in this delightful society was always unforced and natural, and ran smoothly and gently along, touching upon every topic that occurred, like Shakspeare's current, "giving a kiss to every stone it overtaketh in its pilgrimage." Even Johnson's growl was softened into something that resembled amenity; and if you examine closely the composition of that club, you will see the felicity of its contexture; and how cunningly its tints were disposed and varied through their several shades and gradations, from the rich and gorgeous glow of such minds as Burke's, to the chastised wit and unambitious pleasantry of Topham Beauclerck, the lettered ease and good sense of Bennet Langton, and then to the excellent individuals, who, though of humbler pretensions, were not stocks or stones, but of shrewd, sterling, understandings; and whose remarks were always listened to with respect and attention. It has been asserted that there was seldom any set discussion amongst them; for, the easy copiousness and discursive range of Burke's conversation brought together so many hints and allusions, as to create a perpetual variety and alternation of discourse. This, indeed, was Burke's theory of conversation, "the perfection of which," he once remarked, "was, not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Æolian harp, to await the inspiration of the 'passing breeze.'"'—vol. i. pp. 10—12.

It is remarkable, that the various attempts which have been recently made to establish literary clubs in the metropolis, have totally failed. Our author is puzzled to account for this fact, and imagines, that it is chiefly to be attributed to the desire which authors have to husband all their good thoughts for their next magazine article, a new novel, or long promised treatise on political economy. This is but a poor solution of the enigma. The true cause of the privacy which men of letters in these days prefer to club meetings, seems to arise from the very great number of those who think themselves authorised to assume that title. Those who shine, or have shone, in the higher departments of literature, are reluctant to be confounded with the mass of wretched pretenders, with whom the town abounds. Every tradesman's clerk who has succeeded in getting an extravagant tale, or a few limping verses inserted in a magazine, thinks himself equal to Sir W. Scott, or Thomas Moore, and if he happen to be thrown into their company, he would undoubtedly use as little ceremony in addressing them, as Leigh Hunt adopted, when he "my deared," Lord Byron. Another cause is, that the higher race of intellectual men are now deemed fair game for all that tribe of writers, who live by furnishing to periodical works, sketches of society, and anecdotes of distinguished persons. Their figures, their countenances, their dresses, their manners, their very words, are all noted down; their little jest is magnified into an anecdote; their careless remark is put forth to the world with as much solemnity of phrase, as if it had been maturely elaborated. Such men are safe nowhere but at home, within the sanctuary of their own fire-sides, and even this we have seen sometimes violated by self-styled literati, in the most indelicate manner.

We know not, but that the author of the work before us, has in some measure rendered himself liable to this charge, for in days of which he treats, the club-room was as sacred as a private parlour. But to do him justice, he dwells much more upon details connected with the dead than the living, and of such details he has preserved, or rather, perhaps, compiled from other sources, some of the most characteristic that has yet appeared.

His history of 'fighting Fitzgerald,' as he was commonly called in his time, is a most extraordinary piece of biography, and we have no doubt that it is correct in all its essential particulars. It comes legitimately within the compass of the work, as that unfortunate madman literally forced himself into some of the clubs of London. As much, however, cannot be said for the greater part of the first volume, which is composed of anecdotes and sketches of persons who never had the slightest connexion with any of those institutions. For instance, what have the chapters about the Irish peasantry to do with the clubs of London? What the Brighton oddity? Or Delpini, the clown of Covent-garden? Nothing whatever, that we know of; and yet the story of the stage-fright which occurred to the latter is so amusing, that we cannot withhold it from the reader.

'Many anecdotes are told of this celebrated master of posture and grimace, but none exhibit his *eccentricity and selfishness* (a combination, by the by, generally found in the characters of too many foreign *artistes* of the Theatre and Opera) in a more ludicrous point of view than the following, which was one evening related at Brookes's by Mr. Sheridan, when the Prince and Duke of York, who knew Delpini well, were present.

'It should be premised, that several members of the Royal Family, and particularly the Prince of Wales, had pressed Sheridan to procure the insertion of Delpini's name in the books of the *Theatrical Fund*, in order to secure a provision for his old age. Mr. Sheridan did all in his power to promote the object in question; but one grand difficulty was started in the course of the negociation, which even his influence could not well remove:—this was, that as Mr. Delpini was merely a clown, he could not be admitted; for, the laws of the society forbade relief to any but such as were accustomed to *speak* on the stage. A remedy, however, was at length suggested, viz.: that a few words should be written in the forthcoming pantomime, for Delpini to repeat; and thus he was to rank among the Garricks and the Kembles of the day.

'The words in question were only *three* in number; and they were to be uttered by Delpini in the character of a Magician, at the instant that Harlequin and Columbine were in the act of embracing: they were—"*Pluck them asunder!*"

'Big with the expectation of his pension, but more so with the importance of his new character, Delpini repeated the above short sentence on every occasion, for several weeks, and with every possible variety of accent and intonation. There was not a performer in the Theatre whom he did not apply to, to hear him rehearse his part; so that, at length, every one voted him a complete *bore*.

'The gentleman whose applause he was most anxious of obtaining was Mr. Kemble; and, whenever he met him behind the scenes, in the passages, or in the Green-room, he caught hold of him by the arm or by a button, and held him fast, until he had repeated the *important words* with suitable gesture and action. One night, as Kemble was standing beside the wing, helmeted and buskined as Coriolanus, and, with truncheon in hand, preparing to lead the Volsci forth to battle, Delpini made his appearance, and thus addressed the Roman hero:

'"Mistare Kembel, I am ver glad I av found you, Sare: you sal see me rehearsal my part."

'"Not now," answered Kemble, "it is impossible, Mr. Delpini; do you not see that I am just going on the stage?"

'"But," persisted the grimacier, "I sal not detain you, Sare, un moment; you sal see dat I prononce mon charactere, proprement; vith de propere emphasis on de last voard."

'"Well, well!" replied Kemble, pettishly; "begin, begin:—I must go on the stage directly."

'"I sal not detain you, Sare," returned Delpini, as he leaned on his right leg, and threw out his arm at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then, infusing into his countenance all the imitative rage which it was capable of expressing, he bellowed out, "Plock dem asson*dere!*"

'Poor Kemble, the muscles of whose face had been screwed up to the most heroic pitch, felt his risible chord so tickled by Delpini's ludicrous pronunciation and manner, that, at that instant receiving his cue of entrance, he was forced to turn his head aside from the audience, for nearly a minute, before he could address his troops without laughing.

'At length, the awful, important, and ominous night arrived when Mr. Delpini was to make his *debut* as a *speaking* actor. To those who are acquainted with the nature of what is, among theatrical people, termed *stage fright*, the writer need not state, that, however perfectly a young actor may be able to repeat his part by rote, in his own apartment, or at rehearsal; there is a *something*, when he comes before the audience, in all the blaze of dazzling light reflected upon his person, that strikes him with terror, binds up his tongue, deprives him of memory, scatters his senses, and roots him to the spot, as if he were in a state of fascination: or, to speak in theatrical terms, "he is stuck fast."

'Such was the case with poor Delpini: he had repeated his little part until he had almost forgotten it, for it had left no impression upon his mind; and his extreme anxiety destroyed even the little chance there was of his recollecting it in the time of need. He had spoken the words at least ten thousand times; he had repeated them sitting, standing, walking, lying; he had rehearsed them to all sorts of persons, and on all occasions, both at home and abroad; he had given them every variety of form, accent, and emphasis, of which they were capable—but, when the hour of trial came, he was found wanting.

'The performers had crowded around, all anxious for his success, and all ready to prompt him; but, as Solomon says, "in the multitude of advisers the council faileth," so it turned out on the present occasion. Columbine had flown to her faithful lover, and locked him in her fast embrace: the magician's wand was raised aloft to command their separation; but—no words accompanied the action. *Delpini was stuck fast!* Voices from every side cried out, "Now, Delpini, now's your time!—fire away, my hearty!—speak, man!—why don't you speak?" But the magician was, himself, in a state of enchantment;—he was immoveable;—until the prompter's voice was heard above the rest, saying, "Pluck them asunder!" These words shot across his brain like a flash of lightning; he recovered from his trance, and repeating his action with the wand, he roared out "*Masson*DERE—*plock et!*"

'This ludicrous termination of his *arduous labours* made the theatre echo with laughter, both behind and before the curtain; and poor Delpini retired behind the scenes, in a state of the most complete discomfiture. Being a little recovered, however, he said to several of the performers who came up to condole with him, their sides shaking with laughter, "Nevere mind, ladies and gentlemens: dose may laugh dat lose; I av win, and sal laugh to myself.—I av gain de pension, by Gar! and I care noting at all for nobody."'—vol. i., pp. 80—86.

One of the most celebrated of the old London clubs, which yet lingers in existence, is "The Beef-steak Club." It was founded in 1735, by Rich, of Covent-garden, of pantomimic celebrity. He paid great attention to the mechanism by which the metamorphoses of the entertainment were produced, and, in order to have them executed with the greatest precision, he usually painted in paste-board the changes which were afterwards exhibited on the stage. His room in the theatre was much frequented by noble and other loungers, while he was thus employed.

'Every one seemed anxious to be admitted, to see him at his interesting labours. Amongst these were several men of rank and wit; for Rich's colloquial oddities were much relished. The celebrated Lord Peterborough, then somewhat advanced in years, Hogarth, Sir James Thornhill, &c. &c. were of the number. At these visits, he never intermitted his labours, nor his strain of facetious remark. Upon one occasion, accident having detained the earl's coach later than usual, he found Rich's chit-chat so agreeable, that he was quite unconscious that it was two in the afternoon; when he observed the man of pantomime spreading a cloth, then coaxing his fire into a clear culinary flame, and proceeding with great gravity to cook his own beef-steak on his own gridiron. The steak sent up a most inviting incense, and my lord could not resist Rich's invitation to partake of it. A further supply was sent for; and a bottle or two of excellent wine from a neighbouring tavern, prolonged their discourse to a late hour. But so delighted was the old peer with his entertainment, that, on going away, he proposed renewing it at the same place and hour on the Saturday following. He was punctual to his engagement, and brought with him three or four friends, " men of wit and pleasure about town," as Mr. Bayes would call them: and so truly festive was the meeting, that it was proposed that a Saturday's club should be held there, whilst the town remained full.

' A sumptuary law, even at this early period of the society, restricted the bill of fare to beef-steaks, and the beverage to port wine and punch.'—pp. 10—11.

' Of the earliest members of this club, no one,' says our author, ' was more distinguished for the brilliancy of his parts, and for the variety and sweetness of his conversation, than Sir Peere Williams.' He had given several proofs of great parliamentary talents. He fell, while yet a youth, at the siege of Belleisle, whither he had gone as a volunteer, in consequence of a hopeless attachment. Lord Sandwich, Wilkes, Bonnel Thornton, Arthur Murphy, Churchill, and Tickell, were all members of the club, and they were succeeded by the present king, then prince of Wales, the late duke of Norfolk, one of its most celebrated members, Charles Morris, and others, ' the *delecta Danaum*, the pride and flower of modern London.' Our author gives the following account of one of the club meetings, about the year 1799:—

' I do not recollect all who were present on that day, but I remarked particularly John Kemble, Cobb of the India House, His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Sir John Cox Hippisley, Charles Morris, Ferguson of Aberdeen, and his Grace of Norfolk. This nobleman took the chair when the cloth was removed. It is a place of dignity, elevated some steps above the table, and decorated with the various insignia of the society; amongst which was suspended the identical small cocked hat in which Garrick used to play the part of Ranger. As soon as the clock strikes five, a curtain draws up, discovering the kitchen, in which the cooks are dimly seen plying their several offices, through a sort of grating, with this appropriate motto from Macbeth inscribed over it:—

' " IF IT WERE DONE, WHEN 'TIS DONE, THEN 'TWERE WELL
IT WERE DONE QUICKLY."

' But the steaks themselves;—they were of the highest order, and I can never forget the good will with which they were devoured. In this respect no one surpassed the Duke of Norfolk. He was *totus in illis*. Eyes, hands, mouth, were all intensely exercised; not a faculty played the deserter. His appetite literally grew by what it fed on. Two or three succeeding steaks, fragrant from the gridiron, rapidly vanished. In my simplicity, I thought that his labours were over. I was deceived, for I observed him rubbing a clean plate with a shalot, to prepare it for the reception of another.

' A pause of ten minutes ensued, and his Grace rested upon his knife and fork; but it was only a pause, and I found that there was a good reason for it. Like the epic, a rump of beef has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The palate of an experienced beef-steaker can discern all its progressive varieties, from the first cut to the last; and he is a mere tyro at the business, who does not know, that towards the middle there lurks a fifth essence, the perfect ideal of tenderness and flavour. Epicurism itself, in its fanciful combinations of culinary excellence, never dreamed of any thing surpassing it. For this cut, the Duke had wisely tarried, and for this he re-collected his forces. At last he desisted, but more I thought from fatigue than satiety; *lassatus, non satiatus.* I need not hint, that powerful irrigations of port encouraged and relieved at intervals the organs engaged in this severe duty.'—vol. ii., pp. 27—29.

'Charles Morris, the bard of the Club, sung one or two excellent songs, of his own composition, the very essence of convivial mirth and fancy; and, at nine o'clock, the Duke of Norfolk quitted the chair, and Sir John Hippisley was called to that unenviable dignity. Poor man, he had a terrible time of it. A storm of "arrowy sleet and iron shower" whistled from all points in his ears. All the rules of civilized warfare seemed to have been suspended; even the new members tried their first timid essays upon the Baronet. It consoled me, however, to hear that no man was more prompt to attack others than Sir John. He was evidently disconcerted, but he sustained it with great patience.'—vol. ii., pp. 31, 32.

The club at present holds its meetings in a room prepared for it at Mr. Arnold's theatre. We must present it to the reader in its modern shape:—

'It has, no doubt, somewhat declined from the era when Wilkes, Lord Sandwich, Thornton, the elder Colman, Leonidas Glover, and Churchill, assembled at its board. But even at that Augustan period, its present character was quaintly sketched by Tom Warton, who travelled from Oxford merely to pass one day there. That best-natured and drollest of beings, being asked how he liked it, replied, "Very much, my boys! You are all to my mind. I know not how to describe you, but you seem to belong to the tribe of the Οι δονι καρε αδαμμοι (Hoi don't care a dammoi)." The don't-care-a-d—n feeling still exists unquenchably among us; a freedom which, by mutual convention, is permitted to press closely on the limits of good breeding, but never to over-leap them.'—vol. ii., pp. 39, 40.

'I wish that I could worthily commemorate an illustrious member of the Sublime Society, then most assiduous in his attendance. But let me not injure the likeness, by colours too faint, and a pencil too timid to pourtray him; else I might endeavour to sketch the kind, the benevolent, and unaffected virtues of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. And why should I echo that "whereof all England rings from side to side?" No man enters more cordially into the humour of the Club, the equality of its spirit, or its sharp but innocent encounters. Nor do I believe, that what is due to him as a prince and a gentleman, was ever overlooked in that Club, even in the most unrestrained moment of mirth. On his part, so true, so inbred is his own sense of dignity, that never by a look, or a supercilious retiring within himself, did he check the current of its honest gladness; but on the contrary, he gave it fresh life and saliency as it ran murmuring by him.'—vol. ii., pp. 44, 45.

We must add the sketch of another distinguished member of the club.

'There reigns in the Beef-Steaks, as I have hinted already, a brotherhood, a sentiment of equality. How you would laugh to see the junior member emerging from the cellar, with half-a-dozen bottles in a basket! I have seen Brougham employed in this honourable diplomacy, and executing it with the correctness of a butler. The Duke of Leinster, in his turn, took the same duty. With regard to Brougham, at first sight you would not set him down as having a natural and prompt alacrity for the style of humour that prevails amongst us. But Brougham is an excellent member, and it is a remarkable instance of the peculiar influences of this peculiar Society on the human character. We took him just as the schools of philosophy, the bar, the senate had made him. Literary, forensic, and parliamentary habits are most intractable materials, you will say, to make a member of the Beef-Steaks. Yet no man has imbibed more of its spirit, and he enters into its occasional gladiatorship with the greatest glee.'—vol. ii., pp. 51, 52.

The only other club of importance, of which our author gives any account, is that called "The King of Clubs." Though frequented for some time by several of the most eminent men, still living, and of others recently deceased, it seems, upon the whole, to have been a dull affair. The truth is, that these meetings have gone out of fashion, and if any thing could tend to raise them, it would only be such a pleasant history of their proceedings and members, as that which we have now sufficiently introduced to the reader. It is the work, we are told, of a Mr. Marsh; and, it must be owned, that he has evinced in every page of it, a spirit of humour and conviviality, and a talent for club gossip, which peculiarly enabled him to do justice to his light and laughing theme.

ART. X.—*Refutation des Accusations injurieuses hasardées par son Altesse Sérénissime le Duc Regnant de Brunswick contre son auguste Tuteur et contre les Personnes chargées de l'Administration de ses Etats et de l'Education du Duc durant sa Minorité.* (Not published.)

AFTER the heroic death of the late reigning Duke William, of Brunswick, at the battle of Quatre Bras, in June, 1815, his Majesty, the king of Great Britain, found himself invested with the guardianship of his two sons, the Prince Charles, the present sovereign of Brunswick, and his brother, the Prince William. The guardianship legally devolved on his Majesty, not only as being the nearest relation by the father's side (*agnatus*), but also by the tenor of the duke's will, and of instructions given to his privy council, in setting out for the war, in May, 1815. By a codicil of 5th May, 1813, the late duke appointed the earl of Liverpool, Mr. Canning, and his excellency the Count Münster, his trustees, and expressed a wish that the last-named nobleman would more especially take upon himself the care of his affairs in Germany. In compliance with this wish, among other motives, his Majesty (then (Prince Regent) was induced, instead of placing the management of the guardianship of the duke and the regency of the duchy under the government of Hanover, to establish a direct communication between the privy council of Brunswick and Count Münster, as Hanoverian cabinet minister in England, near the person of his Majesty. The administration of Brunswick was composed, at the death of the duke, of two able and respectable privy councillors, M. de Schmidt-Phiseldeck and M. de Schleinitz; and, at the instance of these gentlemen, a nobleman of distinction (the Count de Schulenburg-Wolfsburg) was, on the duke's decease, named minister of state, for the purpose of occupying, with appropriate dignity and responsibility, the post of ostensible minister during the period of minority. On his death, in 1818, this nobleman was succeeded, as first minister of state, by the Count d'Alvensleben. Under the direction of this council, and the constant and disinterested superintendence of the Count Münster, guided by the paternal cares of his Majesty, the tutelary government of Brunswick proceeded till the period when the Duke acceded to the sovereignty.

At the death of their father, the princes were in their tenth and eleventh years. At a very early period the Duke Charles displayed impatience of the advice and control of the governors appointed by his royal guardian, and directed his thoughts to accelerating the full enjoyment of his sovereign rights. In Brunswick, also, it became naturally a question of interest when the young sovereign was to reign; and his Serene Highness was not without insidious advisers, who concurred with his own inclinations, in suggesting to him, that, according to the family laws of the House of Brunswick, his minority must cease at the early age of eighteen. While the duke's disposition, and the advice of ill-chosen counsellors thus urged him to claim the earliest possible moment for commencing his reign, the unsatisfactory progress of his education, and the unpromising indications of his own character, were such as to occasion serious doubts in those interested in his welfare, whether, consistently with the safety of the duchy and its subjects, the reins of government could securely be entrusted to his serene highness, at a period of life so immature and so inexperienced. After much deliberation, and after taking the advice of his august allies, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, in the manner which will appear presently, the Duke's royal guardian determined to resign to him the government, on his completion of his nineteenth year; and accordingly, on the 30th October, 1823, when that period arrived, the Duke entered on the full exercise of his sovereignty. It soon became but too evident that his Serene Highness's eagerness for independence was induced by no desire personally to discharge the arduous duties of a sovereign. The government for some little time continued in the same train as during the regency. The Count Alvensleben and M. de Schmidt having expressed opinions adverse to the Duke's claim to reign at the age of eighteen, foresaw that his highness's disposition would render it difficult for them to remain long in his service with advantage. The former accordingly retired—while the latter respectable minister, being without private fortune, consented, at the instance of his Majesty, to remain at the head of the affairs of the duchy, on his Majesty's promising to receive him into the service of Hanover, in case he found he could no longer remain in that of the Duke. His Serene Highness, after his accession, was absent for long periods from Brunswick; he spent some time in England, during which he uttered no open complaints as to the regency of his Majesty.

In June, 1826, M. de Schmidt, finding that, according to his anticipations, the Duke's conduct rendered it impossible for him any longer to retain his post as minister, applied to his Majesty to receive him into his service, and demanded his dismissal of the Duke; at the same time, frankly stating the promise he had received from the King of Great Britain. The Duke, doubtless, considering that his retirement would convey to the world a censure on his Serene Highness's government, manifested the highest displeasure at this minister's proposal; he deprived him of three-fifths of his emoluments, and called on him to render an account of his administration. M. de Schmidt's accounts and reports had, as will presently be seen, been rendered in detail on the Duke's accession, and no ground of accusation or suspicion could be found against this gentleman. The government of Brunswick then made the extraordinary demand to that of Hanover, that M. de Schmidt should not be received into the Hanoverian service; while the latter government could discover no ground for retracting a promise, made solely to induce a useful minister to devote himself, against his inclination and his interest, to the service of the Duke. These proceedings of his Serene Highness excited much attention in Germany. The court of Austria was called upon to use its amicable offices to induce the Duke to desist from conduct derogatory to his character and rank. The Duke's irritation was increased. M. de Schmidt, at the instance of his friends, consulted his safety in repairing to Hanover; and the manner in which the Duke subsequently persecuted his family and himself, evinced the necessity for the step. A commission, composed for the purpose, and headed by Mr. Hurlebuch, was named, to try him, and an officer, despatched to Hanover, summoned him to appear.

His Majesty, seeing this worthy servant of state thus persecuted, deemed it incumbent on him no longer to delay according him his royal protection, and receiving him at Hanover. This just proceeding exasperated the Duke beyond all bounds. His Serene Highness had the indiscretion and the cruelty to issue a warrant for M. de Schmidt's arrest, calling on all foreign authorities to give effect to it, and adding to the document a *steck-brief*, hand-bill, or description of M. de Schmidt's person, according to the form used in proceeding against criminals charged on undoubted suspicion of atrocious crimes, but never resorted to against the meanest individual whose domicile is known. The government of Brunswick, though informed officially of his Majesty's protection of M. de Schmidt, had the hardihood to apply to the government of Hanover to insert this mandate and *signalement* in the Hanover journals—an application, of course, refused at Hanover, as it was at Hamburg, at Cassel, and in other states. By mere inadvertence it found admission into the gazette at Berlin. The King of Prussia, on seeing it, ordered his Minister of the Interior immediately to publish a formal disavowal of the insertion, and by commanding the police to abstain from similar publications against M. de Schmidt, 'since he was known at Berlin for a respectable man,' conveyed the severest rebuke on the unwarranted persecutions of the Duke of Brunswick. M. de Schmidt being thus placed beyond the reach of the Duke's vengeance, his Serene Highness dared to give vent to his resentment in a solemn act of state (dated the 10th of May, 1827), impeaching the measures of the tutelary government of his Majesty, and declaring the prolongation of that government beyond the periods of the Duke's attaining eighteen as illegal.

The appearance of this ill-advised edict, especially when connected with the previous and accompanying conduct of the Duke, could not but excite the highest displeasure in his Majesty, and the just indignation of the sovereigns of Germany. On the 9th of June, 1827, his Majesty's Hanoverian government, in consequence, published a notice, in which it was stated that 'with respect to this duration of his guardianship, his Majesty was guided by the deliberate advice of the first officers of state and experienced officers of Brunswick, and acted in perfect unison with the courts of Austria and Prussia, whose friendly advices his Majesty requested on the subject; and that his Majesty would reserve to himself to take such steps with regard to the above proclamation as his dignity demanded.'

His Serene Highness soon afterwards assumed the character of an author, and put forth a pamphlet on the subject of his grievances, which he transmitted to the various courts on the continent, and to Princes of the blood, and other distinguished individuals in England, accompanied, in some instances, by notes, containing personal attacks on the Count Münster, and the other persons officially acting under the tutelar government of his Majesty. The perspicuous and curious document at the head of this article, is drawn up by his excellency the Count Münster, in refutation of the slanders levelled at himself, and even affecting the personal arrangements made by his royal master, in his capacity of guardian. The quarter from which this little work is entrusted to us, leaves no question as to the accuracy of its details and the authenticity of its singular contents.

1st. The first charge put forth by the Duke against the King's government, is no less than that of wilfully misconducting his education. The Duke complains loudly of 'being kept by careful management in a state of juvenile inexperience,' and says—

'In examining the conduct of privy counsellor Schmidt Phiseldeck, the physical and moral education of his Serene Highness deserves especial attention, and in this M. de Schmidt, in concert with the Count Münster, must be looked on as the acting principle. It is unfortunately too well known with what little consideration and how unworthily his Serene Highness was treated by his tutor Eigner, and at a later period by M. de Linsingen, and how much the course they followed was in contradiction to all that was requisite for the moral and liberal education of a future sovereign. His Serene Highness had a thousand opportunities of feeling how desirous these gentlemen were to *intimidate him, according to their instructions*, to thwart every wish, and destroy every sign of spirit, with a view of making his Highness a willing prisoner for the remainder of his life, and preparing him to be treated as a mere machine. It seems as difficult to credit, as it is undoubtedly true, that these tormentors would scarcely allow his Serene Highness to go two steps from one room to another, or into the garden, without leave, until his eighteenth year; that his Highness dared not eat, read, or employ himself in any way without their especial permission; and that undeserved mortifications and reproaches began in the morning and ended only with the night—not an interval being allowed of rest and comfort.'

Into the details of the Duke's perpetual misunderstandings with his governors, which occasioned more than one change of most approved and respectable individuals, and created difficulties in procuring gentlemen of character to supply the vacancy, the Count Münster, notwithstanding the provocations received from the Duke, abstains, with a becoming delicacy, to enter. But the statements and documents which he puts forth, abundantly evince the anxious care with which his Majesty and his servants selected the individuals appointed, and watched from first to last, over the plan and course of the education of the illustrious wards. At the death of the Duke's father, in June, 1815, the governors appointed by him naturally were left to remain with the young princes; and only a few months after the Duke's decease, his Majesty, with a wise and affectionate care, accomplished the desirable object of providing a domestic home for the princes, by engaging their aunt, the hereditary Princess of Brunswick (a widow, and Princess of Orange by birth), to quit Holland and settle at Brunswick.

In 1819, the respectable clergyman of the church of England who had conducted the princes' education, retired, and it became important to appoint, as their governor, some gentleman of intelligence and knowledge of the world, who might form their character and manners. His Majesty's choice, after mature consideration, fell on M. le Baron de Linsingen, a gentleman who had filled important diplomatic offices, and was well known for his respectable character and amiable qualities. As the princes advanced in years it was deemed desirable to remove them from Brunswick, where they saw, in all around them, their future subjects and dependents—and his Majesty determined on their residing for some time at Lausanne. The attentions with which their serene highnesses were received in that country are known to all travellers who visited it during their stay, while many had opportunities of observing the care and vigilant attention with which their education was directed by the governors and tutors attending them. The reports of M. de Linsingen on the progress of his pupils were not such as to satisfy the inquiries of their royal guardian. The Duke Charles appears to have neglected his studies, to have profited little by opportunities of improvement, and to have shown dispositions as to the choice of his associates not suitable to his name and rank. These unpromising symptoms called forth from his Majesty the most affectionate admonitions; but without the effect which might have been hoped on the mind of the Duke Charles. M. de Linsingen's keen disappointment at the ill success of his assiduous exertions for the Duke's improvement, occasioned an illness which even endangered his life; and his Majesty perceiving, from the complaints received alike from his wards and their governors, that it was necessary to release the former from a task which appeared unavailing and hopeless, appointed Colonel Baron de Dörnberg to supply his place.

Previously to his Serene Highness's proceeding, according to his Majesty's next arrangement, to Vienna, his Majesty had specially claimed the protection and good offices of the Emperor of Austria for his nephew; and from a letter from the Prince Metternich to the Count Münster, in August, 1822, it appears with what zeal the Emperor and his prime minister exerted themselves to render the abode of the Duke in his capital at once profitable and agreeable. At the request of the King, the Emperor selected an officer of merit and of unquestionable morals, to attend personally on his Serene Highness, and do the honours of the city.

After a series of conduct, exhibiting such watchful interest and affectionate superintendence, on the part of his Majesty and of those whom he employed, we confess we are at a loss to know how care, and zeal, and paternal affection, could have been displayed in such a manner as to produce their appropriate and natural impressions on the feelings of his Serene Highness.

2d. But the principal ground of the Duke's objurgations was the prolongation of the tutelary government till he attained the age of nineteen years. In his pamphlet his Serene Highness says,

> 'The Duke had indeed been informed, from his earliest youth, that, according to a fundamental law of the country, he should be of age on the completion of his eighteenth year. By what right then could so sudden and unexpected a change be made? The answer is easy—only by the right of the stronger.'

We should have before observed that his Majesty 'had ordered a minute inquiry into the question at what time, according to the laws and compacts of the family, his Serene Highness ought to be considered of age.' The result of that inquiry is now before us, in a learned German note on the subject, by the Count Alvensleben; and in the observations of a celebrated German diplomatist, in the appendix to the Count Münster's 'Refutation,' both which curious, historical, and juridical investigations, as well as his father's testamentary dispositions, were shown and explained to the Duke during his minority; and we confess that it appears to us—1st, that although there are early instances of the Dukes, under special and peculiar circumstances, entering on the throne at the age of eighteen, and though that age is mentioned in the questionable clause in a document of 1535, as the age when the princes might confirm that treaty, still that the more modern, more numerous, more authoritative, and more applicable instances show, that a later period (though not one definitely fixed) was considered in the family as the proper period of life for the princes being admitted to the succession. And, 2d, that, however the question might stand, independently of express testamentary provisions, it appears pre-eminently clear, that it has always been considered competent to the Dukes, to make provision by will as to the duration of the minority of their sons. The Duke of Brunswick, indeed, obviously felt the necessity of proving his claims to be consistent with the terms of his father's testamentary acts; and, accordingly, after charging the Count Alvensleben with sending him an extract, keeping back the important passages of the will, he proceeds—

> 'His Serene Highness at length, after repeated and pressing applications, obtained an extract from the will, which could be made some use of, from which he learnt that Duke Frederick William had fixed the completion of the education of the future sovereign from his sixteenth to his twentieth year. From the consciousness which his Serene Highness felt of his powers, all the pains taken having failed to suppress them, he might reasonably have considered himself as of age at sixteen years, conformably to his father's will. His Serene Highness, however, with no small self-command, formed the resolution of looking upon his eighteenth year as the period of his majority, being not only the medium between the periods specified in the will, but also in accordance with what had been represented to him as the law of Brunswick.'

The testamentary dispositions of the Duke's father on this point are as follows:—By a will, in German, dated the 5th of May, 1813, the Duke provided—

> 'If political circumstances permit that my children, in order to terminate their first education, in respect to which I speak of their attaining their sixteenth to their twentieth years, can be established in Germany, I desire that they shall be sent thither, in order that they may learn to know the manners, usages, and laws of their native country, as well as their rights as princes, in order that they may terminate their education under the exclusive superintendence of my mother-in-law, the Dowager Margravine of Baden.'*

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* The original is in German.

Though the terms of this disposition are far from being unambiguous, yet the construction of the Duke, that they rendered him *de jure* of age at sixteen, or even at eighteen, seems to be utterly irreconcileable with their spirit and meaning. It is difficult to understand how his Highness was to be reigning over his duchy of Brunswick and principality of Blankenburg, at a time when his father had directed he should be under the "exclusive superintendence" of his illustrious grandmother. The Duke, at the end of his will, provided, that if he changed its dispositions by any paper under his signature, it should be considered as incorporated in the will. When the face of political affairs was changed in Germany, and the Duke was leaving England to take possession of his hereditary states, he signed, on the 2d of November, 1813, on setting out from London, the following document:

> 'Being about to depart from England, I have given, granted, and disposed of unto his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, *the custody and tuition* of my two sons Charles and William, and the management of their lands and personal estates for and during such time I shall remain absent from England, in case my two sons shall so long remain under the age of twenty-one years, entreating his R. H.'s attention to such recommendations as I have already made or may hereafter make.'

Though this paper appears to have been signed rather with reference to a probable absence of some time from England, than strictly as a testamentary disposition, providing for the guardianship of the Duke's sons in the event of his death, yet it shows his clear intention that, in case of long absence, his sons should only be considered as major at twenty-one; and it, at the same time, confirms his previous disposition, one of which, we have seen, extending the period of their education to the age of twenty. As the paper was also signed after the enemy had, in fact, evacuated the Duke's principality, and as it mentions 'lands,' of which the princes possessed none in England, it is clear that his Serene Highness had in contemplation the possessions in Germany, to which the princes were, or might become, entitled. On the whole, it appears to us, therefore, that the two papers amount to an implied declaration of the Duke's intent, that his sons should not be considered as major till twenty-one, and that these instruments accordingly would be sufficient to exclude the operation of the law of Brunswick, even supposing it were clear—as we think it is not—that the rule of that law limited the minority to the eighteenth year.

In this state of circumstances, his Majesty, in deciding this momentous question, felt himself bound to act at once in consistency with the laws of Brunswick, the dispositions of the late Duke, and with a careful regard to the interests of the subjects of Brunswick, and the welfare of the young Prince. This duty was rendered the more critical by the interest excited by the question in Germany, and by the symptoms of the Duke's character, and the unsatisfactory results of his education, to which we have above alluded. With a view of forming a personal judgment, the King graciously invited his Serene Highness to Hanover, when his Majesty visited that kingdom in 1821. The evidence afforded by the interview, was by no means calculated to remove the anxiety felt, or to produce a favourable impression on the illustrious persons who surrounded the King at that period. At the same time his Majesty was pressed by remonstrances, praying him to remove all doubts, by declaring the Duke major at the age of twenty-one. In this dilemma, the King resorted to the advice of his allies, the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria. At the desire of the former, the matter was referred solely to the latter. The Count Münster, having communicated with the Prince de Metternich on the matter, received, in reply, the following just and considerate letter*.

‘ “ Sir,—It is with real pleasure that I have hastened to lay before H. M. the Emperor, the subject so very important in many respects, of which your excellency, in your respected letter of the 5th inst. has been pleased to give a confidential and detailed communication. I have now been charged to request your excellency to express to H. M. the King, in the name of my most gracious master, the grateful acknowledgments of this new proof of a highly-valued confidence, and at the same time to inform H. M. the King, of the views of H. M. the Emperor, respecting the offered question of the continuance of the regency in the duchy of Brunswick, as the result of the most mature consideration, and the most lively interest, and which, in conformity with the confidence placed in him, are developed here with the utmost candour and frankness.

‘ “ The Emperor thinks that, in this affair, it is necessary for the true interest of his exalted ally to consider but one point of view as predominant, and all others as subordinate to this, *viz.* that in the eyes of the world, even the most distant appearance of an infringement of the rights and claims of the young Duke Charles should be most carefully avoided, and thereby every reproach of an arbitrary proceeding, or of private interest on the part of the Hanoverian guardianship, shall be rendered powerless.

‘ “ It needs, indeed, no arguments to shew, how essential such considerations have become in our greatly agitated time, when active party spirit greedily seizes upon every flimsy thread, in order to fasten upon it its complaints against the present order of things, and to make use of misunderstandings among governments for its own criminal ends; and how important, therefore, it is for every government, especially in cases like this, in which legal titles are to be considered, to preserve the most correct line possible.

‘ “ ‘ Having advanced this observation, the justice of which H. M. the King will no doubt acknowledge as a necessary premise, the point is now to consider the principal topics which bear a decided influence on the solution of the question, whether the still minor Duke Charles can, when he has attained his eighteenth year, lay claim to the accession to the government of the duchy of Brunswick, and the principality of Blankenkurg, or whether the guardianship and regency undertaken by H. M. the King, can be extended till the Prince shall have completed the twenty-first year of his life.

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* The original is before us, in German. There is no English equivalent for the form of courtesy ‘Hochgeborne,’ with which the letter begins.

'The sources for the formation of an opinion on this question are, the domestic laws, family treaties, and observed usage existing respecting the majority of its members, and legally founded in the *autonomy* of the ducal house of Brunswick, and, at the same time, the regulations which the late Duke thought proper to make respecting the guardianship and treatment of his two sons. It cannot be mistaken, that the materials and notices kindly communicated in this respect by your excellency, being submitted to a calm, impartial consideration, leave scarcely a doubt that, notwithstanding the *Pactum Henri-Wilhelminum*, in which the eighteenth year is fixed for the majority of the princes of Brunswick, the usage, nevertheless, allows the sovereigns of that country to make whatever dispositions they think fit respecting the minority of their children ; and also, that it lies at least in the sense of the regulations made by the late Duke respecting his two sons, that they are not to be considered as being of age before they are twenty-one years old.

'This view, however, as your excellency observes, is not shared by the young Duke, whereby a diplomatic controversy arises of equal importance and delicacy to both the high parties ; since, on one hand, his Majesty the king cannot properly renounce the fulfilment of a duty, undertaken and hitherto crowned with such a happy result, before the lapse of the period fixed for its performance, according to his Majesty's conviction ; whilst, on the other hand, it cannot well be required of the young Duke to resign his supposed good right of entering upon the government of his hereditary estates at the completion of his eighteenth year. Under these circumstances, and considering that even an attempt of the young Duke to render his pretensions valid, *via facti*, might, in many respects be productive of unpleasant results, and would excite a general sensation, it would be according to the views of his Majesty the Emperor, to make use of every means arising from the circumstance of relationship, and every other opportunity that might offer itself, to convince the young Duke of the nullity of his claim, and the well-founded right of the King to the continuation of the regency of the states of Brunswick, and thereby to keep him from every erroneous step ; but that, should attempts of this kind, contrary to every supposition, remain fruitless, to declare to him that the King, as a proof of the utmost condescension, would be inclined to consent to take the properest way for the settlement of such differences, and submit the question to the *arbitration* of some court, to whom all the necessary information for a complete judgment should be communicated, and which must then have a binding power on both parties.

'Satisfactory as a proposal of this kind must be to the young Duke, and little as he could refuse his consent to it, his Majesty the king may as confidently await the chances of such a decision, but at the same time express thereby the most evident proof of extreme moderation and strictest impartiality, and obviate even the slightest reproach.

'I have the honour to add, to this entirely confidential expression, the renewed assurance, &c. FR. METTERNICH.'

Vienna, 12 *Aug.* 1822.

On the 5th of Sept. 1822, his Majesty wrote to the Duke as follows :—

'My dear Nephew,—Your letter of the 7th of June last having expressed a doubt on the validity of the arguments which I considered as imposing on me the duty to continue in the capacity of your guardian and regent, to govern your hereditary dominions until you should have attained your twenty-first year. I am far from wishing myself to decide a question, in which I might, however erroneously, be considered as having any interest of a personal nature. I have, therefore, consulted with my friends and allies, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, on this question, and have, in conformity with their views, requested his imperial Majesty to converse with you on this subject, and afterwards to inform me of his opinion, to which I am resolved to conform myself.

'I cannot doubt that you will, on your part, render justice to the motives and feelings which have dictated this resolution, and which I assure you are those of the sincerest interest in your and your future subjects' welfare.—I remain, my dear nephew, &c. &c.

(Signed) GEORGE R.'

To my Dearly Beloved Nephew,
The Duke Charles of Brunswick.

His Majesty, on the same day, addressed the following letter to the Emperor of Austria.

'Monsieur mon frère !—Votre Majesté connoît les doutes qui se sont élevés sur la durée de la minorité du Duc de Brunswick. J'ai reconnu avec reconnaissance, par la réponse de son chancelier de cour et d'état, le Prince de Metternich, au Comte de Münster, l'intérêt amical avec lequel votre Majesté a bien voulu s'occuper de cette question. Une décision devient pressante parce que le duc aura accompli son dix-huitème année le 30 Octobre prochain. Elle est d'un intérêt majeur sous différens rapports, surtout sous celui de l'influence décisive qu'elle aura sur le bonheur des habitans du Duché de Brunswick.

'J'ai chargé le Comte de Münster d'expliquer au Prince de Metternich qu'elles sont les observations que je crois devoir faire, en exprimant à votre Majesté, en conformité avec l'opinion de S. M. le Roi de Prusse, mon vœu qu'elle veuille bien se charger elle-même de decider la question si la tutèle sur le Duc de Brunswick et la régence de ses états devroient finir après que le duc aura accompli son dix-huitième année, ou être continuée jusqu'à sa vingt—unième année.

'Je suis, avec les sentimens de la plus haute estime et de la plus inaltérable amitié.

'Monsieur, mon Frère, de Votre Majesté, le bon Frère.

(Signé) GEORGE R.

A Carlton-House, le 5 Septembre, 1822.
A Monsieur mon Frère, l'Empereur d'Autriche.'

Owing to an illness of the Duke, which delayed his arrival at Vienna, and to the Emperor's journey to Italy, M. de Metternich had no opportunity of conversing on the subject with his Serene Highness till 20th March, 1823. The Prince de Metternich communicated to the Count Münster the resumé of the conversation which then took place.

'Je ne forme pas le moindre doute,' said the Prince to the Duke, 'que le roi ne parte dans sa détermination de deux bases: l'une est *celle de droit, et elle pourroit lui suffire:* l'autre est celle de la convenance, et elle vient à l'appui de la première base. *Les temps sont difficiles: et regner ne l'est pas moins.*'

The Prince's recital proceeds:

'J'ai cru devoir diriger pensée sur un point de repos qui en la plaçant hors de la nécessité de préjuger la question de droit, pourroit le conduire à une détermination sur le fait. Je mis, à cet effet, en avant l'idée que de son propre mouvement il pourroit déclarer à sa majesté Britannique, que, désirant vouer un temps donné à ses voyages, il régarderoit comme une faveur qu'elle voulût bien continuer à administrer le duché; le duc parut saisir cette idée. Son A. S., après quelques momens de reflexion, me dit, qu'elle n'opposoit rien à l'idée. Elle évalua le terme à énoncer, et finit par s'arrêter à celui d'une année. Elle me temoigna en même temps le désir que ce fût de notre part (by the court of Austria), que l'essai fût tenté, vu que dans ses relations directes avec sa Majesté Britannique elle n'avoit encore été dans le cas de toucher rien de la question. Je me chargeai d'en écrire à Londres.'

Even admitting that the legal right of the Duke, to take the government at the age of eighteen, was as clear as we consider it the reverse, with what consistency could the Duke pronounce the last year of His Majesty's regency 'an illegal usurpation,' after voluntarily entering into the arrangement above described with the Prince de Metternich? especially when it is observed that the government was made over to him half a year earlier than the period to which he had himself proposed that his Royal guardian should retain it. The Prince concluded his letter in saying—

'Qu'il croyoit manquer à la vérité s'il n'exprimoit pas la satisfaction qu'il avoit eu de remarquer dans le duc un calme et un aplomb supérieur à son âge, et un respect pour son auguste tuteur, qui lui paraissoit celui d'une belle ame.'

On the receipt of the Prince de Metternich's proposal on the part of the Duke, His Majesty declined acceding to it in the form in which it was made, for reasons stated in the Count Münster's reply to the Prince, and which were in substance, that by acceding to the Duke's offer, His Majesty must appear to admit his Serene Highness's competency to make it, and thereby to acknowledge that the laws of Brunswick, and the dispositions of the Duke's father had been rightly construed by his Serene Highness, and that the eminent and learned persons were in error, who had advised His Majesty that they conveyed no right to the Duke to enter on the throne at the age of eighteen. At the same time, the description which the Prince de Metternich gave of the Duke, while it afforded satisfaction to the King, induced His Majesty to come to the determination of resigning the sovereignty to the Duke in the ensuing October, on his completion of his nineteenth year; a period fixed with a view of giving the Duke time to make the necessary arrangements of preparation, and also on account of the approaching conclusion of the diet of the Brunswick states, which seemed to render that period a natural point for the commencement of a new reign. His Majesty graciously communicated his determination to his Serene Highness, in the following letter, of the 29th April, 1823.

'My dear Nephew.—The answer I have ordered my minister to write to the Prince Metternich, on the subject of the conversation this enlightened statesman had with you, concerning the period at which I might resign to you the government of your hereditary dominions, will be a convincing proof that I never wanted for a moment to continue the trust confided to me, any longer than was consistent with the will of your late father, and the true spirit of the rules established in your branch of our family.

'I have received with the sincerest satisfaction the assurance given by the Prince Metternich, of his having found you such, that I may venture to deliver to your own hands the welfare of those subjects whom Providence has confided to your care. I have, therefore, determined even to accelerate the term which you had mentioned as the time about which you wished to begin your reign, and I have given the necessary directions that the exercise of your sovereign authority in your own name may begin on your next birth-day. I flatter myself that the more you shall get acquainted with your own concerns, the more you will be convinced how sincerely I have had at heart to promote your welfare and the happiness of your subjects.

'I remain, most sincerely, my dear nephew, &c. &c.

(Signed) 'GEORGE R.

'*Carlton-House, April* 29, 1823.

'*To my Dearly Beloved Nephew, the Duke of Brunswick.*'

At the appointed time, his excellency the Count Alvensleben, by express appointment of his Majesty, and M. de Schmidt Phiseldeck, the principal privy counsellor, transferred the government to the duke. His Serene Highness has the incaution and temerity to assert in his pamphlet;—

'that his S. H. entered Brunswick in the year 1823. He found, *instead of any one commissioned by his Britannic Majesty to give over the government* of the country to the duke, *no one but* the minister of state, Count Alvensleben, on the eve of departure, and M. de Schmidt Phiseldeck, who did not think it *worth his time or trouble to submit an account of his proceedings, even as manager* of the private property of his S. H. *Not a word, of course, was said resembling a justification of the manner in which the administration of affairs had been conducted*; and his S. H. was fully convinced, by these striking instances, that the weakness, inexperience, and incapacity, on his part, which *had been so deeply planned*, not only had been, but still were, confidently reckoned upon.'

What will be deemed the value of his Serene Highness's printed assertions, by those who read the following epistle, addressed by his Majesty to the duke on the occasion of his accession, and the detailed report alluded to in his Majesty's letter, which is to be found at length in the Appendix to the Count Münster's 'Refutation,' &c. :—

[*] 'Serene Highness, &c.—At the moment I am about, according to my earlier assurance, to resign the guardianship held over you, and to surrender the government of your states to your own hands, I feel myself induced to inform you *that I have appointed Count Alvensleben, till now minister of state, as well for the business of the surrender as the settlement of the till now undivided private property of you and your brother Prince William, for which business he will accredit himself by the powers I have given him.* I may hope more readily that this choice will please your S. H., since the minister, Count Alvensleben, has hitherto presided in a reputable manner over the affairs of your country, and has also acquired thorough information on the state of the ducal private property.

'Your administration of your own affairs will, as I may confidently expect, afford your S. H. the conviction, that in my tutelar administration I have had in view nothing but your own benefit and that of your subjects, and that I have had the happiness to see my wishes in this respect crowned with the most perfect success.

'In order to recal to my recollection the whole course of my tutelar administration, collected in one point of view, I have ordered a report from the college of the privy counsellors of the duchy, which has been sent to me under the date 25th September.

'*I request your S. H. to cause this report to be laid before you,* in order to inform yourself speedily of the manner in which the constitution of your country, with the utmost respect to old established rights, has been restored, in conformity to the altered circumstance of the times; how the whole organization of the internal administration has been regulated; how the most important wants of legislation have been supplied; and how, in fine, the financial state of the tax treasury, as well as the chamber treasury, and of the ducal private property, has been ordered, and placed in a flourishing condition. I cannot better recommend to your S. H. the excellent functionaries and subjects of the duchy, than by referring to the results presented by that report.

'I remain, &c.,
'*To the reigning Duke Charles,* (Signed) 'GEORGE R.
of Brunswick and Luneburg.'

The report of the privy council, to which his Majesty thus invited the duke's particular attention, is now before us, occupying thirty-two close octavo pages; and while we will not venture to characterise in terms his Serene Highness's intrepid assertion, that 'not a word was said resembling a justification of the manner in which the administration of affairs had been conducted,' we will simply state that this document contains a detailed and luminous exposition of every branch of the administration of the country during the regency. If, indeed, the duke never took the pains to inspect this report, he could, indeed, hardly fail to read, in the face of the country, the capital, the police, the roads, the buildings, and the bridges—indications of the wise and provident care which had presided over his possessions, and extended itself to all the details of their improvement. When his Majesty undertook the regency, the ravages of war were still fresh in the duchy, and the wasteful and devastating hand of the Westphalian usurper had stamped itself on all its institutions. In the few years from 1815 to 1823, this wilderness became a green garden.—The roads—the public buildings—the prince's gardens, walks, and orangery—his capital, and its edifices, pavements, and canals, were restored and embellished—the army was reduced to an economical scale—the police was improved—the judicial administration was changed for the better, especially by the creation of a supreme court of appeal at Wolfenbüttel, in conjunction with the principalities of Lippe-Waldeck and Schaumburg. A wool-market was established at Brunswick, in compliance with the desire of the inhabitants—public instruction was materially benefitted, by putting the gymnasiums and schools on an enlarged and more respectable footing, and by the application of the funds of the former university of Helmstadt to establish free-tables and pensions for Brunswick students at Göttingen, and for other purposes of education. The forests were the subject of especial attention, and their cultivation, instead of being left to chance, was directed by rules drawn from accurate calculations and surveys, which afforded ground to estimate the quantity which might be annually cut, and the measures necessary to keep up a supply. The greatest attention was paid to the founderies and smelting establishments in the Hartz mountains, in order to improve the quality of manufactured iron, and thus remedy the decrease which had taken place in the demand for the raw article.

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[*] The original letter is in German.

At the commencement of the tutelar government, the finances of the duchy were in a state of disorder and dilapidation; the interest of a large public debt was unpaid, while a loan which the Duke Frederick William had been compelled by the war to raise, in 1814, was unliquidated, contrary to his express engagement. By means of the economy and order introduced by the guardian government, all arrears of interest on the old debt were discharged; the current interest was regularly paid; the Duke Frederick William's loan, as well another contracted for the completion of the ducal palace, were paid off; a convent estate belonging to the domains, which had been sold by the Duke Frederick William, was replaced by the purchase of a property more than equivalent; and, at the same time that these upright and wise measures had raised the public funds of the country to a higher price than that of almost any state in Germany (the 3 per cents. being at 97), the tutelar government had been enabled to expend no less than nearly two millions of dollars in the substantial improvements and embellishments to which we have before alluded. As the duke especially asserts that 'M. de Schmidt did not submit an account of his proceedings, as manager of the private property of his Serene Highness, we will merely add, that, to the above report of the privy council is expressly appended an account, of M. de Schmidt's administration of the private property, on the result of which it appears that it increased by the sum of 599,000 dollars during the administration of that minister. Of the accounts, and of this result, the duke could not be ignorant, since, shortly after his accession, he signed the partition agreed on between himself and his brother, which was founded on M. de Schmidt's accounts. We leave to the world to form their conclusion on the duke's assertion, in conjunction with these facts.

That his Majesty's tutelar government was not less attentive to the constitutional than to the financial and administrative improvement of the duchy, is manifest from the details of the various improvements in the constitution of the Assembly of States; in the judicial administration; in the imposition and application of taxes, and other matters, which appear in the above report, as well as in the Count Münster's excellent address on the opening of the states of the duchy, in 1819. It has seldom fallen to our lot to read a more judicious, more liberal, or more informing state-paper than this address, delivered by the Count with the young Duke by his side. Indeed, the signal improvement made by the royal regent, in the constitution of the principality, is one of the themes (second, indeed, to the contract as to the theatre, and the pension to M. de Linsingen of 143*l.* per annum), which call forth the Duke's most indignant animadversions.

> 'The great difficulty that presented itself,' says his Serene Highness, 'was occasioned by M. de Schmidt's requesting the Duke to confirm the representative constitution which had been organized for the country, during the real and *assumed minority* of his Serene Highness. The Duke, who, for many reasons that will be assigned, neither could, nor would acknowledge this constitution, had nothing left but to temporize,' &c. 'Whoever should suppose that his Serene Highness intended, from mistaken views of sovereignty, to oppose the Act of Confederation of Vienna, according to which a representative constitution should be adopted in each of the Confederate States, would be guilty of great injustice, both towards the paternal feelings of his Serene Highness for his dominions, and towards his personal character.'

One of the reasons that determined his Serene Highness never to acknowledge the representative constitution of the duchy, in the form in which it had been established, was,

> "Because the establishment of a fundamental law in any country, introducing a change in its former constitution, involves a surrender of the rights of the sovereign, which surrender no tutelary government is authorized to make, as the power it possesses is merely administrative. In these circumstances stands the re-establishment of the representative constitution of the duchy of Brunswick, made under the authority of his Britannic Majesty in 1820."

It is not necessary here to inquire what may be the maximum or minimum of sovereign prerogative which vests in the guardian of a prince, during his nonage. The facts of the case are simply these: —When Napoleon over-ran the Duke's dominion, after the battle of Jena, in 1806, a constitution, including a representative assembly of states, was in full vigour in the duchy, founded principally on a compact with the states in 1770, repeatedly guaranteed by the father and the grandfather of the Duke. By the 13th article of the Act of the Germanic Confederation, the sovereign of the country was bound to re-establish this constitution, which hostile armies had alone swept away—while, by the 56th article, constitutions, actually recognized as in vigour before the war, could only be altered in a constitutional mode. The dissolution of the Germanic empire, and the removal of the control which it exercised over the princes, had most materially changed the relations in which German sovereigns stood to their subjects, and, independently of many other effects of the war, had rendered modifications necessary in the constitutions of the states. Were the subjects of Brunswick, who had shed their blood with the noblest devotion for the Duke's family, to be kept out of their constitutional rights, because a long minority happened to follow close on the calamity of occupation by a military foe? His Majesty did not thus construe the Act of the Confederation, or the powers and duties inherent in a tutelar regent; by assembling the states of the duchy, he adopted the only 'constitutional mode' in which the necessary modifications and improvements could be introduced into the state —improvements which, had they not been thus fortunately effected, the country might have expected till the Greek calends from the Duke, whose 'paternal feelings,' in the four years since his accession, have never induced him to call together the states.

It is scarcely credible, that the single modification in the constitution to which the Duke expresses a marked repugnance, is that which provides that the rescripts of the sovereign shall be countersigned by a privy counsellor, which he considers 'a limitation, compromising the rights of the sovereign.' The counter-signature, says the Count Münster, guarantees the subject from the danger of counterfeit ordinances; and while the subjects of Germany have now lost the security of being able to carry their grievances against their sovereigns before the tribunals of the empire, the check of counter-signature, if it is worth any thing, surely should not be denied to them. How very little reason the Duke has to complain, or the Brunswickers to exult at this limitation of his absolute powers, the world may judge from the fact that we have now before us—a formal challenge from his Serene Highness, inviting the Count Münster to fight him with pistols at Dresden, duly signed '*Von Münchhausen, Counsellor of State*'! We wish that our limits would allow us to detail the various improvements—less important, indeed, than the counter-signature—introduced into the constitution of the states, on the proposition of the royal regent, and with the approbation of the assembly. Among them were the union of the states of the duchy of Brunswick, and the principality of Blankenburg—the admission to a voice in the diet of the proprietors of free peasants' estates, (freier Bauerguter) who, though not vassals, yet formerly had no share in the diet, which was confined to proprietors of noble properties (ritterschaft)—the giving deputies to the town of Wolfenbüttel—the proportioning the number of votes enjoyed by the towns to their size and population; and the establishment of a college of taxes and treasury, forming a permanent committee of the states, in order to see that revenues voted for particular objects were strictly appropriated accordingly.

Another subject of complaint against his Majesty's government is the establishment, in concurrence with the King of Prussia, of a military road across the Duke's principality, and through his capital of Brunswick, and his city of Wolfenbüttel. As the late Duke, however, never opposed the route, and, as his Britannic Majesty has thought proper to submit to the same inconvenience in his Hanoverian dominions, and as the King of Prussia could not well be asked to stay the communication between the capital and his Rhenish territories till the Duke should be of age, the tutelar government concluded, in 1818, a convention with the King of Prussia on this momentous subject. This convention lightened the burden of this inevitable road, by definitively agreeing on the indemnity to be paid for the right of passage, as well as the charge of billeting of troops, due to individuals; and by fixing Wolfenbüttel as the only halting-place to be allowed to the Prussian troops in the long and arduous journey across the duchy.

In a supplementary diatribe, published since the pamphlet, the Duke takes occasion to utter general lamentations, that, while the kingdom of Hanover received considerable additions at the congress of Vienna, the duchy of Brunswick was re-established within its old limits. Now, in the first place, however strong might be the Duke's grounds for complaint on this matter, it is wholly foreign to the merits of his Majesty's administration as the Duke's guardian, since the Duke's father, then living, himself acceded to the act of congress, and was represented by his envoy in the negotiations at Vienna. But the Duke cannot be so ignorant of the course of those negotiations, and of the history of Germany, and his own states, as to save himself from the imputation of signal ingratitude, as well as folly, in putting forward such complaints. The Duke can hardly fail to know, that when the great powers of the north of Europe arranged the last coalition for the re-conquest from the French of the northern states of Germany, those powers never entertained the project of re-establishing the smaller principalities of Germany, which experience proved to be unable to defend themselves, and to be a principal source of the weakness of the Germanic empire. By a secret article of the treaty of

Kalisch,* it was agreed, between the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, that the latter power should be re-constructed from the whole acquisitions which the allies might make by arms, or by negotiation in the north of Germany, with the single exception of the ancient possessions of the House of Hanover. His Britannic Majesty, on acceding to this coalition, obtained a guarantee of the entirety of the possessions of the ducal House of Brunswick; and, by a treaty with the King of Prussia, of 14th June, 1813, his Majesty engaged his ally to co-operate in recovering for his ducal relations their hereditary sovereignty and possessions. At the congress of Vienna, in 1814, still no idea was at first entertained of according the rights of full sovereignty even to all the German princes who had not been mediatized by Napoleon; and if, in the end, all these princes succeeded in obtaining such rights, it was, in a considerable degree, owing to the efforts in their behalf of the King of Great Britain and Hanover. The Count Münster naturally observes,—

'L'usage que Monseigneur le Duc de Brunswick fait de sa souveraineté est de nature à faire naître des doutes sur la question si, dans une crise semblable à celle de 1814, le roi pourroit être disposé à agir d'après les principes qui a lors lui avoient paru justes.'

His Serene Highness has also circulated a supplementary bundle of aspersions on the government of his late royal guardian, in the shape of an official paper, drawn up for the purpose of being presented to the diet of the Germanic Confederation; and the intercession of the court of Austria has alone prevented his taking a step which, while we imagine it must be very indifferent to the illustrious person, the main subject of attack, and to those who have faithfully executed his orders, would inevitably entail upon his Serene Highness a public disgrace, if possible, exceeding that attending the mere publication of his calumnies. In the mean time, his Serene Highness has somewhat distinguished himself by an act of singular chivalry, in transmitting the following official state-paper to the Count Münster.

'Sir,—His Serene Highness, my most gracious master, having received a pamphlet, composed and signed by you, and full of the most insulting attacks upon his person, I am directed, in the name of his Serene Highness, to challenge you to a reparation for the same by pistols.

'The duel with his Serene Highness, could, naturally, only take place at a third entirely neutral town, as, for instance, Dresden.

'If, Sir, you do not, within three days after the receipt of this letter, at latest, return to the person who shall deliver it, a definite reply in writing, it must be considered on our side as if you had declined the challenge.

'It will not seem strange to you, Sir, that no more than three days are given for the definitive answer which is expected from you, when I inform you that a sufficient space of time has, as it is, already passed over this affair, a previous letter to the same purport as the present directed to you, Sir, which had been sent to London three weeks ago, not having been delivered to you.

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* Published by the Baron de Gagern, among other curious documents in his work, entitled *Mein Einfluss auf der politik.*

'On this account, and because I may not incur towards his Serene Highness the responsibility for this letter having a similar fate as the former, and for any delay which might ensue, it will not appear singular to you, Sir, that you will receive the same through different channels that one, at least, may safely reach you.

(Signed) 'Von Munchhausen,

Brunswick, Nov. 5, 1827. 'Counsellor of State.'

His Majesty, having received intimation of the Duke's intentions from his royal highness the Duke of Cambridge, immediately laid his commands on the Count Münster to take no notice of the matter, and to transmit to his Majesty the challenge as soon as the Count Münster should receive it; and by a communication made to Count Münster on the 14th November last, his Majesty was pleased again to repeat, that whatever proceedings had been adopted by Count Münster, during the guardianship of the Duke of Brunswick, rested entirely on the authority of the King's commands to Count Münster during that period. The herald selected by the Duke as the bearer of this knightly invitation, was no less a person than Mr. Tattersall, of Grosvenor-place, of hippopolist celebrity, who executed his mission to the Count with becoming dignity. The Duke on his part, we understand, made preparations for the encounter by making his testament and going to church twice in state. The Count Münster returned the following reply to the Duke's minister:—

'Sir,—Since the middle of last month, the report had, by different ways, arrived here, that his Serene Highness, the reigning Duke of Brunswick, had openly expressed his intention to challenge me to a duel. The day before yesterday afternoon, your letter of the 4th of November, which contains this challenge, was, at length, brought to me by Mr. Tattersall, the horse auctioneer, resident in London.

'The insulting expressions which his Serene Highness finds in the Refutation published by me at the King's command, and signed by his Majesty, and which have led him to the steps he has taken, can, by no unbiassed person, be compared to the abuse against his Majesty and against myself, contained in the publications issued by command of the Duke.

'If, nevertheless, his Serene Highness wished to overlook the many important considerations arising out of the different bearings of the case, and to leave me the possibility of entering upon the challenge, which has been sent me, it was above all things necessary to avoid the striking publicity which has been given to the affair at Brunswick. The natural consequence thereof has been, that several weeks before the challenge itself was forwarded to me, I received a positive injunction from the King, who had been directly informed of the circumstance by his royal highness the

Duke of Cambridge, under date of the 26th of October, not to accept the proposed duel.

'Under these circumstances, I can only regret that his Serene Highness the Duke has been induced to adopt a measure which the King has considered as a renewed insult to himself.

'*London, Nov.* 1827. E. COUNT MUNSTER.'

To what end, or into what abode the Duke of Brunswick's proceedings will ultimately conduct his Serene Highness, we dare not speculate. Of their or his character it is unnecessary to say a word. But one opinion can be entertained of the conduct of his Serene Highness, or of that which has, in these transactions, reflected such high honour on the feelings, sagacity, and temper of the illustrious person, whom his Highness was so fortunate as to have for a political and personal protector.

ART. XI.—*A Pilgrimage in Europe and America, leading to the Discovery of the Sources of the Mississippi and Bloody River, with a Description of the whole Course of the former and the Ohio.* By J. C. Beltrami, Esq., formerly Judge of a Royal Court in the ex-kingdom of Italy. 2 vols. 8vo. Portraits, maps, &c. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* London: Hunt & Clarke. 1828.

WE will venture to affirm, that Mr. Beltrami is not very deep in the knowledge of what is called "book-making," inasmuch as, upon the plainest principles of that useful art, his work might be condemned, at least as to a moiety of its contents. Important geographical discoveries are not made every day: our author seems to deal with them as very ordinary transactions, as fit and genial subjects to be written about to a "dear Countess," mingled with the sighs and tears of gallant affliction. We begin to think that the indefatigable discoverer of the sources of the Mississippi sets but little value on his achievement. An author never finds the world so precipitate to adopt his judgment, as when he thinks unfavourably of himself. We should not object very sternly to the choice of the epistolary form of communication, (although we believe usage does not sanction it in a book of travels), had not Mr. Beltrami too closely adhered to the careless, desultory, and flippant manner, which is the allowable character of that sort of writing. We should have thought that, at least, his judicial habits, if not a sense of the importance of his matter, would have preserved his pages from the vicious levity with which they so much abound.

Mr. Beltrami is the victim of a persecution, which obliged him, in common with other natives of Italy, to abandon that fairest portion of the earth, for no other reason, perhaps, than too ardent a desire for the good of its inhabitants. But his everlasting complaints are unmanly and unseasonable. We can feel for the sufferer who writhes under a paroxysm of mental or corporal disease: but to be pent up during a journey over nearly half the globe, as the travelling companion of a morbid hypochondriac, is, we have reason to say, one of the most grievous afflictions that attends the privilege of loco motion.

The author, in his preface, makes a confession of irregularity and negligence. If there be any fancy towards which toleration is criminal, it is the notion that error shall find an indemnity in its very acknowledgment. If Mr. Beltrami has written carelessly, and still more carelessly committed his writings to the press, we are not aware upon what compulsion he did so. Again, he introduces some particulars of the habits of the beaver in North America, obtained from personal observation, by declaring that he is not acquainted with what Buffon and others may have written respecting that animal. What may be the motive for this voluntary ignorance we do not pretend to guess: we only know that its effect has been to make Mr. Beltrami superfluously expansive upon a very trite subject of natural history.

The severity with which we have spoken of the faults of this author, will, in some measure, serve to shew the respect we entertain for the valuable matter of his work, which those vices tend so materially to degrade. From this unpleasant duty we turn to that portion of those volumes which is both curious and important.

The 'Pilgrimage,' as we have already suggested, embraces no inconsiderable space of the two hemispheres. But little interest can attach to the European part of the tour, if we except the account of England, with respect to the details of which we have unreservedly to say, that it gave us peculiar satisfaction to have found, in the person of a foreigner, so faithful and unprejudiced a witness as to facts, so acute an observer, and so judicious and discerning a critic of our peculiar institutions and our various nationalities.

The boasted novelty of Mr. Beltrami's work is the discovery of the sources of the Mississippi. It is not until he is fairly engaged in this favourite enterprize that we begin to forget the irregularities of his style and manner, and attend him with unmixed gratification. To that point of interest we shall immediately proceed, contenting ourselves with merely mentioning that the author, after having passed through the heart of Europe, from Italy to Ostend, arrived in England in the summer of 1822. The February of the following year saw him landed at Philadelphia; from thence he directed his course to Pittsburg, and there embarked on board a steam-vessel which plies on the Ohio as far as its confluence with the Mississippi. Our author ascended the stream of the "Mother of Waters," as the word Mississippi implies. His remarks on the country through which he passed contain a great deal of valuable geographical, historical, and antiquarian information. After he quitted St. Louis, which is situated on the Mississippi, he had a full opportunity of satiating his curiosity about the Indians, by encountering the tribe of the Saukis, then reduced by repeated wars to a population not exceeding five thousand. They live in flying tents, called lodges, which are covered with mats or skins, having a hole in the centre of the roof for the passage of the smoke. Their domestic implements are of the very rudest description. They are well made, though low in stature. Their heads are small, their eyes are likewise diminutive, the *cornea* being of a yellowish, while the pupil is a reddish colour. The most remarkable peculiarity in their apparel is the mass of ornaments with which their ears and nostrils are loaded. Those decorations consist of bells, heads of birds, buckles, foxes' tails, &c. A mysterious ceremony, called the *Medicine Dance*, is practised amongst this tribe, of which the author gives a description from his own observation. The initiated are enclosed within a parallelogram, formed by a small barricade, covered with skins: the profane may witness the ceremony, but at a distance. At a signal given by the presidents, the music, consisting of horns, drums, and howling, commences.

'At this beautiful music, the president, the door-keepers, the orator, the male and female elect, form a circle; and the master of the ceremonies, from the centre, directs the necessary formalities. Each carries in his right hand the skin of an otter, beaver, or some other favourite animal, made in the form of a bag, open at the two ends; and at the moment the president raises his in the air, the *great ceremony* begins.

'The president, making frightful contortions, and fervently stammering out a few ejaculatory prayers, first blows into one end of his bag, the other end of which is turned towards his right-hand neighbour. At this instant, the latter suddenly falls to the ground; no matter in what direction, or whether he break his neck or not, for he is considered dead.

'He is only restored to life by degrees, and in proportion as his exorcist —the same person by whose influence he fell—pronounces some expiatory formulæ, which operate upon him like galvanism; the resuscitated person is then completely purified *ab omni maculâ*. Although he retains the same body, the bag and the ceremony have given him a new soul.

'The president and his neighbours, and the other persons of the mystic chain, become successively active and passive, until the president himself falls, dies, and is restored to life in his turn; he then closes the dance by declaring that *la séance est levée*.'—vol. ii., pp. 156, 157.

Our author continued his route by the Mississippi as far as Lake Pepin, which, he says, is the head-quarters of rattle-snakes. He relates a phenomenon respecting the poison of those reptiles, which we believe is new in their history. A wound from the tooth of a rattle-snake is fatal years after its death—no chemical agents can overcome it: its virulence survives continued exposure to all the vicissitudes of the atmosphere. Its own bite is even destructive to the serpent itself. Yet this poison, if any one have courage to swallow it, proves an excellent tonic: it produces no effect on pigs —they eat it, thrive, and get fat.

Having pursued his course up the Mississippi as far as Fort St. Peter, Mr. Beltrami thought of returning: but his intention was altered, in consequence of the arrival of a small party of Americans, charged with an expedition to the northern boundary of the territory of the United States. Our traveller solicited and obtained permission to accompany this expedition. Instead of advancing directly to the north, the party set out from Fort St. Peter, taking a south-westerly direction along the course of the river St. Peter, to the sources of which they ascended without any considerable difficulty. Proceeding then northwards, they came to Pembenar, the site of Lord Selkirk's memorable attempt at colonization. Mr. Beltrami had now reason to believe that he stood considerably north of the object of all his ambition and curiosity—the sources of the Mississippi; and being bent on accomplishing, if possible, the project which he had engaged in, he was under the necessity of taking a south-easterly direction. This course separated him from his former companions. After a variety of dangerous adventures, disappointments, and perplexities, arising chiefly from the bad faith of his Indian guides, he reached red or Bloody Lake, which is connected with the river of the same name. From the lake he proceeded southwards, meeting in his course numberless small lakes and rivers, many of which he took occasion to explore. He was fortunate enough to have navigated one of these rivers to its sources, which were overhung by a hill, supposed by Mr. Beltrami to be the highest land in North America. A vast platform crowned this eminence, and, to his astonishment, our traveller discovered that there was a lake in the midst of it. This lake had no apparent issue: but from the bottom of the hill, in several places, the water is supposed to filtrate, forming little basins, one of which Mr. Beltrami has described as the source of the Mississippi.

> 'The majestic river,' says he, 'which embraces a world in its immense course, and speaks in thunder in its cataracts, is at these its sources nothing but a timid Naiad, stealing cautiously through the rushes and briars which obstruct its progress. The famous Mississippi, whose course is said to be twelve hundred leagues, and which bears navies on its bosom, and steamboats superior in size to frigates, is, at its source, merely a petty stream of crystalline water, concealing itself among reeds and wild rice, which seem to insult over its humble birth.'

Thus the glory of having accomplished a work, which various expeditions had failed to execute, though supported by unlimited funds, stimulated by promised rewards, and comprehending the ability, energy, and labours of many, was won triumphantly by the persevering enterprize of an unpatronized individual. The sources of the Mississippi had been variously appropriated by former travellers. The latest expedition, undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining them, fixed upon Lake Cedar, or Cassina, as being the true point. It is to be regretted that our author was unprepared with scientific instruments, which would have enabled him to describe, with some degree of accuracy, the latitude of the site of his discovery: but we gather, from the arrangement of his map, which must necessarily be in several places merely conjectural, that the genuine sources of the Mississippi are better than a degree north of Lake Cedar.

We should willingly follow Mr. Beltrami in his descent by the stream of the Mississippi to Fort St. Peter—the point from which he had formerly deviated to accompany the American expedition—but that the details of his personal adventures yield in interest and importance to his extensive account of the savage tribes encountered by him during his expedition, and whose condition he seems to have carefully and closely investigated. Some of the more peculiar features of that condition may be described within a small compass.

Dancing seems to be a ceremony of indispensable importance in every transaction of life with the Indians. The males and females never dance *together*, except upon religious occasions. Mr. Beltrami prefers the dance which accompanies the smoking of the calumet, as displaying most dignity and expression: but the war dance he describes as calculated to produce an emotion of terror in the beholder.

'Before marching to meet the enemy, the whole number of warriors form in a circle, fully armed. The chief addresses them by recalling to their recollections the exploits of their ancestors, those performed by themselves, and even, without overstepping the bounds of a modest pride, his own. He excites them by a rude but powerful eloquence to intrepidity, indignation, and carnage. To increase the impression upon their minds, he advances into the midst of the circle, brandishes his club or tomahawk with an air of menace and fury, and strikes with the utmost violence at a human figure sketched in their rough manner on the ground, or at the head of some animal, whichever it may be, representing the figure or the head of the enemy. The whole body of warriors, performing around him the dance of cannibals, imitate his example; and the figure or the head soon disappears under the ponderous and fatal blows levelled at it. They then assume all the ferocious and cruel attitudes with which they are habituated to rush upon the enemy. They wield their firelocks, if they happen to have any, their bows, their cutlasses, with the same rapidity and ardour as if the enemy were actually before them. It often happens, however, that under this convulsive excitement, the blows meant for the enemy are actually directed against a friend, and that the first blood drawn is not from the enemy, but from their own party.'—vol. ii., pp. 246, 247.

'They dance round pikes and poles, at the ends of which are hung heads, ears, tongues, hearts, and scalps, with the still pendent hair of men, women, and children; and the wretched captives, whom they have spared either for the purpose of slavery or sacrifice, as was the practice with nations of the most remote antiquity, are condemned to witness this scene of horror, recalling to their minds massacre and carnage—presenting before their eyes the bleeding remains of their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and husbands!'—vol. ii., p. 248.

With respect to the religion of the Indians, our author inclines to the opinion that they believe in the existence of a supreme Being—but they have also their lesser spirits, or Manitons, to whom they offer sacrifices.

The government of the Indians is regulated by custom. They are divided into tribes, each of which acknowledges a chief– but the allegiance of his subjects is very irregular. The tribes are distinguished by peculiar emblems, such as an eagle, panther, &c., which they bear about on all public occasions, as their rude coat of arms. They have no system of laws, every Indian being the executioner of him who commits an offence against his person or family. The criminal rarely resists; but if he flies, there is a general sentiment throughout all the tribes in favour of the complainant, which, sooner or later, places the victim in his power. They often carry their vengeance to the last degree of atrocious excess. Women, and even children, take part in it. The wretched object of cruelty is torn with sharp pieces of wood—his flesh is dragged off in pieces, and sometimes bitten off—yet the sufferer frequently expires without uttering a single expression of pain, nay, even he will strive to exasperate the rage of his torturers.

The funerals of the Indians resemble, in many particulars, those of civilised countries. With the exception of the Sioux tribe, they generally inter their dead; the latter place the coffin upon four stakes, about ten feet high, fixed in the earth. The face of the corpse is always turned to the East.

We must refer the reader to the volumes themselves, for various highly curious particulars touching the marriages of the Indians, their treatment of women, their mode of computing time, of reckoning, of steering, of carrying on war, their cruelty to prisoners, their hunting, and general way of life.

Upon the whole, Mr. Beltrami appears to be perplexed in the extreme, as to the judgment he should form of the Indian character, so contradictory are the qualifications which enter into its composition.

'They are,' he observes, in a recapitulatory paragraph, 'very warm in their affections to the dead, and very indifferent towards the living; a father of a family, a son, or a husband, returns home after a very long absence, and enters his hut without even raising his eyes towards his relations, and his relations exhibit precisely the same conduct towards him. On the one hand they are extremely avaricious, and always grasping; while on the other they are excessively prodigal, lavishing every thing in presents to their friends. They appear to reverence a million of Manitous; and they die without invoking, or apparently even calling to their recollection, a single individual of them. Some offer sacrifices to gods, and others to devils. They complain of never having any thing to eat, and devour in a single day what would supply them abundantly for a whole week. They are sometimes indolent and sluggish, sometimes active and indefatigable, vicious and virtuous, sober and intemperate. They never say what they feel, and they never feel what they say; in this respect resembling many other people of all countries and times. Revenge appears to be with them a passion absolutely irresistible, yet presents sometimes moderate and qualify it. They salute you to-day as friends, to-morrow they will lie in wait for you and murder you as enemies. They always expect gratitude from others, but never exhibit any themselves. They promise you favours, but you never obtain them. In their manners, their customs, and their ceremonies, we see traces of the ancients, the moderns, all times, and all nations; but they resemble no other nation in the world. After such a contrast of sentiments and actions, of propensities and devotions, I leave it to those who can compress every thing into a system, to decide on the character and the religion of the Indians. I hope they will be more fortunate than he who while attempting to catch the moon in a fountain, was drowned in it himself.

With regard to myself, I can only repeat what I have already shewn, both respecting the religion and character of these singular people. I will merely add, that the Indian, as long as he remains such, will ever be his own master and sovereign, and bear his independence proudly about him; but that as soon as he becomes civilized, he will be capable of being converted even into the vilest of slaves; that his heart is by its nature the seat of dissimulation and mischief, of inhumanity and cruelty, and that civilization will meet with powerful obstacles in the state or structure of his mind, and only with great difficulty be enabled to make him truly good.'—pp. 298—300.

It is but justice to observe, that in this work, Mr. Beltrami has contributed very largely to the stock of important and curious knowledge; and it should not be forgotten, that the offering to science is a gratuity which his own toil, his perseverance, his contempt of danger, and his indifference to personal sacrifices alone enabled him to bestow. We cannot, however, too often censure the indolence which deprived valuable materials, so hardly acquired, of the benefits of methodical arrangement—or too severely ridicule the conceit which over-laid them with the petty concerns of the author, whether amorous or political.

ART. XII.—1. *Voyage en Italie et en Sicile.* Par L. Simond. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1828.

2. *Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Italy,* 1819—1822; *with Illustrations of the present state of Religion in that country.* 8vo. pp. 356. 7*s.* 6*d.* London: Murray. Dublin: R. M. Tims; and Curry & Co. 1828.

WE have seen at the doors of booksellers shops, large placards occasionally announcing "The art of paying one's debts without money," "The art of making a fortune in a few days," "The art of gaining the love of woman," and "The art of putting on a cravat elegantly." We see not, therefore, any absurdity in adding, "The art of writing a tour without ever having stirred from home." Let us suppose, for instance, that an author wishes to compose one for Italy. It is the country of all others the most convenient for such a purpose; for it combines in itself the greatest possible contradictions, and furnishes matter for every taste, and for prejudices of every description. Here are a few rules for such a work, which, if they be properly followed, will save the writer the trouble of visiting, or even of inquiring into the character of, the place of which he treats.

Italy is the land of proud historical recollections: each city has its annals, which shine with a degree of glory that time cannot extinguish. Our author has only to take one of these books into his study: to make a few notes on the most striking passages in the history of their inhabitants, to mark with attention every thing that relates to their prosperity and decline, and to declaim loudly on the names of their distinguished men, and the great events with which they are connected. What fine periods may he not turn on the doges of Venice, the Gibelines of Lombardy, on the Medicis of Florence, on the popes and cardinals at Rome! Going a little further back, he may bestow a few words on the early civilization of the Tuscans, on the fortunate abduction of the Sabines, and on the fascinating nymph who dictated the laws of Numa! Thus he may have nicely arranged before hand the most charming little introductions, which he can prefix to each chapter, as he proceeds in his paper journey from city to city. His learned readers will feel under many obligations to him, inasmuch as that they cannot possibly become acquainted with the ancient history of those countries, unless the traveller shall have given himself the trouble of teaching them. Nay, they will even believe that he speaks of it from the evidence of his own eyes, and according to his own personal experience.

The fine arts have flourished in Italy since the third century; and there are an abundance of critical histories, accurate biographies, and innumerable catalogues, in which are pointed out not only the master-pieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture, but also the temples, the museums, and the palaces which contain the pictures and the statues, and an account of the spots where the principal buildings are to be found. Our author has only to extract from these books the materials with which he wishes to beguile his readers. He need be under no apprehension of mistakes, for he has ready to his hand the most accurate and able descriptions; and by the aid of a little tact, he may easily contrive to pass them off as the results of his own observation and judgment. "I have seen," he may say, "the Moses of Michael Angelo, the Transfiguration of Raphael, the palace, Pitti, the theatre of Palladio, and the church of St. Peter." He must exhibit a little enthusiasm, in order that he may obtain credit for his admiration of the sublime and beautiful; and he should also take care to mention the amphitheatres, the triumphal arches, the ruins of temples, and all those antiquities, the details of which have been long since known to all the world. No person, assuredly, can accuse him of falsehood, for provided only that he have a few books to assist him, it would be impossible to convict him of fabrication.

The elementary books of geography, the travellers' guides, the books of the post, will sufficiently inform our fire-side tourist of the localities of the plains, the hills, the mountains, the lakes, the rivers, and the inns, which he should have to meet in the course of his journey. If he wish to frame descriptions, which should have no appearance of being borrowed, he must not forget to observe the course of the seasons, and to impart to his sketches the brilliant colouring of a Thomson. In order to shew how much alive he is to the beauties of nature, and how benevolent that nature was, in unfolding before his eyes all her most hidden charms, he must inform astonished Europe, that in the month of January, he found the Po frozen, and the Appenines covered with snow; that in the month of April he had seen the gardens of Tuscany and Campania filled with flowers and blossoms; that in the month of August he had discovered that the Pontine Marshes exhaled an infectious miasma; and that in October, (wonderful to relate!) he was the first to discover, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, that the vintage had begun. These topics, also, he need not fear to embellish as copiously as his enchanted imagination will allow, because they are so strongly founded on truth that nobody can dispute them.

The Italian governments are in general absolute, despotic, and oppressive. This is enough for our tourist to know. The opposition journals will furnish him with many eloquent passages on the mischiefs of tyranny; and although he may not approve of that system of rule, he must arm himself with a virtuous indignation, and declare that the people deserve their fate, because they are timid, degraded, and very wretched. There are great numbers of priests and monks: our traveller must refer to the novelists, from Boccacio to Bandello, draw from each of them a scandalous anecdote, and declare intrepidly, that "this happened before my own eyes." He must glance over the life of Alexander VI., and after having selected from it some piquant trait, he must lay it, without any sort of reserve, at the door of Leo XII. Above all things, let him not forget to turn into ridicule the ceremonies of religion, and to bear down, with all the force of his indignant eloquence, on the superstition of the populace; this will procure for him the gracious smiles of the wits of the day, and he will doubtless be lauded as a most enlightened and a most unprejudiced man. It is, moreover, well known, that in no other part of the world are there paupers, robbers, assassins, women of pleasure, or ladies who have lovers: he should, therefore, take good care to inform his readers, that all these descriptions of persons swarm in Italy. He must act the pure moralist, and evince his horror that at a moment when the whole universe has returned to the age of Saturnian innocence, in manner, and general benevolence of conduct, in this cursed corner of Europe alone, all is crime, scandal, and corruption.

All his extracts and notes being properly digested before hand, our tourist will have next to put them into order, to season them occasionally with a few spices of choice learning and agreeable pleasantry, and to add to them his own opinions upon the merit or the demerit, the beauty or the deformity, the grandeur or the littleness, of every thing on which he has touched. He must particularly guard himself from being imposed upon by the pompous sound of great names. He must overturn, courageously, high reputations which have been undeservedly and precipitately established; he must say that the Transfiguration is a master-piece of folly; that the General Judgment is but a carnival masquerade; and that the church of St. Peter is no better than a hermit's cell. Such bold criticism as this will prove his intrepidity and independence. His work being finished, he will send it to a bookseller, and, while the manuscript is in the hands of the printers, our author will pay a rapid visit to Italy; not for the purpose of authenticating his composition, but of having a passport to shew to any insolent critic, who might take it into his head to say that our author had never been out of his own house: for it is not always safe to trust to the malignity of mankind. Besides, all that he may have written is true, historically true; and he can shew his library to any man who entertains a doubt on that subject. And if, in the course of his hasty journey, which no doubt he will effect *en poste*, any information should happen to be given him, altogether the reverse of that upon which he had depended, he will pay it no sort of attention, and say—"my tour is finished, I cannot now make any alteration in it." This, perhaps, will be no falsehood; for the probability may be that by this time his work shall have gone through the press.

All this, it may be said, is a mere exercise of imagination. It is just as much so as the philosophy of Aristotle. If Homer, Pindar, and Sophocles had not furnished models, the propositions of the Stagirite would never have been accepted as precepts. We have turned over most of the books of travels relative to Italy, which have been published within the last fifty years, and finding them all formed on the same model, we have extracted from them the rules of conduct which their authors have invariably followed. Any person who will give himself the trouble of perusing those works, will, we think, agree with us, that, under forms more or less varied, there has been nothing in them at bottom beyond what we have said.

These are the *unities* of the classical Italian travellers, from which they cannot depart. Is, then, Mr. Simond's publication likely only to add to the number of such works already in existence, without informing us of any thing either very new or very extraordinary? We apprehend that, allowing for some few exceptions, this question must be answered in the affirmative; and, in order that the reader may not charge us with having pronounced a vague and groundless opinion, we shall then very briefly state, that it is not at all impossible that some library in Paris may have furnished the materials for this work; for it contains not one paragraph which rendered it necessary for the author to visit the places which he describes; and if he really did visit them, it was only for the purpose of having his passport to shew to all those who might be envious of his glory.

At the first blush, when we found our author going much into details, we were tempted to believe that he must have spent several years in Italy. But, when we referred to the dates, we were soon undeceived. He made his first appearance in that country on the 8th of October, 1817, and on the 24th of November, in the same year, he found himself at the foot of the capitol: that is to say, within forty-five days he had traversed more than half the Peninsula. From this interval we must, of course, subtract all that portion of time which he employed in sleeping, eating, dressing, travelling in his carriage, taking notes at his table, and in paying and receiving visits; for he takes care to tell us, that he was well provided with letters of recommendation, all addressed to persons of rank. It is then for those well skilled in algebra to calculate the number of hours which could have remained to him for observing so great an extent of country. Nevertheless, he saw Venice, Pavia, Padua, Brescia, Verona, Milan, Florence, Bologna, &c.; and, thus gaily galloping on, he informs us of every thing that is remarkable in the fine arts, the antiquities, the public and private manners, and in the peculiar histories of all the cities through which he passed. It is true that, with respect to social manners, not having been able, from want of leisure, to penetrate the sanctuaries of private families, and there detect the truth by means of his own actual experience, he speaks to us only according to the information which he collected from the postillions on the road, and the waiters at the inns. True also it is, that he never deemed it necessary to make any stay at any place. Somebody told him, for instance, that at Brescia there was a famous manufactory of arms; but he expressed no wish to see it, simply because he had been already provided with an excellent pair of pistols, which he had bought of M. le Page at Paris; and M. le Page, doubtless, must have been highly flattered on seeing his name mentioned in a tour through Italy. Our author, however, seems to have quite satisfied himself, that, during this portion of his rapid journey, he had amassed sufficient materials for filling the half of his first volume.

While engaged in describing the Greater Lake, M. Simond finds an opportunity of displaying his learning; for, by a transition which has little force of contrast about it, he tells us that the beau ideal of the ancients, with respect to statues, did not at all resemble their beau ideal in gardens; a most fortunate discovery, from which a skilful antiquary might draw the materials of a distinct work, with the view of demonstrating that the case is very different with the moderns; whereas, Canova's Graces have the strongest resemblance in the world to St. James's Park. He next proceeds, still apropos to the Greater Lake, to discuss the difference between the classical and the romantic writers; and he shews that the ancients no longer delight us, because the arrows of Cupid, the trident of Neptune, and the girdle of Venus, are nothing more than mere allegories, and that even pedants now feel them to be insipid and tiresome. He adds, that the ancients had the highest degree of discernment in human beauty; but that the charms of nature did not produce any strong impression upon them. He then traces the origin of romantic poetry, and concludes, that, unfortunately, the friends of that literature, in Germany particularly, carried away by their enthusiasm, would wish to make the public taste retrograde to the time of Shakspeare and Calderon in the drama, and to that of Cimabue and Giotto in painting; that the moderns can be as romantic as they please, without neglecting the works of Aristotle, of which Dante is an example. Here, no doubt, we have a series of wonderful literary discoveries; for we were indeed apprised, that on the Continent there were persons rash enough to desire that dramatic literature should revert to the school of Shakspeare and Calderon; but we did not know that they wished to burn all the noble works of Michael Angelo and Raphael, in order to revive the inanimate school of Cimabue and Giotto; neither had we learned that Dante, anathematising Shakspeare and Calderon, who flourished three centuries after him, had taught, by his own example, how to unite tragedies and comedies, and how to be romantic, without neglecting the works of Aristotle.

Visiting the opera-houses, our author tells us that he was much astonished at the noise made in the boxes, which often prevented him from enjoying the charms of the music. The fact is undeniable, and it has been remarked by every traveller: but they have been also informed of the cause of this disorder. They have been told that in Italy it is not usual to attend to the whole of the music, except when a new piece is produced; but that it is only the more striking passages which impose silence on the audience. And who, it may well be asked, after hearing an opera once or twice, can be amused with listening to recitatives and to airs, introduced only for the sake of filling up the acts? But the audience were silent during the ballet! It was probably because the ballet was new; otherwise, they would not have been less fatigued by witnessing the antiquated pirouettes of the dancers, than by hearing the superannuated dialogues of the singers. What a pity it was that these explanations had not been given to our author!

As it is a matter agreed upon on all hands, that Italy aboundeth in banditti, our traveller made it a point to take every precaution on this point, so alarmed was he lest he should be enrolled among their numerous victims. At the inns he never depended on the people of the house; he had his doors and windows safely barricaded, and, doubtless, he did not forget to place under his pillow the excellent pistols of M. le Page. But, after an anxious investigation, we have not been able to discover that his purse was stolen from him in any of the inns, and certainly he was not assassinated, for he still exists, full of life and health, and, after the lapse of ten years, he has published the particulars of his interesting journey. In the same manner, as it was well known that of paupers and mendicants there was an abundance in Italy, our traveller meets them every where on his road, much to the annoyance of his sensitive heart, as well as of his purse. Neither were they, in all cases, such rogues as he thought them. One day, while changing horses, a young girl approached him, and begged charity. He had no money but crowns; he asked for change; none was to be had. The girl said that if he gave her the crown, she would get it changed. He threw it to her with a chivalric confidence, and she instantly ran off like the wind. In the meantime, the horses having been put to, and there being no tidings of the young beggar, he drove away in full gallop. "It is all over," thought he, "with my crown, I shall hear no more of it." But (wonderful to relate!) the girl soon overtook him, out of breath with running; and, tossing the crown into the carriage, she cried out that she could not get it changed! Here he might have exclaimed, with Moliere,

> "*Ou diable! sa vertu va-t-elle se nicher!*"

But our traveller threw the crown to her again, and told her to take it all. A most romantic incident truly, which offers no sort of offence to any of the rules of Aristotle!

The plains of Italy do not always please M. Simond, and he is particularly angry that Lord Byron should have devoted some fine poetry to those of Lombardy. The noble bard committed an unpardonable mistake in attempting to write on them, without having previously consulted M. Simond. In the chapters on Venice, we have an epitome of the history of that ancient republic, borrowed from Daru. At Rome we expected that he would have pillaged Livy in a similar manner; but he limits himself to observations on some parts of its ancient history, following the footsteps of Beaufort: and as to his remarks on its modern condition, it is probable that they are original, for they are very dull. His hits against the Pope and Cardinals were all to be expected, for he prepared them before hand. After seeing him treat the four bronze horses at Venice as no better than four Spanish mules, we were little surprised at the tone of contempt with which he speaks of the masterpieces of art in Rome.

At Naples our author spent thirteen days, during which, he informs us, he saw all its curiosities, and those in its vicinity, without a single exception. This is not improbable. But that, in a city containing half a million of inhabitants, he should also, within that time, have made himself acquainted with all the mysteries of scandal, which certainly are not performed at noon on the high roads, is a circumstance that does somewhat astonish us, particularly as he mentions not the name of any one family with which he was on terms of intercourse—an omission not to be imputed to a sense of delicacy, for not much of that amiable feeling appears in the work before us. His knowledge of jurisprudence and of geography is equally remarkable. He asserts that in Naples, death is inflicted on all those who are found bearing prohibited arms; whereas, it is well known, that no such sanguinary law ever did exist in the code of that country; and that King Ferdinand went to Vienna for the purpose of subverting the constitution: from which we are to conclude that the town of Laybach, in which the famous congress of 1821 was held, was, by the magical operation of Simond, transported to the banks of the Danube.

We have searched through these volumes in vain, in order to discover the present state of science, the progress of information, and of the cultivation of the human mind in general; in vain have we asked M. Simond what Piazzi is doing, or has done; what Oriani, Poli, Scarpa, Tommasini, Brugnatelli, Cicognara, Maio, Bossi, Monti, Arici, Pindemonte, Landi, Benvenuti, and several others not less celebrated as astronomers, philosophers, historians, literati, and artists. Our author does not seem to have known one of them, not even by reputation. In short, his work is so little impressed with the features of the present century, that the greater part of it might have been written a hundred years ago.

The author of the volume entitled "Three years in Italy," had at least sufficient time, one would think, to make herself acquainted with every thing worth observing in that country. It would seem, also, from her account of the manner in which she passed her three years there, that she did not want those opportunities of mixing in good society, which Mr. Simond, even if they had been presented to him, had not the leisure to enjoy. Moreover, we are willing to believe that her education was not altogether neglected, and that her intellect should not be classed in the very lowest rank. We have no doubt that she is an exceedingly good-hearted woman, and that in a sick room, or a nursery, she is one of the most useful and admirable of her sex. But for a woman constituted like her, timid, credulous, bigoted from mere ignorance, to write a series of letters upon Italy, upon the scenery, the skies, the people, the customs, the specious wonders of Italy—and then to publish those letters to the world, was an enterprise certainly of the most unaccountable description. Those letters too, be it observed, are very much taken up with 'the private history,' as she expresses it, 'of a very private family.' *Very* private indeed! If so, they ought to have kept their history confined to themselves, and they may rest assured that if they had done so, their privacy would not have been violated, at least on our part.

But when they lay bare their domestic affairs to the gaze of every passer by, they cannot be surprised if they are told that their concerns have very little interest for the world, and that the display which is here made of them is extremely ridiculous. The writer, a maiden lady, we fear we must add, of a certain age, was, much to her credit no doubt, ardently attached to certain nephews and nieces, who, with their mother, resided in Italy. Having spent with them the time already specified, she noted down every thing that occurred with respect to them, and mixing these memorandas up with a great many ejaculations of piety, and a heap of very silly observations on the country, she was, in an evil hour, prevailed upon by “ the entreaties of kind friends,” or rather, perhaps, the vanity of seeing her journal in print, to expose herself to the laughter of every body who will take the trouble of looking into her pages.

NOTICES.

Art. XIII.—*History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Italy in the Sixteenth Century, including a Sketch of the History of the Reformation in the Grisons.* By Thomas M‘Crie, D.D. 8vo. pp. 428. Edinburgh: Blackwood. London: Cadell. 1827.

Dr. M‘Crie is already advantageously known to the public, by his “ Life of the celebrated John Knox,” and by other valuable publications. In the preface to the present work, he informs us, that ‘ he had, for a considerable number of years, been convinced that the reformed opinions had spread to a much greater extent in Italy, than was commonly supposed;’ that ‘ he had taken an opportunity of making this public; and had expressed, at the same time, a wish that some individual who had leisure would pursue the inquiry, and fill up what he considered a blank in the history of the reformation;’ that ‘ hearing of none who was willing to accept the invitation, he had lately resolved to arrange the materials relating to the subject, which had occurred to him in the course of his reading, with the addition of such facts as could be discovered by a more careful search into the most probable sources of information.’ With the result of these researches he now presents his readers.

His first chapter professes to describe the state of religion in Italy before the era of the reformation. He intimates, that most of the theological doctrines, which were the basis of the reformation, were introduced into Italy by a portion of the Vaudois, whom want of subsistence drove from their original residence, in the vallies of Piedmont, into Calabria. He thus describes their emigration and settlement:

‘ In the year 1370,’ says our author, ‘ the Vaudois, who resided in the vallies of Pragela, finding themselves straitened in their territories, sent some of their number into Italy, to look out for a convenient settlement. Having discovered, in Calabria, a district uncultivated and thinly peopled, the deputies bargained with the proprietors of the soil, in consequence of which a number of their brethen emigrated thither. Within a short time the place assumed a new appearance: villages rose in every direction, the hills resounded with the bleating of flocks, and the valleys were covered with corn and vines. The prosperity of the new settlers excited the envy of the neighbouring villagers, who were irritated at the distance which they preserved, and at their refusal to join with them in their revels and dissipation. The priests, finding that they received nothing from them but their tithes, which they paid regularly, according to the stipulation entered into with the proprietors, and perceiving that they practised none of the ceremonies usual at the interring of their dead; that they had no images in their chapels, did not go in pilgrimage to consecrated places, and had their children educated by foreign teachers, whom they held in great honour, began to raise the cry of heresy against the simple and inoffensive strangers. But the landlords, gratified to see their ground so highly improved, and to receive large rents for what had formerly yielded them nothing, interposed in behalf of their tenants: and the priests, finding the value of their tithes yearly to increase, resolved prudently to keep silence. The colony received accessions to its members, by the arrival of their brethren, who fled from the persecutions raised against them in Piedmont and France. It continued to flourish when the reformation dawned in Italy; and after subsisting for nearly two centuries, it was basely and barbarously exterminated.'

He shews, that the Vaudois and their religious opinions were favourably viewed on every side of the territory to which they removed; and wherever religious tenets became known, they meet a people disposed to receive, to encourage, and to propagate them; and that, by degrees, they were disseminated over most parts of Italy. At first they were disregarded by the popes; were afterwards objects of persecution; and, at length, eradicated by the active and savage arm of the Inquisition. All this our author relates with great perspicuity and method; fortifying his text as he proceeds, by numerous authorities. His work is a valuable addition to the recent publications on the Waldenses. Much has been done to clear up their history, and to bring them before the public in a favourable light, but the libraries of Savoy yet remain to be consulted.

We hope our author will pursue his researches. Clauffepié informs us, that Beausobre left behind him a work in manuscript, entitled, " Les Preliminaires de la Reformation." We should be glad to meet it in print. Beausobre was a learned and judicious writer; and there scarcely is a greater desideratum in History than what the Germans term, " Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem;" or " The History made for the Reform of the Church between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries."

ART. XIV.—*The History of Catholicism in Austria; or, an Epitome of Austrian Ecclesiastical Law; with a Dissertation on the Rights and Duties of the English Government, with respect to the Catholics of Ireland.* By Count Ferdinand del Pozzo, late Maître des Requêtes, and President of the Imperial Court of Genoa. pp. 252. 8vo. London: Murray. 1828.

THERE is no Catholic state on the continent without a constitutional guard against the Pope's temporal power, and his undue exercise of his spiritual power. One of their modes of accomplishing it, is suspending the execution, or even the publication of papal bulls, briefs, or other mandates, till they are notified to the state, and have received its sanction. The object of the present work is, to show how this is effected in the Austrian dominions, and to recommend to the legislature of this country the introduction of similar restraints on the intercourse between the Pope and the Catholics of Ireland. The Epitome of the Austrian Ecclesiastical Law, mentioned in the title-page, is thus noticed by our author in his first, or introductory chapter.

'The episcopal chancellor of Lintz, George Rechberg, composed a work, entitled, "Enchiridion Juris Ecclesiastici Austriaci," with an intention of rendering a service to the clergy, and to the civil functionaries of the empire. It was even considered to be actually necessary, on account of the laws of Austria, which, with regard to the exterior of the Catholic worship, have almost laid aside the use of what is commonly called the canon law.

'This work obtained so high a reputation, that it was adopted as a text-book, not only in the universities of Germany, but also in those of Italy, in the states subjected to the Austrian dominion.

'An Italian translation of it appeared, under the title of "Manuale del Gius Ecclesiastico Austriaco," and was printed at Venice, in 1819, by Francis Andreola, the authorised government printer. This latter circumstance, and that which the translator himself states in the preface, "that he had scrupulously made it a duty, as he had been commanded, to adhere literally to the text," may point out the extent of confidence, I should rather say, of authority, which that work deserves.

'I have extracted from it the most remarkable passages, and those which may best afford an idea of Catholicism in Austria. It is a system of doctrine, in the formation of which, under the reigns of Maria Theresa, Joseph II., and Leopold II., the most learned German and Italian political writers, civilians and canonists, have co-operated, which has been maintained in practice a sufficient time to appreciate its effects, and which well deserves to fix the attention of other nations, and of other governments. It is a far better system than that of the celebrated Galeican liberties. The extracts are made with fidelity, and with as much regard as possible to brevity, method and perspecuity, in order to diffuse more extensively the knowledge of this system.'

We hope our author will continue his labours.—That portion of his work which contains the epitome of the Austrian law, is entitled to a serious perusal, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers.

We are less pleased with his "Dissertation respecting the Catholics in Ireland." It appears to us, that the writer is not sufficiently acquainted with the condition of the Irish Catholics: the laws to which they are subject, the direct or indirect operation of these laws, the administration of them, or the manner in which the power and influence of government are exercised in their regard. Still, we think the part of the work contains important observations, and may be usefully consulted by all who take an interest in the question.

ART. XV.—*Snatches from Oblivion; being the Remains of the late Herbert Trevelyan, Esq.* Edited by Piers Shafton, Gent. 8vo. plates, pp. 256. 10*s*. 6*d*. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1827.

OF the numerous writers who have adopted the Sketch Book of Mr. Irving as a sort of model, we think the writer before us one of the most successful, and the least chargeable with imitation. This was our impression of his merits after we had perused his "Vagaries," the copies of which were only intended for private circulation; and the opinion is now confirmed by this work, which unites several new essays to the majority of those that were printed under the former title. Happy himself, and kindly disposed towards the world, Mr. Shafton, as our author chooses to be called, presents us with a faithful image of his mind. His pages sparkle with new and pleasing thoughts, expressed in very lively and forcible diction. If he is neither the dignified philosopher, nor the deep speculator in morals, he is truly the agreeable illustrator of life, to the best side of which he seems always inclined to limit his contemplations. To signalize any one of the papers contained in this volume for particular praise would be unjust where there is such an equality of merit amongst all. Some of the poetical introductions are remarkable for metrical propriety and warm fancy, and shew the marks of a practised hand. This volume is adorned by a few plates, which are neatly executed.

Art. XVI.—*Sure Methods of Improving Health, and Prolonging Life,* &c. By a Physician. 8vo. pp. 384. 9*s*. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1827.

This little Treatise, we have no doubt, is written, as it professes to be, by a physician, and, we may add, a man possessed of a greater share of good sense than is found usually to accompany medical aspirants in the execution of their literary undertakings. Instead of cloudy oracles, learned pedantries, and boastings of practice, we have in this work, sound practical advice, communicated in intelligible, but, at the same time, elegant language. Relying upon our own experience, we heartily join the author in assigning the very highest rank amongst the means of preserving or regaining health, to exercise. The importance of exercise seems, to our unlearned apprehension, to be completely overlooked by medical writers: malicious people may perhaps find out a reason for that circumstance. At all events, we are anxious that a work in which exercise receives the attention due to its paramount value, should be diffused as widely as possible, if for no other purpose, at least, to counteract its implied depreciation in some recent publications, of considerable popularity, on diet.

Art. XVII.—*Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable George Canning.* 2 vols. 8vo. London: Thomas Tegg. 1828.

This is one of those singular productions which are so peculiarly constituted as to enable us to bestow praise upon the performance, without ascribing any great merit to the author. It is a faithful record of the leading circumstances in the life of the departed statesman, which, however, have been all obtained from the redundant stores of facts and anecdotes, furnished by newspapers and small publications. These materials are digested with care, and arranged in lucid order; but by far too liberal a use has been made in the work, of the parliamentary debates, and the sixpenny pamphlet called Mr. Canning's poetical works: to both of which rare publications the compiler is indebted for at least three-fourths of his two volumes. It is not our intention to investigate very closely the merits of this performance, or we should be able to point out in its pages some considerable inaccuracies and even ridiculous blunders, such for instance as the representation that 'Mr. Canning's *annual* visits to the Montem at

Eton, were uninterrupted,' (vol. i. p. 39), although every body in the world is well aware that the Montem at Eton is a ceremony that takes place only every *three* years.

This is the production, we understand, of the Rev. Dr. Styles, an eminent dissenting minister.

ART. XVIII.—*Designs for Parsonage Houses, Alms Houses, &c. &c. with Examples of Gables, and other Curious Remains of Old English Architecture.* By T. F. Hunt, Architect, Author of Half a Dozen Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture. Quarto. pp. 34: plates. London: Longman & Co. 1827.

MR. HUNT's volume is intended to answer the double purpose of illustrating the characteristic details of domestic Architecture, as they were adopted in England during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and of furnishing models to guide the taste of gentlemen, who are led by inclination to interfere immediately in the construction of their own residences. As an illustration of national manners and the progress of social life, so far as the history of architecture can elucidate them, this work must be considered as possessing no ordinary degree of interest. In addition to this merit, the work will be able to form the taste of opulent persons in architecture, and convey to their minds sound principles in the art, thereby securing to them, in some sort, a guarantee against the consequences of their own ignorance, for as our author justly observes, 'a man, "not cunning in the art," may as safely trust himself with being his own lawyer, as with being his own architect.' The designs, twenty-one in number, are from the lithographic press of C. Hullmandel, and it is needless to say that they are specimens of the lithographic art in its most advanced state.

ART. XIX.—*Notice sur Madame de Krudener, par Madame Adele du Thon.* Geneva. 1827.

MADAME DU THON, the author of a "History of the Society of Friends," and of a notice on the late Pestalozzi, has now published this short account of the celebrated Madame de Krudener, who was so much spoken of a few years ago in Germany and Russia. She was the daughter of a Livonian nobleman, who took her to Paris when nine years of age, and introduced her early to the society of Diderot, Helvetius, Grimm, and the other philosophers of that time, who resorted to the baron's house. Those men were not exactly the most fit tutors of a youthful and susceptible mind. At the age of fourteen, the young lady married the Baron of Krudener, also a Livonian, who, after several domestic disagreements, at last obtained a divorce, in 1791. Madame de Krudener lived now in perfect independence, partly at Riga, and partly at Paris, surrounded by a gay society of flatterers and admirers. She wrote a novel in French, called Valeria, a counterpart of Madame de Stael's Delphine.

We pass over the scandalous part of Madame de Thon's narrative, and come to the epoch of Madame de Krudener's change of sentiments. She was at Berlin, in 1806, at the epoch of the disasters of Prussia. The humiliation of that power, and the subsequent melancholy death of the queen, who had shown some partiality to Madame de Krudener, made a deep impression on the latter, and turned her mind towards serious subjects. The perusal of the works of Jung Stilling, a German mystic writer, favoured these impressions. In 1813, Madame de Krudener began her religious career at Heidelberg, by visiting the prisons, and preaching to the convicts. Next year she went to Paris, for the purpose 'of reforming the moral and religious ideas of the chiefs of the allied armies.' She had religious meetings at her own hotel, at which the Emperor Alexander assisted sometimes. This gave rise to the report, that she had suggested the first idea of the Holy Alliance. She afterwards went through Switzerland and Germany, preaching in the open air, and followed by a crowd of mendicants, whom she supported. There were at times as many as three or four thousand individuals of both sexes assembled to hear her. 'She announced the impending end of the world: her ethics partook of those of the Methodist and Moravian sects—the power of grace without the works—and the necessity of regeneration. She terrified her audience by descriptions of the torments of hell, and abstained from speaking of the goodness and mercy of God, and of the consolatory promises of Jesus Christ. She went so far at times, as to reprobate the conjugal union as contrary to religion. Wives and daughters were seen forsaking their families to follow her, giving away their property to the poor.'

The governments of Switzerland and Baden, ordered her to quit those countries. She wrote an apologetic letter to the minister of Baden, pleading inspiration as the irresistible cause of her actions. She then retired to Courland, but the Russian government would not allow her followers to pass the frontiers, and forbade her to go to Petersburgh. In passing through Leipzig, she had won to her opinions a young theologician, of the name of Liedner, who wrote a book, entitled Mocbenac, in support of her opinions. She had also several interviews with Professor Krug, who published his conversations with her.

Always restless, Madame de Krudener obtained permission to go to Crimea, in order to convert the Tartars. The Tartars, however, it seems, were not disposed to conversion, and Madame de Krudener's hopes were again disappointed. The misguided woman at last caught a fever in that unhealthy climate, and died in 1824.

Such was the end of this enthusiastic visionary. It is but justice to add, that Madame de Krudener had good qualities of the heart. She was generous, her sentiments were noble, and she was certainly religiously disposed. But her intellectual faculties, brilliant as they were, were deficient in harmony, and wanted that unity and concentration of purpose which genius alone cannot give, and which are only the offspring of morality and reason united. The same excitability of passion which led her astray in the first part of her life, carried her afterwards to the extreme of mysticism, for the want of a faith, pure, steady, and charitable, in the true spirit of the Gospel.

ART. XX.—*Oriental Observations, and Occasional Criticisms, more or less Illustrating several Hundred Passages of Scripture.* By John Gallaway, late Missionary in Ceylon. 8vo. pp. 92. 3s. London: B. J. Holdsworth. 1827.

IN this excellent compilation, we are presented with a number of brief notices, descriptive of usages still followed in several countries in the

East, and which serve in a very striking manner to elucidate many passages of the Old and New Testament. The writer is indebted for some of his most valuable illustrations to the labours of others, such as Calmet, and the late Mr. Ward, both of whose prodnctions are much too expensive for popular circulation. But he has also added some original facts respecting the manners aud customs of the Cingalese, amongst whom he resided for ten years, which, as they resemble those of the Jewish people in a great measure, not only tend to accomplish the chief object of the work, but are calculated to interest the curiosity of the public.

Art. XXI.—*A Lecture on the Geography of Plants.* By John Barton. 8vo. pp. 94. London: Harvey & Darton. 1827.

The subject of this lecture is one of the most engaging studies in the whole range of natural history. Whilst the facts which it developes are highly curious and interesting, the reflections to which they gave birth are of the most ennobling character.

The number of the species of plants which were known to, at least which were described by the Greeks, Romans, and Arabians, did not exceed 14,00: in England alone there are no fewer than 3,000, the vast majority of which has been procured from other countries. This statement alone ought to satisfy us as to the extent of the improvement which has been effected in modern times in the knowledge of the vegetable world.

Mr. Barton, with great propriety, confines his notice of the productions peculiar to each country, to those plants only, which are likely to be popularly known. He begins his survey at the cold regions of the North, and disposing of each portion of the earth with its productions, which lie within the successive parallels of latitude, he descends by slow steps to the tropics. The very clear and agreeable manner in which he treats the subject, is highly calculated to enhance its interest.

Art. XXII.—*The Children's Fire-side: Being a Series of Tales for Winter Evenings.* By Isabella Jane Towers. 8vo. pp. 308. London: Hunt & Clarke. 1828.

Had we entertained any doubt on the subject, this pleasing volume would have shewn us, how unspeakably superior to any means that we of the ruder sex can command, are the hearts and understandings of mothers for the office of insinuating knowledge into tender minds. They alone can enter into a genuine sympathy with childhood—they alone will ascertain the reach of the tender intellect, and be at the trouble of adapting their instruction to its imperfect capacities. The tales are five in number: they are written with great simplicity and neatness. The first two are intended to engage our pity in behalf of a class of beings, smugglers, whose actions we are forced to condemn. The next tale, of Town and Country, exhibits the charms of nature, as contrasted with the folly and guilt of town dissipation, tending of course to give a taste for the one, whilst it inspires us with a contempt for the other. The absurdity and mischief of a belief in witchcraft, are exposed in the fourth tale—whilst the fifth is highly calculated to impress the young mind with a permanent sense of the duty of obedience. It is quite impossible, we should think, that any person, no matter what their age may be, could rise from the perusal of these tales, without having his heart improved, and his veneration for truth and sincerity confirmed.

Art. XXIII.—*A Letter to the King on the Coronation Oath.* By John Collier, M.A., Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 16. Ridgway. 1827.

In this little pamphlet, Mr. Collier has added one to the many able arguments, to which the scruples of the late king, concerning the obligations of the Coronation Oath have given rise. He shews clearly, that the terms of that oath, form no such barrier against the Catholic claims, as that which his late Majesty apprehended. We confess, the following reasoning appears to us irresistible.

'An oath has been defined to be "a promise accompanied with an invocation to God to witness what we say, and with an imprecation of his vengeance, if what we say be false, or if what we promise be not performed!" An oath, therefore, is a *contract* between two human beings, which, in order that it may be more solemn and binding between the parties, the Supreme Being is especially called upon to witness. But we must observe, that although the Deity may well be called upon to *witness* this contract, inasmuch as he does in fact witness all things; yet he is not a *party* to the contract, because that is human, and we cannot call on him to do any thing in a human capacity. "Si Dieu est tenu, observez la consequence. La puissance divine se trouve liée, et par qui? De tous les insectes qui rampent sur la terre sous la figure humaine, il n'en est pas un qui ne puisse de cette manière imposer des lois au créature de l'universe."* It has been considered by some, that an oath partakes of the nature of a vow, and therefore that the Deity *is* a party to the contract; a vow being a sacred contract between man and God. But without considering the unreasonableness of the idea that vows are lawful, and the mischief which would arise from such a supposition, it is enough to say, in order to remove erroneous notions respecting them, that there is no passage in the Holy Scriptures which inculcates the use of them, or from which even their legality may fairly be inferred. An oath, therefore, is to be considered as totally independent of a vow, and consequently a contract or promise between man and man only, which, though fortified by a solemn appeal to the Deity, is dissoluble at pleasure by the party imposing it.

'These, Sir, are the general views which I entertain of the character of an oath; and in conformity with these views, I cannot but think your royal father in error, when he supposed that an inviolable observation of certain statutes is made obligatory upon every king and queen of the realm by the coronation oath.† On the contrary, if my notions on this subject be correct, there is no bill whatever, which, having passed through both houses of parliament, your Majesty may not, consistently with the deepest regard for the sacred obligations of an oath, either assent to or reject at your discretion.

'Let us, for instance, suppose, that a bill has passed declaring the coronation oath to be null and void, and enacting, that your Majesty shall have the same power, authority, and freedom of opinion, in every respect, and to all intents and purposes whatever, as if the coronation oath had not been *taken*; according to the principles already laid down, the very passing of this bill through parliament is a dissolution of the coronation oath on the part of that contracting party which has the power to dissolve it, namely, the people of England; and your Majesty being released from your former obligation, has the same power of determining the fate of this, as of any other bill whatsoever.

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* 'Dumont, Traité des Sophismes Politiques, 63.'

† 'See No. 5 of the papers lately published by Dr. Phillpotts.'

'Viewing, therefore, the coronation oath under the influence of those principles which I have endeavoured to explain, I regard it as a barrier intended to preserve the establish religion from the private encroachments of the crown, and not as Doctor Phillpotts seems to consider it, as a sort of dead wall, placed between the king and parliament, which no earthly power is at liberty to alter or repair.'—pp. 10—14.

This pamphlet, small as it is, appears to be the work of an acute and enlightened mind. The author's political principles are liberal, but at the same time temperate, and founded on a sense of justice.

ART. XXIV.—*Poems.* By Thomas Gent. 8vo. pp. 191. 10*s.* London: 1828.

WE know few among living bards who court the muses with greater singleness of heart than Mr. Gent. He loves poetry for the pleasure which it gives him, and for the means with which it furnishes him of expressing thoughts that are always friendly and amiable, in appropriate language. We have not met, in any of his verses, a single line which he need blush to remember. They are, for the greater part, tributes to private worth, and they teem with benevolence. He is peculiarly fond of recording those little amenities of social life, which, though in individual instances apparently trivial, yet go to make up a very considerable portion of the sum of human happiness.

In a volume wherein every page, almost, contains a distinct poem, we are not surprized to meet in it some sonnets, and other pieces, of very moderate pretensions. But they are atoned for by the gentleness of sentiment which prevails through the majority of the better compositions, and by the purity and terseness of the diction in which it is conveyed. In some of his verses, also, Mr. Gent has displayed a turn for pleasant satire, and generally with success. We shall give one or two specimens of this style of his writing with which we have been much pleased:—

'Ah! who is he by Cynthia's gleam
Discern'd, the statue of distress;
Weeping beside the willow'd stream
That laves the woodland wilderness?

'Why talks he to the idle air?
Why, listless, at his length reclined,
Heaves he the groan of deep despair,
Responsive of the midnight wind?

'Speak, gentle shepherd! tell me why?
—Sir! he has lost his wife, they say:—
Of what disorder did she die?
—Lord, sir! of none—she ran away.'

p. 77.

The following reflections of a poet, 'On going to a Great Dinner,' are also wittily expressed :—

'Great epoch in the history of bards!
Important day to those who woo the nine;
Better than fame are visitation-cards,
And heaven on earth at a great house to dine.

'O cruel memory! do not conjure up
The ghost of Sally Dab, the famous cook;
Who gave me solid food, the cheering cup,
And on her virtues begg'd I'd write a book.

'For her dear sake I brave the letter'd fates,
And all her loose thoughts in one volume cramm'd;
"The accomplish'd cook, in verse, with twenty plates,"
Which (O! ungrateful deed!) the critics d——d.

'D—n them, I say, the tasteless envious elves;
Malicious fancy makes them so expert,
They write 'bout dinners, who ne'er dine themselves,
And boast of linen, who ne'er had a shirt.

'Blest, goddess, from all broils! I bless thy name,
Dear kitchen-nymph, as ever eyes did glut on;
I'd give thee all I have, my slice of fame,
If thou, fat shade! could'st give one slice of mutton.

'Yet hold—ten minutes more, and I am bless'd;
Fly quick, ye seconds; quick, ye moments, fly:
Soon shall I put my hunger to the test,
And all the host of miseries defy.

'Thrice is he arm'd, who hath his dinner first,
For well-fed valour always fights the best;
And though he may of over-eating burst,
His life is happy, and his death is just.

'To-day I dine—not on my usual fare;
Not on the sacred mount with skinny nine;
Not in the park upon a dish of air:
But on true eatables, and rosy wine.

'Delightful task! to cram the hungry maw,
To teach the empty stomach how to fill,
To pour red port adown the parched craw;
Without that dread dessert—to pay the bill.

'I'm off—methinks I smell the long-lost savour;
Hail, platter-sound! to poet music sweet:
Now grant me, Jove, if not too great a favour,
Once in my life as much as I can eat!'—pp. 121-123.

Mr. Gent has paid, in his preface, a short but natural and affecting tribute to the memory of his lady. This is one of those cases in which the public expression of private sorrow is allowable and becoming; for Mrs.

Gent was very generally known, on account of her talents; admired for her beauty, and honoured for her virtues. We subjoin the lines in which her husband has given a channel to his grief. They are, haply, rude in their structure; but they are the tears of a man—-abrupt, bitter, and unheeded in their fall.

> 'What earthly tongue, and, oh! what human pen
> Can tell that scene of suffering, too severe,
> 'Tis ever present to my sight, oh! when
> Will the sound cease its torture on mine ear?
>
> 'Oh! my lost love, thou patient Being, never!
> Thy dying look of love can I forget;
> The last fond pressure of thy hand, *for ever!*
> Thrills in my veins, I see thy struggles yet.
>
> 'Thy sculptur'd beauty is before me now:
> In thy calm dignity, and sweet repose,
> Alas! sad Memory re-invests thy brow,
> With death's stern agony, and pain's last throes.
>
> 'Desolate heart, be still—forgive, oh God!
> The cries of feeble nature, stricken sore.
> Father! assuage the terrors of thy rod,
> Teach me to see thy wisdom—and adore!'—p. iii.

ART. XXV. *Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse; with Forty Original Designs.* By Thomas Hood. Second Series. 8vo. pp. 151. 10*s.* 6*d.* London: Tilt. 1827.

WE have, on various occasions, expressed our opinion of Mr. Hood's peculiar powers of humour. Depending, however, as it does in a great measure upon a species of pun, which also may be called his own, it was easy to foresee that if carried to any considerable extent, it might degenerate into mannerism. We have already observed this to be the case in some of the author's recent compositions, and in those which now lie before us, it is too obvious to escape the notice of the most cursory reader. Take, for example, the following sketch of a ballad singer, which, to our judgment, is written in very bad taste.

'A ballad-singer is a town-crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind instrument; his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackarel, but was just soft enough for Robin Adair. His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weathercock, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one—a latch-key—for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draft in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat, from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this, his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street.

'He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chaunt, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his birthright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones.'—pp. 13, 14.

That Mr. Hood, however, can still produce pleasant verses, the following ballad will prove.

'’Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

'O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

'I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But tho' I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

'The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!

'You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary;
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and bon'd your Mary.

'The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

'I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

'As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the city.

'I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Dr. Carpue can:
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
To go by Pickford's van.

'I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

'The cock it crows—I must begone!
My William we must part!
But I'll be your's in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

'Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be;
They have'nt left an atom there,
Of my anatomie.'—pp. 15—17.

We observe in this volume, some imitations of Sterne, which are barely tolerable. Mr. Hood need not stoop to copy the style of any school, unless he be more anxious to increase the number of his works than of his admirers. We must not omit to add, that the illustrations in the present series are among the best which he has yet produced. Their drollery is irresistible.

Art. XXVI.—*Il Castello di Trezzo, Novella Storica; di* G. B. B. Milano: 1827.

This historical novel displays nearly all the faults of Manzoni's '*I Promessi Sposi,*' without any of the merits of that certainly not common-place work. It alternates, instead of blending, history with fiction; its characters seem to be taken rather from the chivalrous romance of older Italian poetry, than from nature; appearing, acting, and disappearing more like figures in a magic lanthorn, than like real, rational, human beings. The anonymous author should seem, moreover, to be somewhat deficient in the commonest conception of right and wrong. His virtuous people perpetrate the most atrocious crimes, and his vicious people exhibit the most heroic virtue, without any sufficient motives; whilst the fidelity, self-devotion, tenderness, and discretion of Donnina dei Porri, the mistress of the dethroned Milanese prince, Bernabo Visconti, are eulogized precisely in such terms as might have been used, had the frail fair been the wedded wife of the detestable, though ill-treated old tyrant whom she followed to prison; whilst neither the lady herself, nor her historian, appears to suspect that anything in her conduct could need apology, repentance, or expiation; or, indeed, that any material difference exists between her connexion and one of a more legal description. Yet, despite all the defects enumerated, we hail this little volume with pleasure, as a further proof that Italian genius is fully awakened, and trying its newly-discovered energies in every various direction.

Art. XXVII.—*L'Anno* 1826 *dell' Inghilterra, colle Osservationi; di* Guiseppe Pecchio. Lugano. 1827. 8vo.

It is curious for an Englishman to observe how a sensible foreigner, after a residence in this country, speaks of it when returned home. It often happens that the almost unavoidable mistakes of a traveller excite our risibility, but it also occurs, at times, that the unprejudiced stranger sees things in a truer light than even a native. The book now before us is an instance of the latter kind. Count Pecchio found himself in England at a peculiar time, during the memorable crisis of 1826; he saw things with an impartial eye; he had admired the previous prosperity of this country, without being dazzled by it, and he saw the crash that followed, without being terrified. He seems to have always entertained a just opinion of the resources of this empire, without being blind to the hollowness of some parts of the great edifice of national prosperity. He appears, moreover, to speak of this country with true and manly esteem, as free from splenetic envy as from servile or weak adulation. He speaks as a stranger who has enjoyed its hospitality for a season, who wishes it well, although it is *not his land*, and although he has no personal interest in its prosperity, except the interest that every honest man must feel for the welfare of a country, industrious, generous, and independent.

After adverting to the gigantic progress of this country of late years, in the arts, and industry of every sort, to the immense enterprises of its capitalists, to the improvements taking place in every part of the country, he describes the panic of November, 1825, and its disastrous consequences, which were felt in every part of the empire. 'The system of great commercial nations is very complicated, and easily affected. The least movement is felt from one extremity to the other. The poor and the poor-rates have increased frightfully; though, when we talk of the English *poor*, my readers must not apply to the word the same meaning that it has in France, Italy, or Spain. The English poor are neither ragged beggars nor depraved vagabonds. They are generally well-fed and warmly clothed, and go every week to the parish, to receive their allowance, with the same independence that the Roman people demanded its distribution of bread from its government. Yet the present system of poor-rates is a very serious evil.'

He then describes the class from which the poor-lists are filled, and enters into a variety of other topics, all of which he treats with much good sense. He has evidently seen below the surface of things, and he can give his countrymen a more accurate idea of England than almost any other foreign writer we are acquainted with, with the exception, however, of Dupin. We are glad to see that Italian travellers, instead of criticising mere customs, or judging hastily of the manners and morals of the nations they visit, apply their investigations to matters of fact, and thus gather useful information, which may, one day or other, be available to their own country.

ART. XXVIII.—*Ismalie, ou la Mort et L'Amour; Roman Poeme*, par M. le Vicomte D'Arlincourt. 2 vols., 12mo. Paris: 1828. London: Treuttel & Wurtz.

THERE are many paths which lead to celebrity. M. D'Arlincourt, knowing that his native language had already attained the utmost degree of elegance and purity in the writings of Pascal, Fenelon, and Racine, seems to think that he has no chance of distinction, unless he alters and corrupts the idiom of France as much as he possibly can. His *Solitaire* and *Renegat* afforded abundant proofs of this weak ambition: they acquired for him a certain degree of celebrity, which lasted only for a short time; and the romantic poem now before us seems likely to give a death-blow to his name.

The very title of this work shews the desire which the author has to quit the beaten paths of common sense: in the natural order of things, it would seem that *love* ought to precede *death*, and that after the latter incident nothing remains to be done. Our author, however, imagines that this is only a common prejudice, which it fell to his fortunate lot to eradicate from the breast of mankind. The work opens with a degree of pomp that approaches closely to the burlesque:—'It was night; the first colds of November were felt; thick shadows brooded over the chateau of St. Päer, and the clock had just struck nine!' This is the sort of composition which M. D'Arlincourt supposes to be poetry! We shall give, in the original, another specimen of his style, in which the solemn and the ludicrous are closely intermingled.

'Pale comme l' écume flottante
Que, sur le rivage des mers,
Jette, aux jours orageux, la vague mugisse;
Triste comme le cri du chacal des déserts;
Fugitive, en sa course errante,
Comme la vapeur des hyvers;
La vierge a traversé vingt passages diverses
Sans obstacle et sans épouvante.'

The plot is one of the most absurd conceptions that ever was produced. We intended to give a sketch of it, but, upon consideration, we fear that it would be a waste of our own time, as well as that of the reader.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Domestic and Foreign.

THE museum of Turin is particularly rich in Egyptian antiquities. Mr. Drovetti, consul in Egypt, has lately added many precious relics to this collection, which, among other things, possesses several Greek papyri of the time of Ptolemies, and these are now edited and illustrated by the learned A. Peyron, of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin. The first part appeared last year, under the title of "Papyri Græci Regii Taurinensis Musei Ægyptii."

That learned librarian, Salvatore Cirillo, is at present engaged by order of the king of Naples, in describing and illustrating the numerous Greek MSS., which exist in the Royal Library of that capital. The first volume of this rich "Catalogue Raisonnée," has appeared from the royal press, and contains the sacred works of the fathers, theologicians, interpreters and historians of the Greek church.

The learned Abate Cancelleri, who died at Rome not long ago, at a very advanced age, was justly called a *living library*. His works are almost innumerable; a catalogue of them was published by his heirs, in one small volume. His principal productions are on matters of antiquarian and ecclesiastical erudition, biographical notices, &c. He was especially favoured by the late Pope Pius VII.

We have before us the fourth number of the "Giornali Agrario Toscano," a very well written agricultural magazine, recently established in Tuscany. We find among several articles of local interest, one on the *paragrèles*, or preserver of the harvest against the hail-storms. The experiments till now made, having partly failed, owing to the scarcity in number of the metallic conductors, the writer, Marquis Ridoffi, proposes to fix a number of metallic needles on the upper branches of the trees, which would be a more economical and less troublesome substitute for the common *paragrèles*. We find in the same number a notice on Thibet, or Cachemire goats, which have been successfully introduced into France, by Mr. Ternaux, and lately into Piedmont, by Mr. Bonafous, and are now to be also reared up in Tuscany. It is not the hair of these goats that constitutes their value, but a down of the finest wool which grows in the winter months every year, between the hair, and out of which the celebrated cachemires are made.

M. Winther has commenced a monthly periodical, *Sneeldier*, intended to consist principally of original tales and poetical pieces, by Danish writers. The first number contains several articles by the editor himself, among which are, Specimens of Danish Amatory Songs of the Middle Ages, and "A Night in Rosenberg Garden,' There is, likewise, a tale by Kruse, entitled, "The September Evening;" and "Love and Death," a story by Bruno.

The Æginetic Statues, which will form one of the greatest ornaments of the new Glyptotheca, at Munich, have arrived from Rome. They are seventeen in number, and have been restored by the celebrated Thorwalsden.

M. Kunkel is occupied in editing Meidani's Arabic Proverbs, amounting to about six thousand; many of them are furnished with valuable commentaries by Meidani himself, and among them will be found many important notices on the history and philology of the ancient Arabs. Professor Hamaker of Leyden had announced the same intention.

Professor Olshausen of Kiel, now living in Paris, where he is studying the ancient Persian idioms, intends to publish Zoroaster's works in the original language, with a translation; it will be one of the most important undertakings which has for many years been executed.

M. Koning has, in a work entitled "Geschiedenis van het Slot de Muiden," given an interesting historical account of the chateau of Muiden, so celebrated in the annals of the Netherlands, both from the events connected with it, and from its having been the residence of Cornelius van Hooft, the Tacitus of Holland.

Dr. Otto, who, last winter gave a course of lectures on phrenology, has established a journal, exclusively devoted to that science, under the title of "Dansk Tidsskrift for Phrenologien." A number is published every three months.

Katenin's Andromache, which was performed for the first time at St. Petersburg, on the 15th of last February, is spoken of by the Russian journalists, as the best tragedy that has been produced for several years. Although the same subject has been already treated both by Euripides and Racine, Katenin has imparted to it a great degree of novelty, by laying the scene in Troy itself, on the night when it was taken by the Greeks. In the piece of the French dramatist, Hermione is the real heroine; but here it is the Trojan princess, whose misfortunes, and whose maternal affection interest the spectators. This character is finely drawn; and the conflict between her duty to the memory of her husband, and her love for her child, that prompts her to sacrifice every thing in order to save him, is painted in the most affecting manner. The quarrel between Pyrrhus and Agamemnon is an excellent scene, and the latter has all the fierceness and haughtiness of his Homeric prototype.

Cambridge, January. Prize Subjects.—The subject of the Chancellor's gold medal for the encouragement of English poetry, to such resident under-graduate as shall compose the best ode or the best poem in heroic verse, for the present year, is—*The Invasion of Russia by Napoleon Buonaparte.*

Two prizes of fifteen guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, to be open to all Bachelors of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the degree of Master of Arts: and two other prizes of fifteen guineas each, given by the Members for the university, to be open to all under-graduates who shall have resided not less than seven terms at the time when the exercises are to be sent in. The subjects for the present year are:—1. For the Bachelors—*De origine Scripturæ Alphabeticæ* 2. For the Under-graduates—*Quibus potissimum in rebus hodierni ab antiquis discrepent, et quas ob causas?*

Sir William Browne's three gold medals, value five guineas each, to such resident under-graduates as shall compose:—1. The best Greek ode in imitation of Sappho; 2. The best Latin ode in imitation of Horace; 3. The best Greek epigram after the model of the Anthologia; and, 4. The best Latin epigram after the model of Martial. The subjects for the present year are:—1. For the Greek ode—*Egyptus;* 2. For the Latin ode—*Hannibal;* 3. For the Greek epigram—

Ἐν δὲ πείρᾳ
Τέλος διαφαίνεται, ὧν τις
Ἐξοχώτερος γένηται—— *Pindar.*

4. For the Latin epigram—

Πόλλ' ἠπίστατο ἔργα, κακῶς δ' ἠπίστατο πάντα.

The Porson prize is the interest of 400*l.* stock, to be annually employed in the purchase of one or more Greek books, to be given to such resident under-graduate as shall make the best translation of a proposed passage in Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher, into Greek verse. The subject for the present year is *Troilus and Cressida,* Act III. Scene 3, beginning—*Time hath, my lord, a wallet on his back, &c.;* and ending—*And drave great Mars to faction.*

The following is the subject of the Hulsean prize dissertation for the present year:—*How far have the Laws of the Jews been abrogated by the Christian Dispensation?*

A work, in five octavo volumes, called "The Eloquence of the United States," containing some of the finest specimens, from the beginning of the

American revolution to the present time, has lately been published at Middletown, Connecticut. The style of its execution is highly creditable.

Professor Orelli, of Zurich, has just deserved well of the learned world, by classing and publishing, in a small volume, 257 Roman inscriptions, which have from time to time been discovered in Switzerland. A very able dissertation on the subject accompanies them.

Among the literary reports of the day, it is mentioned that a Selection from the Papers, Correspondence, &c. of the late Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, is likely to be published. Much of curious and interesting must have been deposited with one who had so much intimate intercourse with the world of literature.

Mr. Warden has presented to the French Academy his work entitled "Researches into the Antiquities of the United States of North America," and has accompanied the presentation with some very interesting details, adding several notices, not less curious, of the monuments of Palenqué, in the ancient province of Guatimala. The first of these antiquities, hidden for so long a time in the thick forests of the New World, consist of considerable works, which extend from the south shores of Lake Erie to the Gulph of Mexico, and along the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. These monuments, of various form and size, and the objects of antiquity discovered up to the present period, comprehend, 1. fortifications; 2. tumuli; 3. parallel earthen walls; 4. subterraneous walls of earth and brick; 5. openings in the earth, which have been called wells; 6. rocks with inscriptions; 7. idols; 8. shells belonging to other countries; and, 9. mummies.

On the 31st of December, 1827, the Académie des Sciences proceeded to fill up a vacancy in the list of corresponding members in the section of Geology. The candidates were Mr. Conybeare, of London; Mr. Buckland, of Oxford; M. Freisleben, of Fribourg; and M. Charpentier, of Besançon. Mr. Conybeare was elected by a very large majority.

Among the candidates for the physiological prize of the French Academy, is Dr. Vimon, a physician of Caen, who has sent in casts in wax of above 2000 skulls of human beings, quadrupeds, and birds; together with numerous drawings, accompanied by remarks. This collection is the result of several years' study of the doctrine of Gall, with respect to the seat of the moral and intellectual faculties in men and animals. It is said, that when Dr. Vimon left Paris originally, after having attended a course of Dr. Gall's lectures, he was quite hostile to the craniological system; and that, entering upon a train of experiments in order to refute it, the consequence of his inquiries was, that he became one of its most zealous partisans.

Some curious Autograph Letters have recently come into the possession of Mr. Landseer the engraver. Among these are two from Dr. Adam Smith, addressed to Dr. Roebuck, of a very confidential nature, dated 17th November, and 9th December, 1774, concerning Dr. Franklin and American Politics, which throw considerable light on the secret history and intrigues of the time. There is another, of more than three folio pages, by Smeaton the engineer, respecting the Canon Iron Foundry, &c., dated 28 September, 1763.

Among the notices of forthcoming works, we observe that a Poem entitled the "Omnipotence of the Deity," by Mr. R. Montgomery, is announced.

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GERMANY.

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Mouvement de la Population dans le Royaume de Pays-bas, pendant les années 1815 à 1821 inclus; recueil de tableaux publiés par la Commission de Statistique, etc.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1828.

ART. I.—*A Selection from the Public and Private Correspondence of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood, interspersed with Memoirs of his Life.* By G. L. Newnham Collingwood, Esq., F.R.S. 4to. pp. 504. London: Ridgway. 1828.

THIS is, in every respect, a delightful book; and the editor of Lord Collingwood's correspondence (the husband, it appears, of his lordship's surviving daughter), has, in thus printing it, not only enabled public opinion to render a somewhat tardy justice to the full merit and ability of a really good and great man, but has also presented the world with a volume of extraordinary attraction. For, whether we regard these letters as contributing some valuable documents to the political history of our times, or as otherwise abounding in naval information; whether as glowing with the spirit-stirring details of British achievement, or as exhibiting one of the most beautiful pictures conceivable of the noble character of a genuine British sailor, the collection is altogether full of the very highest and deepest interest. It will be read with curiosity by the political inquirer, for it unveils the private machinery of many important negociations and transactions of the last gigantic war; and with eager attention by the naval officer, for it teems with useful hints and well-founded conclusions on professional affairs. And singular it is, that while the simple and animated narrative afforded by the heroic sailor in these letters, of victorious encounters on the ocean, cannot fail to kindle the enthusiasm of the youthful aspirant to naval glory, and to swell the breast of every true Englishman with pride and admiration, the private story developed in the correspondence has all the softened and affecting attributes of a graceful novel of domestic life.

In Collingwood's private letters we have his whole heart fully bared in its sincerity before us: with its enduring fortitude and active courage; its habitual, pious trust in a benignant Providence above; its generous devotion in the good cause around him; its lofty blending of disinterested principle and honest ambition; and, more touching than all, its out-pourings of tenderness and love; its yearnings towards home; its anxious, constant, impassioned solicitude for the absent wife and children of his bosom. They, indeed, engrossed every thought that was stolen from duty; they were to him, in their elevation and their attachment, as the dearest rewards of exertion, and the sole hopes of happiness; and in the return to their society, was ever the fondly-cherished and peaceful haven of all his aspirations. There never was shown, in the colouring of truth or of fancy, a more admirable spectacle than is exhibited in the heart of this man, of the union of religious virtue and patriotic fervour, of calm integrity and imperturbable heroism, of chivalric honour and domestic affection.

The fact is, that until the publication of the correspondence before us, the real character of Lord Collingwood was little understood or appreciated in this country. He was known at the time, and has been remembered since, chiefly as the second of Nelson, on whom the command chanced to devolve at Trafalgar, after the lamented fall of that great leader, and who retained the conduct of our Mediterranean fleet, during a few subsequent years of inaction, until his own death. This has been all the popular estimate of his career; and, though acknowledged as a distinguished officer, his reputation was overshadowed and oppressed by the memory of the mighty name which had gone before him. At any other epoch of our naval history, and upon any theatre which the genius and triumphs of a Nelson had not already filled to exclusion, he would have stood at the summit of professional glory. Nelson undoubtedly surpassed him in the fiery and happy audacity of enterprize; yet there was no gallant and masterly stroke of which the general talents, the transcendant nautical skill, and the active bravery of Collingwood were incapable. But he was not eminently a fortunate man. On the contrary, in the outset of his course, he was cruelly withheld from the notice which he had deserved, by the capricious partiality of Lord Howe; and even on the immortal occasion of Trafalgar, the arrival of Nelson a few weeks before, to supersede him in the command which he had ably exercised, wrested from his hands the full honour of a victory, that, in all human probability, he would as completely have achieved. After the catastrophe of Trafalgar, the timidity of the discomfited enemy effectually denied Collingwood the opportunity of encountering them while he held the chief command; and if his great predecessor had lived, even *his* brilliant course must equally have closed in years of wearisome suspense or unavailing efforts to seek the enemy, which would as certainly have been followed by popular indifference and coldness towards its former idol.

Far be it from us to detract a particle from that well-earned supremacy of Nelson's fame, which, so long as the world endures, will identify his memory with the proudest naval glories of our country. The "tower of strength" which existed in his name, proved its own sufficiency; and the confidence which he felt in himself, and knew how to inspire in others, was triumphantly justified by its effects. Success in grand enterprises is, in itself, the best earnest of heroism, and the inspiration of fortune, after all, is an indispensable quality of greatness in military affairs. Opportunities alone can make or mar the efforts of genius; and the world's verdict has, with truth, pronounced Collingwood the inferior in arms of so illustrious a contemporary. Yet though that verdict may be just to his memory; in every quality, save a felicitous temerity, which, if he possessed, he had never found the opening to display, his character may well sustain a comparison—no invidious one—with the conqueror of Aboukir and Copenhagen. In seamanship, and all the points of nautical science and experience, he was at least the equal of Nelson; in personal heroism neither could be exceeded; in political ability, sagacity, and prudence, these letters prove Collingwood to have been much the master. With more advantages of education or habitual study, he was, even out of his profession, a person of no ordinary mental accomplishments; and in all the manly and simple graces of private life, he shines with far superior lustre. Happily exempt from the weaknesses which obscured the true glory of his brother hero, he realizes those conceptions of stern moral beauty, with which the imaginings of romance have delighted to encircle the preux chevalier, alike sans peur and sans reproche; and, with this, all the softer, homebred virtues of the modern English husband, father, friend, and gentleman.

Cuthbert Collingwood, the eldest son of a gentleman of ancient, though rather reduced family, in Northumberland, was born in the year 1750. The only record that seems to have been preserved of the future peer's early fortunes and services, is contained in a brief and modest account of himself, which he supplied, after the battle of Trafalgar, at the solicitation of the editor of a naval publication. He was sent to sea in 1761, when only eleven years old, under the care of captain, afterwards Admiral Brathwaite, who had married his mother's sister; and after serving the intermediate years, until the breaking out of the American war, he was made lieutenant by Admiral Graves, in 1775, on the day after the battle of Bunker's Hill, 'where he was,' he says, 'with a party of seamen, supplying the army with what was necessary to them.' It is remarkable that, in the subsequent years of that inauspicious war, Nelson and he, who had long been in habits of youthful friendship, served so closely together in the West Indies, under their mutual patron, Sir Peter Parker, the commander-in-chief, who much distinguished them both, that whenever Nelson got a step of rank, Collingwood succeeded to his place, following him through the same ships, as lieutenant, commander, and post-captain. In the latter capacity, after burying nine-tenths of his crew, in the dreadful mortality of the expedition to the Spanish Main, in 1780, and, in the following year, being wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico, in another small frigate, he succeeded, before the close of the war, to the command of a 64-gun ship.

After the peace of 1783, he was appointed to a new vessel, and was still retained in employment, in conjunction with his friend, Nelson, on the West India station, until 1786. It is interesting to observe, and equally honourable to the memory of these two great men, that the affectionate and brotherly intimacy which had commenced between them in youth, and was now matured in manhood, continued unshaken and unabated to the last hour of Nelson's existence, and Collingwood appears to have mourned for his loss with a sincerity and acuteness of feeling, which left no room for the reflection that it was the event, so lamented, that had opened to himself the supreme command. " What an amiable, good man Collingwood is," exclaims Nelson, in one of his letters from the West Indies, at this epoch, " he is a valuable member of society. Had it not been for him, this station would have been the most disagreeable I ever saw." And Collingwood, on his part, far anticipating the world's judgment, had already discovered and enthusiastically admired, in the character of his friend, then an undistinguished captain, the seeds of that future greatness which was one day to burst upon the astonished world. In a letter, at this period, he says, ' You must not be displeased that I was so long in writing to you, I was very anxiously engaged a great part of the time, and perhaps sometimes a little lazy; but my regard for you, my dear Nelson, my respect and veneration for your character, I hope and believe will never be lessened.'

In 1786, Captain Collingwood returned to England; and, from that time until 1790, was occupied, as he himself says, 'in making his acquaintance with his own family, to whom he had hitherto been, as it were, a stranger.' In 1790 he was appointed to a ship in the " Spanish armament" of that year, and went to the West Indies again, with Admiral Cornish: but affairs with Spain and Russia being accommodated, and seeing no prospect of employment at sea, he went into the North, as, with all a sailor's simplicity, he says, and was married—as if for lack of any thing better to do—to the daughter of a gentleman of his own county. How deeply attached he was to this lady, however, and yet how zealous continued his conflicting feelings and devotion to his country's service, the records of his subsequent life affectingly prove. Within two years after his marriage, the call of duty, at the breaking out of the French revolutionary war, obliged him to tear himself from his home; and he was appointed captain of Rear-admiral Bowyer's flag-ship, the Prince, and afterwards the Barfleur. In this last ship, he bore a distinguished share in the glorious day of the 1st of June, 1794. His account of that engagement, contained in a letter to his father-in-law, of which we shall offer the following extract, appears to us one of the most beautiful and natural compositions of the kind which we ever read. The spirit which is infused into his plain, modest, and most sailor-like narrative of the action itself is enough (to borrow a phrase of his own) 'to animate the coldest heart;' and the touches of sweet and gentle affection which gleam even across such a scene of fierce and bloody contention, come upon us with a strange and thrilling contrast. In his most anxious vigil of preparation, the thought of his wife passes, with fitful blessings, through his mind; in the intense expectation of assault, he remembers that at that hour she is going to church. He has the music of sabbath-bells in his mind's ear; and then, with a true sailor's whimsicality and gaiety in danger, he glances off with a jest, and bethinks him of the louder peal which should be rung about the Frenchman's ears. Even his calendar is one of love, and his little girl's birth-day his best record of dates:—

> 'In that situation, we cruised for a few days, like disappointed people looking for what they could not find, until the morning of little Sarah's birth-day, between eight and nine o'clock, when the French fleet, of twenty-five sail of the line, was discovered to windward. We chased them, and they bore down within about five miles of us. Admiral Paisley commanded the advanced squadron of four sail; viz. Bellerophon, Russel, Marlborough, and Thunderer. They were much nearer; and about three o'clock they began to exchange fire with the enemy's rear, which increased as they advanced, and continued very hot until nine at night, when the detached ships joined the fleet. On the 29th, the French fleet was to windward about three miles, and, as it shewed no disposition to come down, we tacked about six in the morning, in hopes our van would bring their rear to close action; but they only fetched within a long shot, which the French kept up pretty smartly. About eight, they wore; which again brought them in a line parallel to us, and their van continued a sharp cannonade on our's for two hours or more; when the admiral, finding there was no chance of bringing them to close action but by a dash, made a signal for the van to tack, and the rest in succession to follow them; and we then led in amongst them in a very fine style. Admiral Gardner led the fleet, and suffered a good deal, but we cut up their rear effectually. They skilfully enough covered their disabled ships, and made an assault on our's (the Queen and Invincible); but Admiral Graves, in the Royal Sovereign, and ourselves, stood between them, and had very smart work, for an hour and a half, with one of their first-rates and two 74-gun ships, when they all bore away. On the 30th. we first saw them far to leeward; but it was foggy and bad weather, so thick, that we could scarce see the length of our ship until the 31st, in the afternoon, when it cleared, and we observed the enemy to leeward, forming their line. We bore down to them, and formed our's, which took us all the evening. The night was spent in watching, and preparation for the succeeding day; and many a blessing did I send forth to my Sarah, lest I should never bless her more. At dawn, we made our approach to the enemy, then drew up, dressed our ranks, and it was about eight when the admiral made the signal for each ship to engage her opponent, and bring her to close action; and then

There died in France, in 1827, eleven peers of the realm, of whom one was a field-marshal; twenty-two lieutenant-generals; twenty-four major-generals; five bishops; two sub-prefects; two consuls; six deputies of the late chamber; one of the chamber not yet assembled; fourteen deputies of former chambers; four members of the national convention; eleven presidents of courts of justice; one advocate general; three attorneys-general; seventeen judges; one counsellor of the court of accounts; seven members of the Institute; five painters; twelve literary characters, including one female; five dramatic authors; four composers of music; eight actors; and five actresses.

Popilia, the mother of M. Crassus, the orator, was the first lady who had a funeral oration pronounced over her remains. It was composed and delivered by her son.

An Essay on the application of Mathematical Analysis to the Theories of Electricity and Magnetism, is in the press, and will shortly be published.

Letters of an Architect, from France, Italy, and Greece; containing Observations on Ancient and Modern Architecture, which are intended to give an idea of the effect of each Building, and to explain the Principles on which that effect is produced, are in the press.

Torpidiana; or, an Inquiry into the Literary Pretensions of the Officers and Members of the Council of the Society of Antiquaries, from the year 1815 to the present time, including critical remarks upon their works, will be soon published.

Mr. Hopkins, of Manchester, has nearly ready for publication, an essay "On Rent of Land, and its influence on Subsistence and Population; with Observations on the operating Causes of the Condition of the Labouring Classes in various Countries."

Preparing for publication, a copious English and Greek Dictionary, by the Rev. John Edwards, one of the masters at Harrow. The German and Greek Dictionary, by Rost, forms the basis of this work.

The Rev. George Oliver is preparing for the press a "History of Initiation," forming a second volume to his "Signs and Symbols of Free Masonry, illustrated in Twelve Lectures."

A Masonic Magazine is preparing for publication.

In the press, "Travels in Russia, Prussia, and Finland," by William Rae Wilson, Esq.—We hope that this volume will be better written than his work on Norway and Sweden.

"The Beggar of the Seas; or, Belgium in the Time of the Duke of Alba," is announced.

"Gomez Arias; or, the Moors of the Alpujarras:" a Spanish Historical Romance, by Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio, and dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Holland, will soon appear.

R. Jennings is preparing for publication a Pocket Atlas, in 84 maps, illustrative of Modern and Ancient Geography; the first series showing the different states of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, divided according to the general Treaty of Peace, by Congress, in 1815, and exhibiting the latest discoveries to the present time. The second series, or Ancient Department, will be compiled from the best authorities.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Shephard's Metropolitan Improvements; or, London in the Nineteenth Century. Part II.

A Popular Introduction to Algebra. By Henry Ottley, 12mo.

Architecture of the Middle Ages, illustrated by a View, Plan, Sections, Elevation, and Details of the Cathedral, Babtistery, Campanile, and Campo Santo at Pisa. By E. Cressy and G. L. Taylor. Fol. Part I.

The London Lithographic Album, 1828, royal 4to. 1*l.* 10*s.*; proofs 2*l.* 2*s.*

Siboine on Topographical Surveying, 8vo. 9*s.* boards.

Murphy's Beauties of the Court of King Charles the Second. Part II. royal 4to. 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*; imperial 4to. proofs, 3*l.* 3*s.*

Elements of Rhetoric, comprising the Substance of the Article in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, with Additions. By Richard Whately, D.D. 8vo.

Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. Vol. I. Part I. 4to.

Grindlay's Views in India. Part IV. atlas 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.*

Illustrations of Friendship's Offering, royal 4to. 15*s.*; imperial 4to., proofs, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Henderson's Sketches of Character, drawn on Stone. By M. Gauci.

European Scenery. Nos. IV. and V.

BIOGRAPHY.

Craddock's Literary Memoirs, vols. 3 and 4, 8vo. 28*s.*

Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries. By Leigh Hunt, 4to.

Field's Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of the Rev. Samuel Parr, L.L.D. 8vo. 1 vol.

Selections from Admiral Collingwood's Correspondence, 4to. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Annual Biography and Obituary for 1828, 8vo. 15*s.*

HISTORY.

Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, 4 vols. 8vo.

Carpenter's Natural History, 8vo. 14*s.*

Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy. By Roscoe. 6 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 12*s.*, large paper, 6*l.* 6*s.*

Scott's Church History, vol. 2. Part I. 8*s.*

The United States of North America as they are.

History of Kirkstall Abbey, 12mo. 8*s.*

MEDICINE.

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M'Culloch on Marsh Fever, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*

Halliday on Lunatic Asylums, 8vo. 5*s.*, boards.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, vol. 13, Part II., 8vo. 13*s.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hall's Gradus ad Parnassum, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany, No. I. 6*s.*

Beren's Spectator, 2nd Series, 5*s.* 6*d.*

Raphael's Manual of Astrology, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Chalmer's on Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments, 8vo. 6*s.*

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Spirit and Manners of the Age, 8vo. 7*s.*

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Cruikshank's History of John Gilpin.

Chedworth's Letters, 4to. 1*l.* 5*s.*

Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, by Barker, 8vo. 16*s.*

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Nicholson on Masonry, 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.*

Dyer's Academic Unity, being the Substance of a general Dissertation concerning the Privileges of the University of Cambridge, &c. 8vo.

Posthumous Papers of a Person about Town, 8*s.*

The Pomological Magazine, coloured Plates. No III. 5*s.*

Britton's Picture of London, 1828, 18mo. 6*s.*, with Plates.

Davies on the Human Mind, 2 vols., 8vo. 18*s.*, bds.

The Harmonicon. New Series, No. I.

Art of Tying the Cravat, 18mo. 3*s.* bds.

Channel fleet off Brest, and hoisted his first flag in the Triumph. He continued on very harassing blockading service until the peace of 1802; when that short cessation of hostilities gave him the last happy period of union with his wife and children which he was fated to know. On the renewal of the war, he was immediately employed; and, in 1803, he again quitted the beloved home, which, during the seven remaining years of his life, he was never more to revisit.

Of the critical and anxious circumstances which, for some months, preceded the decisive event of Trafalgar, we have in this correspondence a number of most interesting and exciting details. When the Toulon fleet, after eluding Lord Nelson, escaped through the straits of Gibraltar, and while he was seeking them across the Atlantic, Collingwood commanded a separate squadron of observation, and his sagacious ability was never more conspicuously displayed. It is now certain, from the publication of Napoleon's private correspondence with his Minister of Marine (in Count Dumas' Précis des Evénemens Militaires), that his design was, that the Toulon fleet, after spreading alarm in the West Indies, and attracting Nelson thither, should rapidly return, unite with the Ferrol and Brest squadrons, forming above fifty sail of the line, and, in two trips from the channel, throw 40,000 troops into Ireland. The check given to the enemy by Sir Robert Calder, off Ferrol, turned them southward, and defeated this scheme; but while all was doubt and perplexity as to the French movements, Collingwood had fathomed the real purposes of Napoleon; and it is certainly very singular, as the editor of his correspondence has remarked, that one of his letters at this juncture, detailing his conception of Napoleon's plans, might almost seem a transcript of a despatch, of the same period, from the French Emperor to his Minister.

When Villeneuve at length entered Cadiz, Collingwood, who was off that port with only three sail of the line, watched the combined squadrons there, and intercepted their supplies with admirable address and activity; and it was, as is now well known, their want of provisions, and the straits to which he reduced them by his skilful blockade, as soon as he was adequately reinforced, which at last compelled them to come out to their ruin.

There are several letters between Nelson and Collingwood, before and after the arrival of the former to assume the chief command of the fleet, for which we regret that we have no room, for they nobly display the mutual attachment of the two friends, the perfect confidence with which Nelson concerted with his second the subsequent operations, and the total absence of all petty jealousies between them. 'We are one,' says Nelson, 'and I hope ever shall be;' and Collingwood expresses the wish, which was well realised, for 'an opportunity of shewing Nelson that his confidence had not been misplaced.' His despatch, detailing the particulars of the victory of Trafalgar, and the fall of his illustrious friend, which has often been so much admired for its lucid simplicity and its affectionate tribute to the departed hero, must be familiar to the recollection of most readers. It is here printed again; but as it is modestly silent on his own achievements, the editor has given, doubtless from authentic sources, a very animated and interesting account of Collingwood's personal conduct on that eventful day. It is too long for insertion; but we must endeavour to find room for a part of it:—

> 'It has been said, that no man is a hero in the eyes of his valet-de-chambre; but that this is not universally true, is proved by the account which was given to the editor by Mr. Smith, Admiral Collingwood's valued servant. "I entered the admiral's cabin," he observed, "about daylight, and found him already up and dressing. He asked if I had seen the French fleet; and on my replying that I had not, he told me to look out at them, adding, that, in a very short time, we should see a great deal more of them. I then observed a crowd of ships to leeward; but I could not help looking with still greater interest at the admiral, who, during all this time, was shaving himself with a composure that quite astonished me." Admiral Collingwood dressed himself that morning with peculiar care; and, soon after, meeting Lieutenant Clavell, advised him to pull of his boots. "You had better," he said, "put on silk stockings, as I have done: for if one should get a shot in the leg, they would be so much more manageable for the surgeon." He then proceeded to visit the decks, encourage the men to the discharge of their duty, and addressing the officers, said to them, "Now, gentlemen, let us do something to-day, which the world may talk of hereafter.'"—pp. 107, 108.

The Victory and Royal Sovereign, which bore Nelson's and Collingwood's flags, led down the two parallel columns of the fleet in perpendicular order, to break the thick concave crescent in which the enemy were formed. The Royal Sovereign outsailed the fleet, and was already far in advance,

> 'when Lieutenant Clavell observed that the Victory was setting her studding-sails; and, with that spirit of honourable emulation which prevailed between the squadrons, and particularly between these two ships, he pointed it out to Admiral Collingwood, and requested his permission to do the same. "The ships of our line," replied the admiral, "are not yet sufficiently up for us to do so now; but you may be getting ready." The studding-sail and royal-halliards were accordingly manned, and, in about ten minutes, the admiral, observing Lieutenant Clavell's eyes fixed upon him with a look of expectation, gave him a nod; on which that officer went to Captain Rotheram, and told him that the admiral desired him to make all sail. The order was then given to rig out and hoist away, and in one instant the ship was under a crowd of sail, and went rapidly a-head. The admiral then directed the officers to see that all the men lay down on the decks, and were kept quiet. At this time, the Fougueux, the ship a-stern of the Santa Anna, had closed up, with the intention of preventing the Royal Sovereign from going through the line; and when Admiral Collingwood observed it, he desired Captain Rotheram to

steer immediately for the Frenchman, and carry away his bowsprit. To avoid this, the Fougueux backed her main-top-sail, and suffered the Royal Sovereign to pass, at the same time beginning her fire; when the admiral ordered a gun to be occasionally fired at her, to cover his ship with smoke.

The nearest of the English ships was now distant about a mile from the Royal Sovereign; and it was at this time, when she was pressing alone into the midst of the combined fleets, that Lord Nelson said to Captain Blackwood, "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action. How I envy him!" On the other hand, Admiral Collingwood, well knowing his commander and friend, observed, "What would Nelson give to be here?" and it was then, too, that Admiral Villeneuve, struck with the daring manner in which the leading ships of the English squadron came down, despaired of the issue of the contest. In passing the Santa Anna, the Royal Sovereign gave her a broadside and a half into her stern, tearing it down, and killing and wounding 400 of her men; then, with her helm hard-a-starboard, she ranged up alongside so closely, that the lower yards of the two vessels were locked together. The Spanish admiral, having seen that it was the intention of the Royal Sovereign to engage to leeward, had collected all his strength on the starboard; and such was the weight of the Santa Anna's metal, that her first broadside made the Sovereign heel two streaks out of the water. Her studding-sails and halliards were now shot away; and as a top-gallant studding-sail was hanging over the gangway hammocks, Admiral Collingwood called out to Lieutenant Clavell to come and help him to take it in, observing, that they should want it again some other day. These two officers accordingly rolled it carefully up, and placed it in the boat.*'—pp. 109—111.

The Royal Sovereign was thus furiously engaged alone, in the midst of the combined fleet, with the Santa Anna, a Spanish flagship, and first-rate, and several two-deckers, for full twenty minutes before any other English ship, with every effort, could reach the hostile line. Yet Collingwood made a complete wreck of his principal opponent, the Santa Anna, and received the surrender of the Spanish admiral, without a shot being fired into her by any other British vessel but his own.

The ardent heroism which Collingwood displayed in action, was, however, the least part of his professional merits. The humanity, in the treatment of his men, which tempered his uncompromising maintenance of discipline, and the prudence which directed his single-minded integrity, and zeal for the public service, were even higher qualities of command. On these points, the editor of the volume before us has collected some simple details, which give us a more lively and pleasing impression of the kindliness of feeling, the mild dignity, and firmness and sound judgment, that were so beautifully united in Collingwood's character, than whole pages of panegyric.

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* 'Of his economy, at all times, of the ship's stores, a former instance was often mentioned in the navy, as having occurred at the battle of St. Vincent. The Excellent, shortly before the action, had bent a new foretop-sail: and when she was closely engaged with the St. Isidro, Captain Collingwood called out to his boatswain, a very gallant man, who was shortly afterwards killed, "Bless me! Mr. Peffers, how came we to forget to bend our old top-sail? They will quite ruin that new one. It will never be worth a farthing again.'"

'As his experience in command and his knowledge of the dispositions of men increased, his abhorrence of corporeal punishment grew daily stronger; and, in the latter part of his life, more than a year has often passed away without his having resorted to it even once. "I wish I were the captain, for your sakes," cried Lieutenant Clavell, one day to some men who were doing their duty ill: when, shortly after, a person touched him on the shoulder, and turning round, he saw the admiral, who had overheard him. "And pray, Clavell, what would you have done if you had been captain?" "I would have flogged them well, sir." "No, you would not, Clavell; no, you would not," he replied: "I know you better." He used to tell the ship's company, that he was determined that the youngest midshipman should be obeyed as implicitly as himself, and that he would punish with great severity any instance to the coutrary. When a midshipman made a complaint, he would order the man for punishment the next day; and, in the interval, calling the boy down to him, would say, "In all probability the fault was your's; but whether it were or not, I am sure it would go to your heart to see a man old enough to be your father, disgraced and punished on your account; and it will, therefore, give me a good opinion of your disposition, if, when he is brought out, you ask for his pardon." When this recommendation, acting as it did like an order, was complied with, and the lad interceded for the prisoner, Captain Collingwood would make great apparent difficulty in yielding, but at length would say, "This young gentleman has pleaded so humanely for you, that, in the hope that you will feel a due gratitude to him for his benevolence, I will for this time overlook your offence."

'The punishments which he substituted for the lash were of many kinds, such as watering the grog, and other modes now happily general in the navy. Among the rest was one which the men particularly dreaded. It was the ordering any offender to be excluded from his mess, and be employed in every sort of extra duty; so that he was every moment liable to be called upon deck for the meanest service, amid the laughter and jeers of the men and boys. Such an effect had this upon the sailors, that they have often declared that they would much prefer having three dozen lashes: and, to avoid the recurrence of this punishment, the worst characters never failed to become attentive and orderly. How he sought to amuse and occupy the attention of the men appears in some of these letters. When they were sick, even while he was an admiral, he visited them daily, and supplied them from his own table: and when they were convalescent, they were put into the charge of the lieutenant of the morning watch, and daily brought up to the admiral for examination by him. The result of this conduct was, that the sailors considered him and called him their father; and frequently, when he changed his ship, many of the men were seen in tears. But with all this, there was no man who less courted, or to speak more truly, who held in more entire contempt, what is ordinarily styled popularity. He was never known to unbend with the men; while, at the same time, he never used any coarse or violent language to them himself, or permitted it in others. "If you do not know a man's name," he used to say to the officers, "call him sailor, and not you-sir, and such other appellations; they are offensive and improper." With regard to expressions, it may be added, that, after the occurrences at the Nore, he had the most decided objection to the word mutiny. When complaints were made of conduct which was designated as mutinous, he would exclaim, "Mutiny, sir! mutiny in my ship! If it can have arrived at that, it must be my fault, and the fault of every one of the officers. It is a charge of the gravest nature, and it shall be most gravely inquired into." With this view of his feeling on this subject, the officer was generally induced to consider and represent the affair more lightly, or sometimes to pass it over altogether.

'His conduct to his officers was of a similar kind. His perfect knowledge of all matters of seamanship, and his quick and correct eye, enabled him in an instant to discover any thing that was out of order in his ship; and his reproofs on these occasions, though always short, and conveyed in the language of a gentleman, were deeply felt: so that to many officers, and particularly to the young and careless, he was an object of dread, and was considered by all as a strict disciplinarian. "I have given you, sir, a commission," said Lord St. Vincent to Lieutenant Clavell, who was then a perfect stranger to Captain Collingwood, but who never left him till he was made by him a post-captain, "into the Excellent; but, remember that you are going to a man who will take it away from you to-morrow if you behave ill." He treated the midshipmen with parental care, examining them himself once a week, and declaring that nothing would give him greater pain than that any young man in his ship should be unable to pass: and when off duty, he did every thing in his power to make his officers at ease, and to promote their welfare. With those to whom he became attached, from observing their attention to their duty, which was ever the road to his regard, his friendship and confidence were affectionate and unbounded. To his own superiors he maintained the same conduct, demanding and receiving from them that respect to which, by his character and station, he was entitled. On one occasion, the Excellent was directed to weigh when off Cadiz, and to close with the admiral's ship, and in running down, the signal was made five or six times for altering the course, first on one side, and then on the other, and, at length, for a lieutenant. Captain Collingwood, who had been observing this in silence, ordered his boat to be manned, as he would go too. On his arrival on board, he desired the lieutenant, when the order was copied, to bring it to him; and he read it while he was walking the quarter-deck with Lord St. Vincent and Sir Robert Calder. It was merely an order for the Excellent to receive on board two bags of onions, for the use of the sick; and, on seeing it, he exclaimed, "Bless me! is this the service, my lord—is this the service, Sir Robert? Has the Excellent's signal been made five or six times for two bags of onions? Man my boat, Sir, and let us go on board again!" And, though repeatedly pressed by Lord St. Vincent to stay dinner, he refused, and retired.

'When he was in command as an admiral, he made it a point of duty never to give any of those vexatious and harassing orders, of which he had himself, at times, occasion to complain; and, although he was ever solicitous that merit should be noticed and rewarded, he abstained as much as possible from interference and complaint.

'If he had occasion to remark upon any thing, it was always done with great calmness, and frequently with considerable point. When he was once particularly anxious to complete his bread, and to sail immediately, he inquired of the captain, an officer for whom he had a high esteem, if all the boats were gone ashore. "I have sent them all," was the reply, "except my barge." "Oh! of course," said the admiral, "a captain's barge must never be employed for such purposes; but I hope they make every possible use of mine."'—pp. 45—49.

The elevation of Admiral Collingwood to the Peerage, which was the reward of the victory of Trafalgar, is the occasion of some of the most characteristic of his private letters. Perhaps these betray rather more elation at his honours than might have been expected from the habitual magnanimity of his mind; but that elation, like every other feeling in him, was chastened by the virtuous emotions of duty and affection. That he had deserved the approbation of his Sovereign and his country—that he might be 'numbered among the leaders of his country's glory'—these were his avowed and honest points of pride! But all the happiness of success was evidently centered in the elevation of his family, and reflected from the joy of those objects in whose love only he seemed to breathe. If he dwells on his honours to his wife, it is with delight that she shares them, with the fervent prayer that she 'may long live the happy wife of her happy husband.' If he alludes to the consequences of rank upon his daughters, it is to exhort her, that she instil into them principles of true nobility, and to give utterance to the hope, that they will 'take pains to make themselves wise and good, and fit for the station to which they are raised.' Sometimes, more playfully, he promises to do his best yet to make his lady a countess, or supposes that 'he must not now be seen to work with old Scott in his garden.' The following letter, in earnest and in badinage, is full of all these mingled feelings:—

'I have another charming extract of a letter, written to the Admiralty, by his Majesty's command, in which he says, that the more the proceedings of the fleet under my command are detailed, the more reason he has to approve of my conduct. It makes me quite happy that the King should seem so pleased with me. Many of the Captains here have expressed a desire, that I would give a general notice whenever I go to Court; and if they are within 500 miles, they will come up to attend me. Now all this is very pleasing; but, alas! my love, until we have peace I shall never be happy: and yet, how we are to make it out in peace, I know not, with high rank and no fortune.* At all events, we can do as we did before. It is true, I have the chief command, but there are neither French nor Spaniards on the sea, and our cruisers find nothing but neutrals, who carry on all the trade of the enemy. Our prizes you see are lost; but was there ever so complete a break-up of an enemy's fleet? If we have not saved them to ourselves, we have at least put them out of the power of doing further mischief. Villeneuve's ship had a great deal of money in her, but it all went to the bottom. I am afraid the fees for this patent will be large, and pinch me, but never mind: let others solicit pensions—I am an Englishman, and will never ask for money as a favour. How do my darlings go on? I wish you would make them write to me by turns, and give me the whole history of their proceedings. Oh! how I shall rejoice, when I come home, to find them as much improved in knowledge as I have advanced them in station in the world; but take care they do not give themselves foolish airs. Their excellence should be in knowledge, in virtue, and benevolence to all; but most to those who are humble, and require their aid. This is true nobility, and is now become an incumbent duty on them. I am out of all patience with Bounce. The consequential airs he gives himself, since he became a right honourable dog, are insufferable. He considers it beneath his dignity to play with commoners' dogs, and truly thinks that he does them grace when he condescends to lift up his leg against them. This, I think, is carrying the insolence of rank to the extreme; but he is a dog that does it.—25th December. This is Christmas-day; a merry and cheerful one, I hope, to all my darlings. May God bless us, and grant that we may pass the next together. Every body is very good to me; but his Majesty's letters are my pride—it is there I feel the object of my life attained. The editors of the Naval Chronicle have written to me for the history of my life and progress, for which they are pleased to say the world is very impatient. Now this rather embarrasses me, for I never could bear the trumpeter of his own praise. So, to get rid of it as well as I can, I have employed ——— to write a history for me. For my birth and parentage he has selected two or three chapters of Bamfylde Moore Carew; for my services in the West Indies, and on the Spanish Main, he has good assistance in the History of the Buccaneers; and for my shipwreck he has copied a great deal out of Robinson Crusoe: all which, with a few anecdotes from the Lives of the Admirals, a little distorted, will make, I am inclined to think, a very respectable piece of biography. I have just heard that the Brest fleet is at sea, and coming this way. If they do, I have force enough to beat them all; and it would be a lucky hour. I am now going down the Mediterranean to meet them, if they should be coming this way, which I think is not improbable, on the supposition that we are weak.'—pp. 145—7.

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* At this time Lord Collingwood's income, including his full pay, barely amounted to 1100*l.* per annum, as appears from several of his letters respecting the income tax, to which he was peculiarly solicitous that the most correct return should be made.

With Lord Collingwood's accession to the chief naval command in the Mediterranean, after the battle of Trafalgar, commenced a new and perhaps the most remarkable period in his public life. For his station was far different from that of the mere professional guidance of a squadron. Besides the wearisome duty of blockading and watching an enemy, who had been rendered too timid to seek an encounter, and were too wary to be lured to their destruction, the British Admiral became, in fact, the guardian and negociator of the political interests of his country throughout the whole circuit of the Mediterranean shores. The projects of the French and their adherents, which his sagacity constantly penetrated—the critical condition of Sicily throughout the war—the indiscreet rupture with Turkey in 1807, of which he wholly disapproved—the jealous ambition and the selfish insincerity of Russia, as our ally, in that affair, and her subsequent vacillations of policy, all which he penetrated and foretold;—the Spanish revolution, the dawn and progress of which he eagerly watched, though he correctly estimated the desultory and indolent spirit of the people, while the expectation of their efforts was most exaggerated; —the maintenance of our amicable relations with the Barbary States, and with the Pachas of Egypt and Albania;—such were among the distracting objects which demanded the indefatigable restless care of the British Admiral. His occupation and activity, mental and bodily, were incessant; and the political as well as naval ability which the exigencies of his situation developed in him, we may go beyond the editor of his correspondence in declaring to have been of the very highest order. This is perpetually manifested by his letters in the most unquestionable shape; but the evidence is scattered over such an extent of correspondence, that we can only refer in general terms to the conclusion which it has left on our minds. Yet these services of Lord Collingwood were, necessarily, of a nature to excite little national applause or public notice at the time: that he was perpetually traversing the waters of the Mediterranean, and his presence perpetually required in opposite points of attention; that he, for five years, never slept a single night out of his ship, and was once during that time, for the incredible interval of two-and-twenty months, without dropping an anchor, were pledges of toil and harassing service which could not be known, or would have passed unheeded if they had. A few hours' interchange of hard blows, and the capture of a dozen sail of the line, without toilsome days or sleepless nights, would have outweighed it all; but the Frenchman would not fight, and therefore John Bull held that there could have been nothing for an Admiral to achieve.

We confess that, to us, there is something melancholy in the perusal of Collingwood's private correspondence, during all these latter years of his life. There is nothing selfishly querulous or desponding in his tone; for, on the contrary, the spirit of his patriotism and zeal burns bright to the last. But it is evident, that in hope deferred, in the fleeting visions of a restoration to his family, which had, from year to year, mocked his affection, his heart had sickened within him. Even before the battle of Trafalgar, he had declared his determination to get on shore in the following spring for the remainder of his life, "for he was very weary;" yet, for five years afterwards, he was still zealous enough to remain at the post of duty, while, with a mind over-wrought with public anxieties and labour, a frame enfeebled and emaciated by the unrelieved confinement of a ship, and a heart aching for the peaceful home, from which he was an exile, exhausted nature was sinking within him in premature and painful decay. Yet he persevered; and when the ministry in England, who, at least, appreciated his value, and who, in answer to his urgent entreaties to be recalled, on the failure of his health, pressed him to remain in his command, for that "they knew not how to fill his place," he made the noble reply, that "his life was his country's." But he seems to have felt that he was thus signing his own death-warrant; and there cannot be a doubt that his end was hastened by his continued exertions. When he found himself in the last stage of exhaustion, he was compelled to resign his charge; but it was then too late, and he tranquilly expired in the Ville-de-Paris, off Minorca, on his homeward voyage, on the 7th of March, 1810.

ART. II.—*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries; with Recollections of the Author's Life, and of his Visit to Italy.* By Leigh Hunt. 4to. pp. 513. With portraits. London: Colburn. 1828.

IT is with great reluctance that we sit down to give our readers an account of this volume. Mr. Hunt has suffered, and severely too, in the cause of liberty. He has exhibited, in several of his publications, the private habits of his life, and the dispositions by which they have been formed; and it is due to him to say, that they appear highly amiable. Elegant literature and the happiness of a growing family seem to occupy all his intellect, and to demand his utmost exertions; and it may appear somewhat harsh to subject to any thing like a rigid examination, the motives that have actuated him in the composition of a work, by which, independently of other views, he hoped to benefit himself, and to advance the prospects of his children.

But however we may respect the man for his acquirements, his candour, and his natural benevolence; however we may sympathise with him through the painful disappointments, of which he has already numbered too many, we may be allowed, perhaps, to claim for our literature, and for those who are engaged in supporting it, some portion of that spirit of dignity and independence, without which they would be deprived of all their gracefulness and of much of their utility. We are not insensible to the various proofs which we have lately seen, of a disposition that prevails among certain classes of literary men, to degrade their pursuits into a mere matter of trade; to produce a given number of words for a proposed reward; and to praise or to censure according to the interests and desires of those who employ them. But we own that we were not prepared for the extreme degree of literary servility—to call it by no severer name—which is stamped upon the principal pages of the work now before us. Nor does the author attempt to conceal his shame. It would not, perhaps, have been very difficult for him, by a little address, to make a better appearance in the eye of the public. It is certain, that if he had spoken less of his obligations to his publisher, and of his own original plan in the preparation of his volume, he would have less exposed himself to the censure of the world. He is, however, remarkably communicative upon both these points, imagining, most probably, that by appearing to have no reservations, his faults, such as they are, might be more easily forgiven.

We shall briefly state the history of this volume, as we gather it from the preface, and we shall then leave the reader to form his own conclusions. Upon Mr. Hunt's return from Italy, some seven or eight years ago, he found it necessary to recruit his finances, and not having any better mode of attaining that object than by writing a book, he proposed to draw up a sketch of his own life, and to illustrate it with a selection from his published writings. His next step was to contract with a respectable bookseller for the copy-right of his work, and to obtain thereupon an advance of money, which afforded him, as he informs us, a 'taste of comfort,' that was quite a novelty in his career. So pleasant did he find it to live well, and to do very little, that days, months, years, passed over, without witnessing any considerable accumulation of manuscript, until, at length, the said bookseller thought it high time to look after his property. Alas! he finds the money gone—wholly consumed. Mr. Hunt wants more, but it is apprehended by the prudent capitalist, that the probable sale of the proposed work would not justify him in being more liberal. What is to be done? A friendly voice whispers, that Mr. Hunt might interweave in his own life some anecdotes of Lord Byron. The hint is improved to the extent of sketching the noble bard's life and habits in Italy; and the undertaking is crowned by placing that sketch in the foreground of the volume, by making it actually furnish the title-page, by postponing to it, as a matter of very subordinate value, the biography of the author, which was originally intended as the principal attraction, and by leaving out altogether the intended selection from his writings.

Now, as a matter of commercial speculation, this proceeding evinces at least a capacity for adapting the means to the end; but, on the part of the author, what miserable, debasing confessions does it produce! Not being ready with the work, as originally intended, at the time for which it was promised; having, as he informs us, 'availed himself *unawares* of the handsome treatment of his publisher' (in other words, having spent the money advanced him), and having, in fact, enjoyed 'too long a holiday' on the means with which he was furnished, he wished 'to make amends for loss of time: the plan of the book became altered, and, finally, he made up his mind to enlarge and *enrich* it with an account of Lord Byron.' He adds, that this latter suggestion was originally made to him on his return from Italy, but that he then declined it, and that 'it would never have been done at all but for the circumstances above stated.' Then comes this astounding sentence—'I must even confess, that such is my dislike of these personal histories, in which it has been my lot to become a party, that had I been rich enough, and could have repaid the handsome conduct of Mr. Colburn with its proper *interest*, my first impulse, on finishing the work, would have been to put it into the fire.'

So far for the motives of the author. His readers will perceive that he does not attempt to justify his account of Lord Byron upon any public grounds. There are those who will contend that a public man is public property, and that it is lawful even to corrupt his servants, in order to obtain disclosures as to his personal and domestic life; inasmuch as such disclosures may be rendered subservient to the general good. Mr. Hunt, however, uses no such argument as this; which, infamous though it be, has at least a specious and unselfish appearance about it, calculated to gain the assent of the unthinking part of the multitude. He openly avows that he borrowed money, which he could not repay, except by violating his native feelings of right and honour, by composing a work, which, otherwise, he would never have thought of, and which, when composed, he would have put into the fire, if his pecuniary circumstances had enabled him to pursue the dictates of his heart. The wretched woman who, under the veil of night, offers her attractions to those who are disposed to pay for them, may tell a similar tale. It is not her love of vice that drives her into the streets; it is not her horror of virtue; for the human heart is not so radically vicious—particularly not in woman—as some philosophers have chosen to represent it: No—she must *live*—dire necessity urges her to barter her person for money, and so she goes on in her career of heartless, ignominious depravity. Such a being we commonly call a prostitute. What then shall we say of him who, knowing what is right, and willing too, as we believe, to pursue it, sacrifices all his notions of principle, and panders to the debased appetite for scandal which rages through all ranks of society. 'Good God!' says Mr. Hunt, when he has nearly emptied all his store of spleen against the memory of Lord Byron, 'Good God! when I think of these things, and of the common weaknesses of society, as at present constituted, I feel as if I could shed tears over the most willing of my resentments, much more over the most unwilling, and such as I never *intended* speaking of,' (p. 89). *Video meliora, pejora sequor.* This is the summary of Mr. Hunt's palliations—if palliations they can be called—which tend only to deepen the intellectual degradation into which he has fallen.

We must not pass over the concluding paragraph of his preface:

> 'The account of Lord Byron was not intended to stand first in the book. I should have kept it for a climax. My own reminiscences, I fear, coming

after it, will be like bringing back the Moselle, after devils and Burgundy. Time also, as well as place, is violated; and the omission of a good part of the autobiography, and introduction of detached portraits for inserted ones, have given altogether a different look to the publication, from what was contemplated at first. *But my publisher thought it best;* perhaps it is so: and I have only to hope, that in adding to the *attractions* of the title page, it will not make the greater part of the work seem unworthy of it.'—*Preface*, p. vii.

We own that we do not think that in this and other such passages, the publisher has been fairly dealt with by the author. The latter seems extremely anxious to shift upon the shoulders of the former, all the blame which can attach to a work of this description It is obvious that Mr. Colburn wished, and very naturally, to obtain a book that would repay him for his advances and other risks; but it belonged to the author, if he really held any principles of honour sacred, to take his stand upon them. If he has abandoned them, and that for the sake of the reward which he was to get for so doing, it is clear that the taint of the transaction belongs, at least, as much to him who receives, as to him who gives, under circumstances so humiliating.

The reader will observe, that we have not at all entered into the question, whether, removing all other considerations out of view, it was becoming in Mr. Hunt, particularly looking at the relation in which he was placed towards Lord Byron, to constitute himself the reporter of his lordship's private life. We entertain, however, an opinion on this point, which we shall not hesitate to declare. According to Mr. Hunt's statement, it appears that soon after he was liberated from a long imprisonment, he found himself surrounded by a large family, and with scarcely any means to support them. His health was broken down, and his fortunes were altogether in a desperate condition, when a proposal reached him through his friend, Mr. Shelley, from Lord Byron, then residing in Italy, to proceed to that country for the purpose of assisting in the composition of a periodical work, to be called "The Liberal." In order to enable him to comply with this proposal, Lord Byron sent him, through the same channel, two hundred pounds, and accordingly, Mr. Hunt and all his family set off by sea for that country. Upon his arrival the "Liberal" was commenced; he and his wife and children lived in the same house with Lord Byron at Pisa; and he had thus frequent opportunities of seeing his lordship in his private hours, and of observing the general tenor of his habits and pursuits. The "Liberal," went on with indifferent success for some months, and then failed; Mr. Shelley perished at sea; the hopes of all the parties, as to the new periodical, were disappointed; differences soon followed which gave rise to mutual complaints; quarrels ensued; Lord Byron went to Greece, and Mr. Hunt was obliged to return to England.

Under these circumstances it was, that the author obtained the information which gives a tainted zest to his work. He did not, be it remembered, meet with Lord Byron on the high road of life, in the general intercourse of society; had that been the case, he might have been justified in recording his impressions of a character, that is likely to be enquired into with some degree of curiosity by posterity. But he never would have enjoyed the opportunity of seeing Lord Byron in Italy, had it not been for the noble lord's kind intentions towards him in the first instance, and in the next place, for an actual advance of money, sufficient to defray his travelling expences from England to that country; so that while Mr. Hunt resided in Italy, he could have been considered in no other light than as a dependant on Lord Byron. For such a person therefore, to take advantage of his situation, in order to betray to the world all his noble protector's errors and foibles, seems to us nothing short of a domestic treason. But to publish those foibles for the sake of gain, and to publish nothing but those, for the sake of spleen, indicate a dereliction of principle, and a destitution of honourable feeling, which we shall not venture to characterize.

Mr. Hunt further informs us, that as to his own biography, he soon became tired of that; that he was 'warned off this ground as impossible on account of others, and gladly gave it up.' Such is the candour of this author. Where the feelings of his own friends are concerned, he drops a veil upon his history, lest he should give them pain; but where he is likely only to offend the feelings of persons who are not of the number of his friends, he never enters into the slightest consideration of consequences, except, indeed, as to the profits he is to enjoy from making disclosures, which, otherwise, he would be the first to reprobate.

> 'I could not,' says he, 'conceal from myself, on looking over the manuscript, that in renewing my intercourse with him (Lord Byron) in imagination, I had involuntarily felt a re-access of the spleen and indignation which I experienced, as a man who thought himself ill-treated. With this, to a certain extent, the account is coloured, though never with a shadow of untruth; nor have I noticed a great deal that I should have done, had I been in the least vindictive, which is a vice I disdain.'—*Preface*, p. v.

This is a refinement of morality which we do not clearly comprehend. If his account be coloured with spleen and indignation, as it is here confessed to be, we should deem it vindictive, although Mr. Hunt had in words disclaimed that vice a thousand times over; and a more detestable vice in a writer who pretends to be a biographer can scarcely be conceived. But in order that the reader may judge for himself on this point, we shall only state that the author has characterized Lord Byron as 'vain,'—'egotistical,'—'fond of notoriety'—'avaricious'—'intemperate'—'cold to woman'—'false in his friendships'—'penurious of books'—'of no address'—'superstitious and old womanish'—'a man of great perversity and self-will'—'that he was born handsome, wilful and *lame*'—'that he had no conversation'—'that it was doubtful whether he was a man of courage'—'and that he certainly was not a christian.'

It is not our province to defend Lord Byron's character from the imputations which are here made against it. They may be all well founded, for aught that we know; but that they are set forth in a vindictive, not to say a malignant spirit, no man can doubt, who understands that it is the duty of a biographer to give the lights as well as shades to his portrait, which properly belong to it. If Mr. Hunt is to be believed, Lord Byron had not a single virtue, to redeem or palliate the above formidable list of vices and infirmities; whereas it is notorious, that his lordship had done many kind and generous acts towards literary friends; that he was never niggardly of his praise where he thought it deserved; that throughout his too brief existence, he had been animated by an unquenchable love of liberty, and had essentially served it by his writings, and that finally he sacrificed his life upon its altar. These things alone, not to say a word of his transcendant genius, ought to shed a brightness on his history, which should cast many of his infirmities into the shade. It cannot be denied, that his great poetical talents were sullied by many impurities, but these will of themselves decay in time, and leave his name in that fine splendour, in which it was invested when it first obtained its ascendant in our horizon.

We have seen that Mr. Hunt talks a good deal of the pecuniary obligations which he owes to his publisher; and that it was, in fact, those obligations that forced him into the account which he has given of Lord Byron. Upon what principle was it then, that he conceived himself free from all obligation to the memory of Lord Byron, who had also advanced him—nay, presented him with money, to the amount already specified, and a hundred pounds more than that subsequently in Italy? It is worth while to attend to the author's defence of himself on this point.

> 'I have some peculiar notions on the subject of money, as the reader will see more fully. They will be found to involve considerable difference of opinion with the community, in a state of things like the present, particularly in a commercial country; and many may think me deficient in spirit on that point, as I think them mistaken in their notions of what spirit is, and mistakenly educated. I may be wrong (as people say when they think themselves in the right); but in the mean time, judging even by what they themselves think of the little happiness and disinterestedness that is to be found in the present state of things, I am sure they are not right; and that the system of mere bustle and competition ends in little good to any body. I can see an improvement in it ultimately, when the vicissitude comes which every body attributes to the nature of human society, and which nobody seems to believe in with regard to their own customs:—but I shall be digressing too far. Among other things, in which I differ in point of theory (for in practice I am bound to say that of late, though for other reasons, I have totally altered in this parti-

cular), I have not had that horror of being under obligation, which is thought an essential refinement in money matters, and which leads some really generous persons, as well as some who only seek personal importance in their generosity, to think they have a right to bestow favours which they would be mortified to receive. But, at the same time, in this as in every thing else, "the same is not the same." Men and modes make a difference, and I must say two things for myself, for which every body may give me credit, who deserves credit himself; first, that although (to my great sorrow and repentance) I have not been careful enough to enable myself to be generous in this respect towards others, in any degree worth speaking of, nor even (with shame I say it) just to my own children (though I trust to outlive that culpability), yet I have never refused to share my last sixpence (no idle phrase in this instance) with any friend who was in want of it; and second, that although it has been a delight to me to receive hundreds from some, I could not receive without anguish, as many pence from others; nor should I ever, by any chance, have applied to them, but for a combination of circumstances that mixed me up with them at the moment.'—pp. 19, 20.

If we rightly understand the drift of this argument, it means that Mr. Hunt would have received as much of Lord Byron's money as his lordship might have thought proper to give, without feeling himself under the slightest obligation; but that he has since changed his mind on the subject, 'in practice at least,' of which we presume the memoir of his lordship is a sufficient example. There is much in this passage that savours of Cobbett's defence of his non-payment of a loan advanced to him by Sir Francis Burdett. The upshot of their common doctrine is this; that, whereas Messrs Cobbett and Hunt have a high opinion of their own talents; and whereas one is a political, and the other a miscellaneous writer, and they have not as yet amassed fortunes by their publications—therefore, considering 'the present state of society,' they need never think of refunding to any person who favours them with pecuniary assistance! Mr. Hunt would, indeed, have us to believe, that 'in practice at least,' he has altered those notions of late, thereby affording a ray of encouragement to those who might be inclined to imitate Lord Byron's generosity. But is he certain that if such persons were to be found, he would not recur to his favourite doctrine?

There is another subject upon which we must touch, though with unfeigned reluctance, and with as much delicacy as we can. It is well known that an intimacy of an improper description took place between Lord Byron and a Signora Guiccoli, soon after his lordship's arrival in Italy, and that that intimacy continued for a considerable length of time. Mr. Hunt was aware of this; he knew, therefore, that the parties were living in a state of double adultery, openly violating the most sacred duties. Yet he never seems to have hesitated an instant, about introducing Mrs. Hunt and his children to a family thus tainted in all its relations. He complains of having been treated by Lord Byron, on some occasions, with disrespect; we ask, what better treatment did he deserve, after degrading himself and his children by such mean compliances? He had been given to understand, forsooth! that 'the attachment was real; that it was rescuing Lord Byron from worse connexions; and that the lady's family approved of it.' Supposing all this to be true, does it follow that their conduct was the less criminal in the sight of God—or less reprehensible in the opinion of good men?—But we correct ourselves; it seems that Mr. Hunt has also a peculiar theory on this subject, as on that of money. He tells us that he differs, very considerably, 'with the notions entertained respecting the intercourse of the sexes, in more countries than one;' by which, we suspect, he means that such intercourse ought to be subject to no laws, human or divine. Truly, we have here a philosopher of the most agreeable description!

But the truth of the matter is, after all, that the attachment was *not* 'real.' 'Unfortunately, it soon became clear, that there was no love on either side. The lady, I believe, was not unsusceptible of a real attachment, and most undoubtedly, she was desirous that Lord Byron should cultivate it, and make her as proud and as affectionate as she was anxious to be. But to hear her talk of him, she must have pretty soon discerned, that this was impossible; and the manner of her talking rendered it more than doubtful whether she had ever loved, or could love him, to the extent that she supposed.' Yet though Mr. Hunt knew this, it did not accelerate his departure from Lord Byron's house; neither did it prevent him from entering very minutely into the scandalous history of this connexion; or from placing among the *ornaments* of his volume, an engraved portrait of the adulteress, a portrait which, no doubt, Stockdale will copy for his next number of "Harriet Wilson."

Under such circumstances, we are not surprised to hear, that Lord Byron talked of Mrs. Hunt as "no great things." They are the author's own words; though he imputes the censure to a different cause, viz. Mrs Hunt's satirical wit. We copy the precious specimens of it which he has recorded. Lord Byron said to her one day—"What do you think, Mrs. Hunt? Trelawney has been speaking against my morals! What do you think of that?"—"It is the first time," said Mrs. Hunt, "I ever heard of them." On another occasion, Mrs. Hunt said of his picture, by Harlowe, that "it resembled a great school boy, who had had a plain bun given him, instead of a plum one." Mr. Hunt himself it seems, the noble lord set down as "a proser," and his children as "impracticable;" he does not defend himself from the charge, but as to 'the children,' he assures us, that 'it was impossible to have quieter or more respectable in the house, or any that came less in his (Lord Byron's) way.' We must say, that his lordship's situation at this time, seems to us to have been anything but enviable. We shall, however, extract, as the least objectionable part of the work, an account of the daily routine of his life at Pisa.

'Lord Byron who used to sit up at night, writing Don Juan (which he did under the influence of gin and water), rose late in the morning. He breakfasted; read; lounged about, singing an air, generally out of Rossini, and in a swaggering style, though in a voice at once small and veiled; then took a bath, and was dressed, and coming down stairs, was heard, still singing, in the court yard, out of which the garden ascended at the back of the house. The servants at the same time brought out two or three chairs. My study, a little room in a corner, with an orange tree peeping in at the window, looked upon this court-yard. I was generally at my writing when he came down, and either acknowledged his presence by getting up and saying something from the window, or he called out "Leontius!"* and came halting up to the window with some joke, or other challenge to conversation. His dress, as at Monte-Nero, was a nankeen jacket, with white waistcoat and trowsers, and a cap, either velvet or linen, with a shade to it. In his hand was a tobacco box, from which he helped himself like unto a shipman, but for a different purpose; his object being to restrain the pinguifying impulses of hunger. Perhaps also he thought it good for the teeth. We then lounged about, or sat and talked, Madame Guiccioli, with her sleek tresses, descending after her toilet to join us. The garden was small and square, but plentifully stocked with oranges and other shrubs; and, being well watered, looked very green and refreshing under the Italian sky. The lady generally attracted us up into it, if we had not been there before.

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'In the course of an hour or two, being an early riser, I used to go in to dinner. Lord Byron either stayed a little longer, or went up stairs to his books and his couch. When the heat of the day declined, we rode out, either on horseback or in a barouche, generally towards the forest. He was a good rider, graceful, and kept a firm seat. He loved to be told of it, and being true, it was a pleasure to tell him.

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'Of an evening I seldom saw him. He recreated himself in the balcony, or with a book; and at night, when I went to bed, he was just thinking of setting to work with Don Juan. His favourite reading was history and travels. I think I am correct in saying, that his favourite authors were Bayle and Gibbon. Gibbon was altogether calculated to please him. There was a show in him, and at the same time a tone of the world, a self-complacency and a sarcasm, a love of things aristocratical, with a tendency to be liberal on other points of opinion, and to crown all, a splendid success in authorship, and a high and piquant character with the fashionable world, which found a strong sympathy in the bosom of his noble reader. Then, in his private life, Gibbon was a voluptuous recluse; he had given celebrity to a foreign residence, possessed a due sense of the merits of wealth as well as rank, and last, perhaps not least, was no speaker in Parliament. I may add, that the elaborate style of his writing pleased the lover of the artificial in poetry, while the cynical turn of his satire amused the genius of Don Juan. And finally, his learning and research supplied the indolent man of letters with the information which he had left at school.

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* The supposed Latin for Leigh!

'Lord Byron's collection of books was poor, and consisted chiefly of new ones. I remember little among them but the English works published at Basle, (Kames, Robertson, Watson's History of Philip II. &c.) and new ones occasionally sent him from England. He was anxious to show you that he possessed no Shakspeare and Milton, "because," he said, "he had been accused of borrowing from them!" He affected to doubt whether Shakspeare was so great a genius as he has been taken for, and whether fashion had not a great deal to do with it; an extravagance, of which none but a patrician author could have been guilty. However, there was a greater committal of himself at the bottom of this notion than he supposed; and, perhaps, circumstances had really disenabled him from having the *proper* idea of Shakspeare, though it could not have fallen so short of the truth as he pretended. Spencer he could not read; at least he said so. All the gusto of that most poetical of the poets went with him for nothing. I lent him a volume of the "Fairy Queen," and he said he would try to like it. Next day he brought it to my study-window, and said,."Here, Hunt, here is your Spencer, I cannot see any thing in him:" and he seemed anxious that I should take it out of his hands, as if he was afraid of being accused of copying so poor a writer. That he saw nothing in Spencer is not very likely; but I really do not think that he saw much.

'Spenser was too much out of the world, and he too much in it. It would have been impossible to persuade him, that Sandys's Ovid was better than Addison's and Croxall's. He wanted faith in the interior of poetry to relish it unpruned and unpopular. Besides, he himself was to be mixed up somehow with every thing, whether to approve it or disapprove. When he found Sandys's "Ovid" among my books, he said, "God! what an unpleasant recollection I have of this book! I met with it on my wedding-day, I read it while I was waiting to go to church." Sandys, who is any thing but an anti-bridal poet, was thenceforward to be nobody but an old fellow who had given him an unpleasant sensation. The only great writer of past times, whom he read with satisfaction, was Montaigne. Franklin he liked. He respected him from his acquisition of wealth and power; and would have stood in awe, had he known him, of the refined worldliness of his character, and the influence it gave him. Franklin's works, and Walter Scott's, were among his favourite reading. His liking for such of the modern authors as he preferred in general, was not founded in a compliment to them; but Walter Scott, with his novels, his fashionable repute, and his ill opinion of the world whom he fell in with, enabled him to enter heartily into his merits, and he read him over and over again with unaffected delight.'—pp. 37—46.

We remember to have seen some numbers of the "Liberal," the periodical publication in the management of which, Mr. Hunt assisted Lord Byron; and although it is written, that of the dead nothing that is not good should be said, yet we must declare, that a more silly, a more vulgar, a more unentertaining, or at the same time, a more ostentatious work never dishonoured our literature. In matters of morality, it was at least of a very questionable character; in matters of religion it was offensively conceited and profane. It perished in the disgrace it deserved, and let it therefore rest in contempt.

Much of what Mr. Hunt is pleased to call his account of Lord Byron, is rather a dissertation upon his character, than a history of his life. He takes a verse from the noble lord's poems, or a confession of an idle moment, and makes it the theme of half a dozen tiresome prosing pages. There is little that is new in his narrative, and of that little, there is still less that is important. There are upwards of forty pages out of one hundred and fifty, devoted solely to a dull criticism on a work, entitled, "The Life, Writings, Opinions, and Times, of Lord Byron,"—a spurious compilation, known to be such by any man who has the slightest judgment. Yet does Mr. Hunt set about refuting the numberless fabrications of this precious publication, with as much solemnity as if it had proceeded from a respectable quarter. But his motive is evident enough. He wished merely to eke out his memoir, and give it as imposing an appearance as possible. This is followed by some ten or a dozen familiar letters from Lord Byron to the author, which are chiefly taken up in paying him compliments on several of his poems—compliments which he ought to have blushed to acknowledge, after having treated the noble lord with such little ceremony in return.

The author's memoir of Mr. Moore, is too scanty, and, we may add, too prejudiced to deserve any particular notice from us. That of Mr. Shelley, on the contrary, is nothing but a panegyric. Of the genius of that ill-starred and eccentric man, we have always thought very highly; his private life offers little worthy of our admiration, and his religious principles still less. His end was tragical, and contains a lesson that should appal the most thoughtless of his disciples. In the memoir which Mr. Hunt has given of him, we frequently observe the phrase 'conventional,' and 'unconventional.' It seems, that he imagines the community divisible into these two classes, the former including those who acknowledge an allegiance to the general rules of society, the latter consisting of those who would like to live according to regulations of their own. Mr. Shelley has a conspicuous place among the unconventional, and, if we mistake not, Mr. Hunt aspires to a similar honour;—*par nobile-fratres.* The author indulges us with a long and tedious review of his friend's different poetical works, of course exalting them to the highest pitch of reputation. It will avail them little. The tendency to corruption and decay, which in a signal manner is engendered in all obscene things, pervades them to the core, and has already bowed them to the dust, with which they will soon be covered.

Availing himself of the comprehensiveness of his title-page, Mr. Hunt has given us memoirs of Keats, Campbell, Dubois, Theodore Hook, Mathews, Messrs. James and Horace Smith, Fuseli, Bonnycastle, Kinnaird, Charles Lamb, and Mr. Coleridge, many of them it must be owned, respectable names, to whose merits we offer no objection. But why *they* should be set down as the contemporaries of Lord Byron, we are rather at a loss to conjecture. There are hundreds of others who lived in the time of Lord Byron, and had just as much title to notice as any of those, with perhaps one or two exceptions, who are here enumerated. Keats died at the age of twenty-four, in a state little short of madness. Campbell still lives to adorn his country, and promote the welfare of his race. Dubois is scarcely known; Theodore Hook, too well known for his, at least presumed, connexion with the basest system of calumny that ever disgraced the public press; Mathews still delights the town, and one of the Smiths, at least, has retired to Tor Hill, to die with one Reuben Apsley. Coleridge has grown fat and idle; Charles Lamb has outgrown his visions; and as to the rest, and even as to most of these, what had they particularly to do with Lord Byron, that they should be denominated *his* contemporaries?

We come now to Mr. Hunt's recollections of his own life, to which we find a portrait prefixed, calculated to do any thing but conciliate our confidence. We have not the honour of knowing the original; but if this portrait be at all like him, we must confess, that we should have no great fancy for his company. We understand that he is rather displeased with his painter, or at least, his engraver, who, he thinks, has made him look like a thief. The picture certainly does warrant the idea, for we could almost imagine, that he had something under his cloak which he had purloined, and was making the best of his way home with it.

Upon the memoir itself, we shall touch but sparingly. It is far from being a flattering tale. Of worldly vicissitude, not only the author, but all his family appear to have had an abundant portion, and that chiefly owing to their imprudence. Both his grandfather and father were clergymen of the Established Church: he himself seems to have been brought up to no regular calling. For such education as he has received, he has been chiefly indebted to Christ Hospital. Whatever reputation he has earned in literature, he owes, and to his credit be it spoken, entirely to his own exertions. If we were asked what we think of Mr. Hunt's politics, we should answer, that, generally speaking, we approve of them; liberal measures have always found in him a steady and energetic, and sometimes, even an eloquent defender. Several of his miscellaneous compositions in light literature, we think favourably of. They have in them a raciness, occasionally, that reminds us of the elder masters of our language. His poetry we think verbose, and conceited in its diction, sickly in its imagery, *cockneyfied* (to use an expressive phrase) in its descriptive passages, and poor and tawdry in its sentiments. The most interesting portion of his memoir, is that which relates to his imprisonment; it has been already before the world in another publication, and therefore we pass it over.

In closing this book, we shall only add, that however unworthy of the author it is in many respects, we believe it will be very generally read at first, and then very soon forgotten. Personal history is the rage of the day, particularly when it is seasoned, as this work is, with much of the spice of scandal; but happily for the interests of mankind, that is a spice which often keeps but badly, and upon repetition, becomes too disgusting to be endured. We would not at the same time be understood as saying, that Lord Byron's character is not here, in some respects, placed in its natural colours before the reader. It presents him in his dishabille, stripped of the court costume in which some of his biographers have represented him; and we do not deny, that it renders him a more intelligible, though a more common-place being, than we had been hitherto taught to imagine. There is a portrait of him fronting the title-page, which is a good likeness. It is merely a copy of that which appeared in all the print-shop windows some time since, representing his lordship after his return from riding. It was originally cut in paper by Mrs. Leigh Hunt. Portraits of Keats and Lamb also appear in this work, with as much pertinence to the main subject as their biographies.

ART. III.—1. *Prose di G. B. Niccolini Fiorentino, Professore, e Segretario dell 'Accademia delle Belle Arti.* Firenze; 8vo. 1825.

2. *Prose e versi di G. B. Niccolini.* Milano; 12mo. 1826.

3. *Foscarini, tragedia di G. B. Niccolini.* Firenze; 1827.

IT is a remarkable fact in modern literature, that Tuscany, highly favoured as it has been by the muses, where, five hundred years ago, the Italian language attained its ripeness, and has ever since preserved its purity, (even in the midst of the general corruption of taste which prevailed in the rest of the Peninsula), has, nevertheless, hardly produced a single writer of eminence during the last, or we might add the present century. None of the great names of Italy, for a hundred years past, are Tuscan; Maffei, Zeno, and Goldoni, were Venetians; Muratori was from Modena; Vico, Giannone, and Filangieri, were Neapolitans; Beccaria and Parini, Milanese; Metastasio, a Roman; Alfieri, a Piedmontese. Even now Milan, as a seat of letters, as well as a mart for typographic and bookselling enterprize, ranks far above Florence. There are more books published at Milan, than in all the rest of Italy; and yet erudition, general information, colloquial elegance, are unquestionably more general in Tuscany, than in any other Italian state. The press is also comparatively free, the inhabitants have been for a long period liberal, the country is thriving, the people cheerful and happy. What is the reason of this scarcity of genius? Is it to be looked for in the very refinement of a polite, elderly people, in whom the fire of youth is exhausted, and who love now to sit down and talk with sober sedateness of what they have done, rather than of what they might do yet? Or is it to be found in the character of the language, which appears little calculated, as some have assumed, for prose writing, especially for that sort of composition, imaginative, amusing and instructive, which is now in vogue among the reading public in most countries of Europe? One thing is certain, that the Italian, or as the Florentines would have it, the Tuscan language, is sadly deficient in works of general literature; such as novels, travels, memoirs, sprightly criticism, epistolary correspondence, and all that sort of current literature, with which the French, German, and English presses abound. There is hardly an Italian work calculated for female education; this deficiency is universally acknowledged, the compilations used being chiefly translations.

We adverted in a former article,* while speaking of the present state of Italian letters, to the philological disputes of late years between the worshippers of the Cruscan authorities, and the partisans of universal Italian community of language. Thanks to the progress of good sense, this controversy has lost much of its original bitterness and pedantry; moderate men on both sides have come nearer and nearer to a reconciliation; the merits of the Tuscan writers, and the signal services rendered by the academy, have been acknowledged on one side, and the right of the rest of the Italian learned to contribute to the improvement of the common language has been admitted on the other. Most of the suggestions and corrections contained in Monti's *Proposta* have been adopted in the new dictionaries now in the course of publication, and it must be confessed also, that these corrections are not so numerous as to throw discredit on the former learned academicians who compiled the great vocabulary, when we observe that Monti, with all his philological and critical acuteness, did not find more than two hundred words to censure under the first five letters from A to E inclusive. The ultra champions, however, of Tuscan purism, continue to flatter the willing ears of their countrymen, who inhabit the vale of Arno, from Pisa to Arezzo, by telling them that the rest of Italy speak nothing but dialects, and that writers, not Tuscan, are obliged to learn the written languuge in grammars and dictionaries: and this assertion has been implicitly believed and repeated by travellers. The words of the Italian written language, however, are spoken in good society, and understood by all the inhabitants of the various parts of the Peninsula, although the people among themselves, resort in preference to their respective dialects. In Tuscany, and at Rome only, there is no dialect; in the rest of Italy, all men of education speak and write in Italian, but they alter the application of some words, and are not so exact in niceties of grammar and syntax as the Tuscans generally are. That there is one common language prevalent, from one end of the Peninsula to the other, is proved by the boast of the Tuscans themselves, that *their countrymen, however illiterate, are understood all over Italy; while a Lombard, or a Neapolitan of the uneducated classes, is not understood out of his respective province*, and this because the latter speak dialects. With regard to the choice of sentences, and above all, the turn of the period, the Tuscan writers are certainly distinguished by an elegance, or rather quaintness peculiar to them, and which few of the other Italians can rival, at least in prose, for there the difference chiefly lies. The language of good poetry is much alike all over Italy.

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* M. R. Vol. iii., p. 480.

Niccolini, whose name we have prefixed to this article, is now the chief supporter of Tuscan eloquence, of which his *prose*, consisting of discourses, chiefly on the fine arts, may be considered as affording very good specimens. Being a native of Florence, a Professor, and an Academician, he is impressed in favour of the pre-eminence of his country; but his sentiments on the subject are extremely moderate. We gather them from his two essays, one " On Propriety in Matters of Language;" and the other, in which he examines " What Share the People can have in the Formation of Languages." He establishes the principle, that without tracing the ideology of words, it is impossible to reason correctly on their propriety; and that disputes about language may be protracted ad infinitum, for want of analytical studies. Rhetoricians and lexicographers have seldom been philosophers; their researches have been after custom, and custom is not science. Every word had for those who used it, first a single and particular meaning, which afterwards society enlarged or altered. There is no *necessary connexion* between certain words and the ideas they express; names often last longer than the idea which gave origin to them. 'Who amongst us,' he asks, 'believes in the influence of the stars?' And yet the words *disaster*, *ascendant*, derived from astrological notions, are still in use. We must, therefore, confess, that custom is, after all, our best guide in the choice of expressions.

Speaking of the genius of the various languages, Niccolini, after observing that it is derived from imagination and learning, from the influence of the climate, and from the habits and passions of the people, thus continues:—'The Greek language is very well adapted to express minute particulars, which the Latin is not, but the latter is more susceptible of lofty grandeur. In this, the Italian resembles its Roman parent, and Dante had need of all the resources of his genius, to enable him to be so minutely descriptive, without falling into lowness and meanness.' And speaking of the Oriental writers, he says: 'Those who so much admire the pompous figures in the eastern languages, do not perceive that it is from their poverty of abstract ideas, that those people have had recourse to images, material and often ignoble.'—p. 135.

Concerning the scope of his discourse, how a precise and elegant style is to be obtained, Niccolini insists that it must be by making use of expressions, clear, appropriate, and refined; understood by all, and spoken and written by many. The classic writers must be studied, and the rules founded upon their example should be considered as a check to presumptuous licences; but not as chains, which strong minds are always able to break, in spite of the pedants.—p. 137.

Niccolini inveighs against that fulsome loquacity, that redundant copiousness of some Italian writers, which surprises foreigners, who enquire how it happens that authors can obtain fame among us without enriching our intellectual patrimony with a single idea?—p. 137. But another failing we mark in some, even of the best writers of Italy, is their fondness for the didactic and academic style, which we conceive to be the least calculated to have any effect on the vivacious and fanciful temper of that people. The press is teeming with sermons (not for the pulpit) in prose and in verse; eulogies, orations, discourses, essays, mostly on ponderous philosophical and moral subjects. Their periodicals actually sink under the weight of their laborious compositions; often written by men of real learning, but who are not in the habit of sacrificing to the graces. In the present tone of mind and morals of the people of Italy, this gravity of its literati has an awkward effect: this infirmity is of old date, it is coeval with the revival of classic studies—with the establishment of their innumerable academies, the nurseries of rhetorical and scholastic philosophers. We defy almost human patience to go through the task of perusing the elaborate works of some of those learned academicians; the two hundred and forty-three discourses of Anton Maria Salvini for example, and he is by no means the least insipid.

Niccolini's oratory is lofty and classical, because it treats of lofty subjects, and this style of eloquence has many attractions for the scholar. On the subject of the fine arts, our author displays the ease of a man to whom the arts are objects of domestic intimacy, without the conceit that often attends this privilege. Having investigated all their possible influence on the minds of men, and having illustrated his position by the example of the two greatest nations of antiquity, he suddenly stops at a reflection which flashes across his thought:—

'The language of the arts, he exclaims, as well as that of letters, will be silenced by general debasement, its inspiration will fall powerless on our enervated souls. When, in the darkness of a barbarous age, Renzi, the high-minded tribune, made a last effort to arouse his city from her dejection, to make her lift up her head once more above her seven hills, it was to the monuments of the arts, to those images of former glory that he addressed himself, in order to break the torpor of his degenerate countrymen. But fruitless were the efforts of that magnanimous citizen, and his words were cast to the winds. How could the Romans of his time, lost in the gloom of slavery, where all is silence, suspicion, and terror, where people learn to stifle their thoughts, and even to forget them; how could they understand the mute eloquence of those remains, of those monuments, the work of powerful and lofty minds?'—p. 35.

In his essay on the life of Michael Angelo, after refuting the strictures of a French rhetorician, who says, that Buonarroti bestowed motion but not thought on his figures, and after exposing the pretensions of those who wish the great Florentine artist had had the colouring of Titian! a wish that, if fulfilled, would have destroyed the mysterious awfulness of his scriptural images—he observes, that 'his painting would then no longer be a mental vision of supernatural events, and the artist, in order to produce the illusion of reality, would forsake the intellectual illusion, and thus limit the range of imagination, which loves that noble simplicity of outline.'—He then censures the splenetic Milizia, that "cynic of the arts," who attempted to throw ridicule on the Moses, by a low and irreverent allusion to the head. What did these aristarchuses want in the Moses? One of those hackneyed features of Jupiter or Laocoon which are multiplied every day, by satisfied mediocrity? The critics wilfully forget that the Moses, confined as it is now, is not in the station it was intended for, and where he would have towered above other figures, as the real inspired lawgiver of the earliest people.'

'So much for Buonarroti's works—thus Niccolini concludes: I shall now proceed to the man and his times. His temper was melancholy and irritable; he was one of those to whom repose is death,—who love difficulties and danger to put their strength to trial, for then, and then alone, they feel the proud sentiment of life. This natural disposition had been fostered in the youthful Michael Angelo, by his education in the house of Lorenzo, of him who joined to supreme power the manners of a citizen, when servility and baseness were not yet considered necessary. When his native city was besieged, Michael Angelo came to shut himself in it; and he defended it, and retarded the triumph of oppression and treachery. When Florence was taken, he retired into silence and obscurity, but appeared again in all his native boldness when the great Alexander wanted him to construct a fortress, in order to overawe the indignant citizens. Michael Angelo then *refused.* * * * * * By nature and circumstances he was fond of solitude, but even then he was not alone; he had with him the sublime visions of the arts, the image of his beloved country, in whose fall, Italy also fell and the memory of that great pontiff, Julius II., a man of a mind congenial to his own, who used to exclaim in his generous ire, "*I shall have no peace until, having driven all the barbarians out of Italy, I can deserve to be called its deliverer.*"

'I pity Buonarroti's long life, when I reflect on the calamities that in his old age he was doomed to behold. The Italians, groaning under the weight of Spanish dominion, forgot their native customs, learned to imitate their rulers, preserved nothing old—even their vices were borrowed of the foreigner. Domestic peace and happiness were lost among the pageantries of splendour without wealth; in the pride of baseness, disguised under pompous names, and in corrupt morals, and fanciful doctrines. Italy had then inertness without repose, misfortunes without glory, atrocious crimes, cowardly virtues—in short, all the painful deformities of a wearisome servitude. The mind became so shaped to its fate, that in that age of new guilt and new crimes, not an Italian writer is found exhibiting any symptom of that lofty wrath of a Tacitus or a Juvenal, of that spleen which was wont to feed human letters even in the most degenerate olden times. Taste itself forsook the arts, Michael Anglo was left without enemies, but also without judges, he stood single, the king of a people of slaves.

'Far advanced in the years of a melancholy old age, he reached, at last, the universal goal. His country had his weary remains, heaven resumed his spirit, but Providence, willing that another and a kindred mind should succeed in his place here below, and bear witness to the dignity of human reason, had so ordained, that two days before the death of Buonarroti, the soul of Galileo came to dwell upon our earth.'—p. 181.

We have already observed, that, as a writer on æsthetics, Niccolini is one of the first in Italy. His Discourse on the Florentine architect and painter, Orgagna, who lived in the fourteenth century; and the other on Leone Alberti, the artist, mathematician, and friend of Lorenzo de Medici, abound not only with eloquent passages, but with splendid illustrations of the spirit of the arts, and of their influence on nations, which Niccolini values very highly. A people in whom the sentiment of the beautiful is alive, cannot be wholly degraded. The copious notes which Niccolini has placed at the end of each Discourse, are very instructive.

Niccolini has written several classical tragedies, the language of which is noble, the verse harmonious, the plan regular and meagre. The subjects of the first three, written some years ago, are Greek: Polyxena, Œdipus, and Ino and Themisto. But in his last play, Foscarini, the poet, *ausus deserere vestigia Græca*, has sought for a subject in the history of Venice, that copious but now somewhat common store of tragical records. The events he has fixed upon occurred in the early part of the seventeenth century, shortly after the discovery of Bedamar's famous conspiracy. A law was passed about that time in the Venetian senate, forbidding, under pain of death, any patrician to hold communication with a foreign envoy, or even to cross the threshold of his gate. Not long after, Antonio Foscarini, the son of the reigning doge, was the first to suffer the penalty. He was found within the precincts of the Spanish ambassador's palace, and was executed in 1622. In the play, this Foscarini, who has just returned from a mission to the Swiss republics, a youth, rash, impatient, and full of ideas of independence, acquired under the free sky of Helvetia, soon evinces in his first interview with his father, his aversion against the despotism of the council of Ten, and his abhorrence of the new law, however justifiable by the fear of Spanish intrigues, and the recollection of the danger from which Venice had lately escaped. But, as if to fill up the measure of his discontent, he is informed by the doge, that Theresa Navagero, his betrothed, has, during his absence, been induced by her father's persuasions to marry Contarini, one of the three Inquisitors of state. This man was inimical to young Foscarini, and his brother inquisitor, Loredano, is equally incensed with the doge, on account of some words spoken in senate by the latter against him. An opportunity soon presents itself to satisfy the revenge of both. An accusation has been thrown into the *lion's mouth*, declaring Antonio Foscarini to be an enemy to the state, and charging him with harbouring designs against the authority of the inquisitors. This accusation Loredano shews to Contarini, whose former rancour is now increased tenfold by jealousy, which some unguarded expressions of Theresa have awakened in his breast. The character of the two inquisitors is drawn, with that anatomical skill in the darker passions of the human heart, which Alfieri and Byron* have often exhibited in their respective works. We do not know whether Professor Niccolini has read Byron's play of the Foscari, but to us the Loredano in Foscarini appears the very counterpart of his namesake in the English play; only the latter is somewhat less pompous in his revenge, more straight-forward in his object, and less talkative about it. He has less of the public, and more of the private, villain about him. But Niccolini wished to pourtray the influence of that gloomy, pitiless, system of Venetian policy, upon the mind and heart of one of its chief ministers. The difference between the weak, cruel, and jealous Contarini, and the stern inexorable Loredano, is well expressed, when, after a conference between the two worthies, in which they communicate their minds to each other, Contarini exclaims, looking after his departing colleague:—'*He was born an inquisitor*—I am become one. He fosters carefully his dark, mysterious wrath, and neither time, nor prayer, nor the spirit of suffering or woe can appease his atrocious soul. Weak affection never enters his heart, and no voice, save that of bold villainy alone could make impression on it. I am cruel because I am wretched, and I wish to deprive others of that which I cannot enjoy.'—A. II., Sc. 4.

Under the shades of evening, Foscarini proceeds in a gondola to the Contarini palace, and sings under Theresa's windows one of those beautiful farewell songs, for which the soft melody of the Italian is so well adapted—a song which he had composed for her before his departure from Venice[*]. Theresa recognises the voice, and feels the reproach implied in the words; she fears also for the life of Foscarini, whom her husband hates; and yet, strange to say, in order to avert the danger from her lover, she resorts to a step which renders it more imminent. She sends her maid, Matilda, who introduces Foscarini into her gardens, where she explains to him the circumstances of her forced marriage, and entreats him to quit Venice. This scene is interesting—the contrast of affection and duty, of love and fear, is affectingly drawn. But while Foscarini is half persuaded to obey the mandate of Theresa, and fly from her presence and from Venice for ever, Contarini arrives, with numerous attendants bearing torches, and all retreat through the mansion is cut off. Foscarini, reckless of his life, but jealous of Theresa's honour, escapes into the neighbouring palace, although warned by Theresa that it is the residence of the Spanish ambassador! Once there, however, instead of courting concealment and silence, this intemperate youth, in a fit of amorous despair, fires a pistol at his own breast, and thus makes known his retreat. He is found wounded, though not mortally—is led to prison—examined before the *Three* about the suspicious circumstances of his concealment—but he remains silent, not to expose Theresa. The Doge is then called to interrogate his son; and here, again, we have a repetition of declamation on one side against, and apologies on the other for, the then existing institutions of Venice, which one would think out of place in such a dreadful conjuncture. There is a sort of stoical apathy in the old doge, but this, we suppose, is the approved character of that personage. At last, the accused persisting in his silence, notwithstanding his father's entreaties and remonstrances, sentence of death is passed upon him as a traitor and a plotter against the republic. The hour glass is turned up which is to measure the remaining hour of Foscarini's life, at the expiration of which he is to be executed. A messenger suddenly appears before the inquisitors, to inform them of a tumult which has broken out in the city—the name of Foscarini resounds from every mouth. The expression of cold surprise on the part of

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* Byron, it appears, was a great admirer of Alfieri, with whom he had some points of resemblance, and his plays seem to have been cast on the model of the Italian dramatist.

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[*] We subjoin the two first stanzas for the lovers of Italian song. The words have been set to music by Professor Pelleschi of Florence, and are become popular in Italy.

I.

'Quando da te lontano
Perfida, io volsi il piede,
Pegno d'eterna fede
La bella man mi diè.
Mirai tremando il volto
Di bel colore asperso,
E tutto l'Universo
Disparve allor da me.

II.

'Mille parole intesi
Che ti dettava amore
E quel che sente il core
E il labbro non può dir.
"Io sarò tua," dicesti,
"E il mio costante affetto
Sol fuggirà dal petto
Coll' ultimo sospir."'

Loredano is characteristic. With an air of contemptuous incredulity:—*What sayest thou? a tumult in Venice?* he exclaims, and nothing discomposed he urges the immediate execution of Foscarini, upbraiding the irresolution of his colleagues, and especially of the base Contarini, who seems alarmed at the sound of the popular shouts: "You *may* tremble," says Loredano, "but I rise not from my judgment seat. Everlasting infamy attend those who do not die at their post!" The cries cease, however, and a woman, veiled from head to foot, rushes into the hall. It is Theresa, she discloses her early love for Foscarini, and their last interview, which led to his escape into the forbidden precincts of the foreign residence. The mystery is now cleared up;—"the innocent is saved," exclaims Theresa; but her husband checks her joy—he draws a black curtain at one end of the hall, and the lifeless body of Foscarini is perceived behind. Theresa stabs herself, the inquisitors upbraid each other for the deed, and the curtain drops.

We have expatiated more than we at first intended on the action of this play, because we think it a fair specimen of the modern classic tragedy in Italy—a sort of compromise between the old classic and the romantic style of composition. Niccolini stands at the head of this middle school, which is an improvement on Alfieri's drama, contrives to keep possession of the stage by sacrificing to the legitimate unities, and at the same time covets popularity by the choice of historical subjects, by the interest of the situations, and an impassioned energy of language. The play of Foscarini has the scantiness of incident, and stately severity of the classic models; the unities of time are strictly preserved, but the place alters at every act, from the senate-hall, to the Contarini palace, then to the prison, and again to the inquisitor's council room. The author professes to follow strictly historical records, with the exception of some anachronisms, to which the observance of the unities has constrained him. His play has had considerable success on the Florence stage, and Niccolini is now to the Florentines, what Manzoni is to the Milanese, although we think there is considerable disparity of genius, as well as dissimilarity of tastes, between these two distinguished writers.

Our remarks in this article have been directed, not solely to Niccolini's works, but also to the general character of Italian literature of the present day, of which little notice is taken in this country. And yet there are books appearing in that language every year, which are deserving of notice. The "History of Sculpture," by Cicognara, is a work that would do honour to any period. In political history, the Tuscan phraseology has been successfully revived by Botta. But the lighter branches of letters will not bear the experiment so well. Repeated attempts have lately been made at novels, but the trammels of the language are felt; there is a certain stiffness that Tuscans alone perhaps can conquer, so as to render their idioms fit for familiar use. And that they do render it such, any traveller who has mixed in Tuscan society will acknowledge. But let him remove from the Etrurian hills, and listen to a Milanese, a Bolognese, or a Neapolitan, attempting to be witty and pleasant in speaking pure Tuscan, and he will feel the awkwardness of the imitation.

Modern Italian prose writers, we are glad to perceive, begin to adapt their style to the nature of their subjects, without caring much about the judgment of academicians. There must be in a country like Italy, a common and familiar style for current literature, and this style is the one adopted by Bertolotti, Sacchi, and North Italian popular authors. Let the Tuscan period be adhered to in the higher walks of letters, in history, in oratory, and didactics. We feel convinced that a too strict reverence for the classics, will prevent the Tuscan language from becoming popular throughout Italy; but we feel also, that in that language alone are to be found all the materials of the common Italian idiom, the arrangement of which, however, we apprehend must be left in a certain measure to the taste of the people of each state.

ART. IV.—*The Process of Historical Proof, Exemplified and Explained.* By Isaac Taylor. 8vo. pp. 338. London: Holdsworth. 1828.

IN whatever degree history is useful, or the experience of one age may be taken advantage of in the conduct of another, in the same degree it is necessary to re-examine the foundations and principles of historical narrative. That an almost universal ignorance prevails respecting the nature of evidence in general, but especially of that kind which refers to history, is sufficiently apparent, from the circumstance that one class of mankind is found to believe every thing that is told them, while another rejects relations authenticated by the clearest deductions of reason. The errors to which the mistakes of these opposite characters lead, are always prejudicial to truth, and, not seldom, productive of the most mischievous practical consequences. A careless assent to dogmas of either one kind or the other, however true, or however important they may be, leaves the mind and the will unaffected; a habit of doubting is as distinct from the quick apprehension of error by a sound and acute reason, as truth itself is from error; and when doubting and believing thus become, as they frequently do, mere habits of the mind, forming themselves in it without any relation to the nature of things, and leaving the intellect independent of the just rules of reason, it invariably follows, that the principles of human conduct, the foundations of human happiness and hope, the distinctions of virtue and vice, and the whole system of our moral nature become confounded or destroyed. This disregard or ignorance of the observable distinction between truth and falsehood, is to be discovered in the most unimportant details and the most weighty circumstances of history itself; it is to be seen in the manner in which men receive or reject testimony as they are affected by party prinples, and in the reasons given on popular questions for assent or disbelief, where no opportunity has been afforded for forming a correct judgment. To discover the causes of this disregard for truth, when it is at all concealed from present observation, is altogether the office of the moralist, for certain it is, there must be an unhealthiness in the intellectual and moral character of man, whenever he is indifferent to truth, or careless in pursuing it. He is either, therefore, wrapped up in self-interest, deliberately calculating the value of truth as an article of sale; in prejudice, setting up a species of individual or personal truth in opposition to the spirit of universal order; in indifference, confounding every thing together, and placing no value on the harmonious beauty of the internal universe; or in an imbecility of thought that renders the mind incapable of tracing an effect through its secondary to its first causes. It is in some such circumstances as these, that a reason may be found to account for so many men's falling into errors which the ordinary exercise of their understanding might have taught them to avoid. But while we are authorised to attribute thus much to human weakness and imperfection, it must be confessed there are other obstacles to the discovery of truth, not so entirely belonging to man himself, or so depending on the inclination of his will. They are those involved in the subjects themselves, on which our minds are employed, and which are of a nature too subtle to be always confined within the sphere of our observation.

Although it is certain that there is as much exactness in moral as in mathematical truths, considered in themselves, the different manner and means of their development, render the success with which they are studied, very unequal. In the latter, the mind is only reducing the observations of the senses into a system; the hand and eye have already grasped and measured the archetypes of its theories, and a mistake in its calculation is almost immediately rectified by the necessities and experience of practice.

But it is very different in respect to the former species of truth; in investigating this, it becomes necessary to abstract ourselves from surrounding objects, to throw aside the helps and supports on which we before trusted, and plunge it into the wide sea of existence, with nothing but our good faith in the power of truth to support us. One obstacle, therefore, to the speedy or constant discovery of this inestimable treasure, is the want of some standard to which we might constantly refer; or of some external signs, which always remaining the same, would permanently establish the mind in its conclusions.

But what is still worse, truth is not always independent of circumstances, nor possessed of that separate existence, which would enable us to contemplate her face to face, till after many successful efforts. We have to search for her amid the uncertainties of opinion, enveloped in the clouds of ignorance, surrounded by falsehood more or less obstinate, and so mixed up in the great mass of dogmas and traditions, that he is little qualified for the pursuit who is only willing to devote himself to the service of truth, when he can observe her in her pure and abstract glory, sitting upon her throne, and gathering up and binding together the principles on which being itself defends. Were truth to be often thus observed in the events of active existence, the pursuit of it would be far less laborious and uncertain, and the rewards of success far more brilliant and frequent. But as it is, men must be content to enter into long and monotonous details of circumstances—must have patience to investigate facts and opinions, which bear only in the remotest degree on the immediate subject of their inquiries—must know how to weigh the whole multitude of human weaknesses and passions, against human responsibility and conscience, and how to collect from close and diligent observation, the minutest particulars, that can illustrate not only the subject of inquiry itself, but whatever is brought as evidence upon it. It is obvious, therefore, that another obstacle to the general discovery or knowledge of truth, is the variety of objects with which it is combined, the difficulty there is in discerning the precise degree of influence they have upon it, and the resolution as well as sound reasoning it requires to undertake and pursue the inquiry.

Again, in that particular kind of moral truth which regards historical evidence, there is a distinct set of particulars, each of which must be clearly understood and examined in their mutual relation, before the subject into which they enter can be properly considered. There must be a fitness in the evidence, that is, a proposition between the importance of the subject, and the proofs and illustrations that refer to it. There must also be a harmony of parts in the great body of the evidence; that is, the testimony of human witnesses should accord with that which is derived from the incidental circumstances of time and place, &c.; the character of the events, in a great measure, should agree with that of the agents said to have been employed; and, in all ordinary cases, there should be a correspondence between the extent of the alleged causes, and the known or declared results. Lastly, there should be that general agreement or connection in the different steps of the evidence, which is necessary to the process of the proof. Now on each of these particulars the truth of history so greatly depends, that no one can be said properly to assent to a narrative who is ignorant of their nature, or of their bearing upon the events related. But it is no superficial view of the human character, no hasty or imperfect consideration of events and their causes, that can afford the qualifications necessary to carry on an investigation of this kind, and we have therefore another reason to explain why truth is seldom pursued or professed by the greater portion of mankind.

Having thus shown some of the principal obstacles and difficulties that present themselves in the examination of history, when of doubtful character, or to our justifiable reception of any kind of history without that examination; we may observe that there are two classes of persons interested in the removal of the hindrance to knowledge we have mentioned. They are those who have the qualifications and opportunities that enable them to investigate truth for themselves, and who have consequently no need to depend on the unexamined assertions of others; and those, secondly, who, from their situation, their want of the proper helps in the inquiry, or the imperfection of some particular qualities of mind, necessary to its pursuit, are obliged either to shut their understanding against truth, or receive it on a species of evidence inferior to that on which the former establish their convictions.

Since it is certain that we only value truth in proportion to our acquaintance with its nature, or the confidence we have in its purity and freedom from error; it is equally certain, that he who has the power of inquiring for himself, and neglects to do it, commits treason against the noblest privileges of his being. It is, therefore, the natural duty of those who possess the necessary qualifications for investigation, to pursue it with an earnest and patient vigour, to receive no truth on hearsay which may be traced up to its origin, to form no opinion of men or things on later, when contemporary evidence may be obtained; to follow the stream of popular belief, only as its fulness seems to have been first drawn from pure sources, and not to rest satisfied upon the certainty of a truth, when only one species of testimony has been examined. A conduct of this kind is the duty of every one, whose situation and endowments enable him to follow it; it is dictated to us by the very constitution, the necessities and circumstances of our nature, and is that one only which preserves us from the degradation of our being, or the destruction of its best hopes. But wherever there is a duty, there is a reward for performing it, and a promotion of means given for the attainment of its proper object; whatever difficulties, therefore, weigh upon us in the pursuit of truth, there are to be found in the testimony of the moral world, certain helps and counterpoises, that enable us to pass on under the most dismaying circumstances, and even in the difficulties that arise from the variety of forms under which truth lies hidden, we can frequently discover clues to the mystery that at once remove our doubts. Scepticism in ingenuous minds, and in those which love truth for its own sake, is a mental hunger, which cannot be satisfied with the first gross meats that are offered, but for which, the Almighty ruler of the universe spreads his banquet, and says, "eat, and be filled!" Whenever to doubt is but a determination to inquire, it is the first step taken in the pursuit of truth, and the whole care is to be, the providing ourselves with whatever means our situation affords of facilitating our progress.

In the use of those means, whether more or less abundant, in the estimation we put upon them, and the diligence with which we employ them, we prove the real state of our inclinations, our love of truth, or our disposition to contradiction and paradox. With some men, scarcely any quantity of evidence is sufficient to obtain their assent to the truth of a narrative, and the various kinds or testimonies they may be able to heap together, are disposed of one after the other by a generalizing process, that mixes them in a single mass, and then passes it from furnace to furnace till nothing of its original appearance remain. The consequence of this prodigality in the means of discovering truth, is a scepticism which condemns the mind to the worst of all sufferings—a perpetual imprisonment within its own narrow consciousness. That this, however, has sometimes been the case with the most elevated and accomplished understandings, is a melancholy truth which admits not of contradiction; and we have only to lament the causes, which, whether they existed in their fortunes, in the perversion of some natural affection, or in some peculiar tendency of character, hindered their fair and successful pursuit of their destined and precious inheritance.

It is not, however, in great minds only that this fatal and prodigal disregard of the means of conviction is found. It has a place in others of a far inferior character, and deriving it from causes of a very opposite description. But the only cause of scepticism with which we have at present any thing to do, is that which proceeds from a mistaken notion of the true nature of historical evidence, or of the great general principles upon which the narratives that refer to past times, may, and ought to be established. To this single cause, may be ascribed the doubt and infidelity of many more persons, than would be imagined by any one who had not paid particular attention to the subject. The confusion of ideas it gives rise to is almost incredible; and the unfairness and prejudice which cloak themselves under it, find a surer protection from the uncertainty it occasions, than from the greatest difficulty inherent in the subject under consideration.

To those, therefore, who are anxiously seeking to discover the surest and readiest means of arriving at a just decision on any doubtful question, it is of the utmost importance to possess a correct idea of the real difficulties that will oppose their progress and to have some general rule of judging, in cases where reasonable doubts may arise, but which are resolvable when brought to the test afforded by the just laws of evidence and assent. It is to this class of inquirers the work we are about to notice will prove most particularly acceptable, and who will derive from it a fund of valuable instruction.

Mr. Taylor, who is the author of a very interesting treatise on the transmission of ancient books which was noticed in this journal. M. R., vol. vi., p. 53, has already acquired the character of an able writer, and a good scholar. The work before us is worthy of that character, and deserves considerable attention for its sound argument, as well as for the importance of its subject.

Justly considering that the historical evidence of Christianity has not been displayed in that clear and distinct method of which it admitted, Mr. Taylor has successfully endeavoured to develope the principles on which the evidence of any historical narrative depends; and first proving the truth of these principles in the works of Herodotus, he afterwards applies them with great ingenuity of argument and observation, to the review of christian historical evidence. In the preparatory statement of some of the rules to be observed in the inquiry, he displays much good sense. But, as the nature of Mr. Taylor's argument will not permit of its being abstracted, its whole force depending on the minute statements and multifarious particulars it embraces, we shall proceed to the only interesting chapter in the work that is not entirely connected with the main course of the reasoning, we mean that on the use of Ethical writers, as affording materials for history.

The influence which the revolutions of kingdoms have upon the general mind, affords a wide scope for speculation. Opinion, however, is not so infinitely variable, as to put it beyond the power of all sure reasoning. There are limits to the changes of popular feelings, of modes and habits of thought. The forms of society and all their accompaniments may be continually undergoing alterations, but it is by the flux and reflux of tides that they change, by the risings and ebbings that depend on the great moral laws of the universe. As far, therefore, as these laws are understood, or sufficient observation can be made on the actual state of society, so far may we tell what were the principles which produced particular events, or what principles were likely to exist in consequence of those events. The writings, therefore, of philosophers and moralists, if this observation be correct, must be likely to afford the attentive inquirer a most valuable species of information. To prove how far this is the case, our author has examined some of the moral and political treatises of the ancients, and shown from the passages he has quoted, how strongly the character of the times is indicated in the sentiments they contain. His reasoning on this part of his subject is highly interesting, and the following extracts may be considered as fair specimens of his style in general.

'But our most explicit information is to be gathered from the preceptive code existing among the people whose morals are to be ascertained. This code consists of two portions—namely, that which is fixed, and consigned to the executive by the legislative authority; and that which floats at large in those ethical writings which have taken a permanent place in the literature of the country. In deriving inferences from the first—namely, the sanctioned laws of a people, several distinctions and cautions must be observed:—for example—antiquated laws must scarcely be admitted in evidence; and in examining recent enactments, the political circumstances of the moment must never be forgotten, for the immediate interests of parties or of individuals seldom produce legislative decisions that are altogether anomalous to the condition of the people. Every intelligent reader of history must also have observed, that mere fortuity has always had a seat in senates, and has actually exercised much more influence in the grave business of law-making, than the sage and solemn forms of the place and process seem to bespeak.

'Our present purpose does not allow these distinctions to be illustrated. It is only with the last named source of information that we have now to do. Our position is this—that, with due caution, extensive and substantial information relative to the actual moral condition of a people or community, may be collected from the ethical writings that have been accepted and circulated among them. This proposition, which carries with it very important consequences, we propose briefly to illustrate by some examples. Every ethical or hortatory compositon contains, by implication, two fixed points, which it is the business of the inquirer to ascertain and unfold. Of these the one is much more readily found than the other; yet there exists a means of measuring the distance between the two: so that the one being determined, the other also may be discovered:—for example.—The first point ascertainable in an ethical composition is the system of morals, or the standard of perfection, or the rate of excellence which the author has imagined, and which he recommends and enforces. This point, which may be termed the moral level of the writer's mind, is, in most cases, quite easy to be fixed. The second and less obvious point, and that which is the very object of our inquiries, is the actual state of morals among those whom the writer addresses, which may be called the real level of manners. Our business then is to find this last, or, unknown point, by measuring the distance between the two. Now this distance is more or less distinctly indicated by the tone and allusions of every ethical composition. We have then in our problem three terms;—one known—one demanded—and a middle term, connecting the two, which remains to be worked out of the materials by analysis.

'The distinctness and certainty of the indications from which our middle, or measuring term is to be formed, will, it is obvious, vary greatly in different cases:—In works of an abstract and philosophical cast, they will be extremely faint, and scarcely at all available for our purpose; while in those treatises or addresses which are of a simple and popular character, and which consist of distinct exhortations, reproofs, and specific advices, there will be no difficulty whatever in deriving the inferences we are in search of. It may also be added, that serious writers are more safe guides than those who indulge in satire; for the satirist loves to select extremes, rather than to exhibit middle reality.'—pp. 216, 219.

After thus observing how much important information may be derived in illustration of history from writers on ethics, our author proceeds to make a comparison between their works and the pages of scripture, considered in respect to the same object.

'It will be granted then, we imagine, that passages such as those above quoted, possess a substantial value, and a high degree of importance when placed among the materials of history. In deriving fair inferences from them we tread upon solid ground;—no one's veracity is taxed. Ethical writers, especially those most distinguished by powers of mind, reflect the image of their own principles, and of the manners of their times:—our business is to observe its colouring, and its forms. In some instances we may infer too much, in others may mistake a partial for a general representation; but if, in the spirit of philosophic caution, we review a wide field of ethical literature, the general result of the induction cannot differ much from absolute truth.

'If, for example, from the entire series of Greek writers, beginning with Homer and Hesiod, and ending with Julian aud Ennapius, all passages of a purely ethical kind were to be extracted and arranged in chronological order, the collection would afford the means of ascertaining, in the most complete and satisfactory manner, both the abstract system of morals and religion known to that people, and the actual state of morals and manners, as it varied from age to age. With such materials before us, there would be much less room for conjecture, much less danger of error, in determining the moral condition of the people, than is found in ascertaining the extent of their political power, or the amount of their commercial wealth; for on these latter subjects historians either give us no information, or such as is either too formal or too vague to be admitted without suspicion.

'Upon ethical passages, such as those we have adduced above, one remark must be made, namely, that as they have more of an abstract than of a practical or hortatory form, they fail to afford very definite means of fixing the level of the manners of the times. In the profane authors there is little of direct admonition or reproof, and scarcely any thing like an appeal to a standard of right. This style of composition, we may almost say, was peculiar to the Jewish and Christian Scriptures; and the reason is obvious. The Greek and Roman ethical writers discuss questions of morality in the tranquil tone of learned disquisition, each saying the best things in the best manner he could:—no man was authorised to do more than propose his opinion; no anxious feeling of official responsibility, no high solicitations, gave seriousness or force to their manner. Morals were hardly at all founded upon religion; on the contrary, an ethical treatise containing the native expression of reason and conscience, was a virtual refutation of the national theology, and a sarcasm upon the character of the Gods. Especially it is to be observed, that the instruction and reformation of the mass of mankind entered not at all into the contemplation of moralists and philosophers, who, while they amused one another with eloquent disquisitions, were never troubled by the thought that the millions of their fellows by whom the voice of philosophy was never heard, remained from age to age untaught in virtue.

'But the ethical literature of the people of Palestine, from the age of Moses till the time of John, was always and altogether of a different character. Not philosophy, but morality, was paramount; and morality was immediately dependant upon religion. And it was not to a small class, but to the people, that ethical writings were addressed:—and it was not for amusement, but for reproof, that they were so addressed:—and these writers, instead of proposing their individual opinions, and recommending those opinions by abstract reasonings, took the short course of appealing to a known standard of right and wrong. They speak to their fellows as from on high; they take the tone of authority; and each acquits himself, with fear and gravity, of a weighty responsibility. From the writers of Palestine—Jewish and Christian—all the modern western nations (and we may say the Mahommedan nations also) have learned the style of instruction, admonition, and reproof, which can have its origin, and derive its force, and maintain its influence, only from a divine revelation intrusted to the administration of human agents.

'But our present object leads us to remark, that, whether or not this peculiarity of the Jewish and Christian writings be attributed to their divine origination, it renders them incomparably more available as historical documents, than are the writings of other ancient nations. For inasmuch as these ethical compositions unite the several qualities of being authoritative, hortative, and popular, they leave the intelligent inquirer nothing to wish for in ascertaining either the moral level of the writer's mind, or the actual level of manners in his times. It is quite evident that an appeal to a fixed standard, and an admonitory application of its known rules to the existing practices of individuals, completes the requisite data of the historical problem explained at the commencement of this chapter. In the standard, we have, so to speak, a known quantity; and in the hortatory forms of address, a mean of measurement, by which the actual state of morals may be ascertained.'—pp. 239—243.

We have said sufficient of Mr. Taylor's work, to show the high opinion we have of its merits. There are few persons by whom it may not be read with advantage; the scholar will find much erudition in it, the general reader may learn from it some of the most useful lessons that regard the conduct of reason, and the theological student may derive from it a valuable addition to his knowledge of Christian evidence.

ART. V.—*Histoire de la Revolution Francaise.* Par M. A. Thiers. tomes 5eme. et 6eme. 8vo. Paris: 1825.

In the latter part of the former series of this journal, we gave some account of the history of the French revolution, by M. M. Thiers and Bodin. The design of those gentlemen, then incomplete, has since been continued at two intervals by M. Thiers alone; and by him it has within the last twelve months, been brought to its conclusion. The work now forms altogether ten volumes: but having since our first notice lost sight of the intermediate portion of it, we shall here confine ourselves briefly to repair that omission, and take a future opportunity of directing attention to the lately published sequel.

The first four volumes of the history, which were the joint labour of M. M. Bodin and Thiers (compressed in the English translation into three volumes), extended from the opening of the revolution, to the proscription of the Gironde party in June, 1793: the fifth and sixth volumes which are now before us, follow the terrific and atrocious course of events from that epoch, to the fall of the monster Robespierre in July, 1794. This period, of less than fourteen months, comprises, however, a whole age of crime and calamity: that worst and darkest part of the revolution, which is ever to be remembered in the French annals, with tremendous significance, as the REIGN OF TERROR. And horrible and disgusting as are the details of that gloomy æra, they are yet not undeserving of philosophical record and reflection, for the admonitory proofs which they afford of the extremes that human nature is capable of being wrought, in evil times, and under the excitement of cruelty and fear, savagely to inflict and tamely to endure. The reign of terror, for its exhibition of enormous guilt, and passive submission to a cabal of fiends in the likeness of men, is without any parallel in the civilized world; and history has no other experience so full, and so dreadful, of the consequences attendant upon the moral and religious disorganization of society.

In noticing the first portion of this history of the French revolution, we found reason to applaud the general integrity of the authors in their relation of facts, while we dissented from many of their political views and opinions. They were evidently prepared to go all lengths in defence, not only of the original spirit, but of the subsequent conduct of the revolution. Not contented with justifying the first efforts of the party who meritoriously desired to found a constitutional monarchy, on the overthrow of the old despotism, M. M. Thiers and Bodin, seemed to view with equal complacency the progress of popular encroachments, and evinced no displeasure at the crimes and usurpations of the democratical faction. The Girondists, in particular, the first movers of those wild schemes of equality, the errors of which they lived but to expiate with their own blood, were the objects of the authors' undisguised admiration and sympathy; and it was apparent that their standard of moral and political virtue, descended at least as low as the principles of those infidel and republican visionaries, who to realize their vain dreams of a pure democracy, encouraged the first sanguinary excesses of the populace—who, in overturning the new monarchical constitution, faulty as it was, destroyed the last hope of rational freedom—and who, finally, imbued their hands in the blood of the inoffensive king, because, with all their boast of philosophy and justice, they wanted courage to resist a sentence which they knew to be iniquitous.

The admirers and apologists of Vergniaud, Roland, Brissot, and their colleagues, had obviously seen no guilt in the revolution short of the atrocities of the thorough Jacobin school. The indignation of these writers—if indignation they felt at any depth of revolutionary infamy—was wholly reserved to be poured out against the successful adversaries of the Girondists: Marat, Danton, Robespierre, and their associates, the 'infernal triumvirate,' and their satellites of the Cordelier and Jacobin clubs. But in the continuation of this work, M. Thiers has shewn a marvellous indifference to the enormities even of these wretches. Or at least, if he does not approve or palliate their crimes, his narrative preserves only a cold consistency with his former volumes, by relating every transaction truly, indeed, but almost without comment or condemnation. He is zealously throughout the champion of the revolution in general, and has bound himself to protect its cause and to uphold its career: but beyond this, he is the most passionless of historians. He is moved by no outrage against humanity; his detestation is roused by no spectacle of remorseless villainy.

Such, it is needless to say, is not the spirit in which history should be written. Fidelity to the obligations of truth is in no case incompatible with the indulgence of humane and generous emotions; and the historian forgets half his duty, who steels himself in feigned stoicism or true hardness of heart, against all the finer feelings of our nature. This is to confound the distinction of virtue and vice; to withhold the beauty of great and good actions in shadow, and to shrink from exposing half the naked deformity of guilt. It is not by so morbid an affectation of phlegmatic judgment and cool impartiality, that the great historical masters of antiquity have immortalized their pages: it is not from the graceful construction or the pregnant brevity which distinguishes the periods, and illumines the narratives, of a Sallust or a Tacitus, that we derive the higher sources of moral instruction, but from the stern and eloquent reprobation with which they have branded and overwhelmed the infamous memory of the scourges and monsters of our species.

On the literary execution of the two volumes before us, we cannot bestow an equal measure of praise with that which we rendered to the first part of the history, which formed the joint work of M. Bodin and the present author. We are hence led to attribute the chief merit of the former portion not to M. Thiers, but his late coadjutor. The evidence of that forcible and concentrated ability in the delineation of character, more especially, which we had before occasion to remark, has here wholly disappeared. Neither has the style of these volumes the same lucid simplicity and natural animation; the language is verbose, and the narrative of events ill-arranged and digested; very frequently tedious, and always injudiciously spun out. Still the work is valuable as a storehouse of facts, carefully collected and copied out with scrupulous diligence, industry and truth. This, indeed, is the chief merit both of these and the earlier volumes; and the book is altogether one which will hereafter be consulted with profit among standard authorities, not for its philosophical reflections and deductions, but for the abundance of the authentic materials which it offers to the historian of the revolution.

The present portion of the work opens, as we have intimated, with the triumph of the Jacobins on the proscription of the Girondist party; and both the fifth and sixth volumes may be said to be occupied with the struggles of that infamous faction against their countrymen, against mankind, and finally, among themselves, for the maintenance of the bloody supremacy which they had gained. The whole story of the gradual disunion of the Jacobin leaders in their own cabals, of the dark intrigues and merciless ferocity with which successive demagogues were hurried by their fears, the hatred, and the vengeance of their rivals, to the same reeking scaffold, M. Thiers has traced with a minuteness and a precision, which if too laboriously protracted, still give a pervading interest to his subject. But his narrative of the political and foreign transactions of the Jacobin government, if we may use the term,—of its civil and military features, as affecting either the internal condition of France, or the operations of the revolutionary wars, is singularly languid, uninteresting, and spiritless.

In a general review of the Revolution, there is nothing which appears so extraordinary and so difficult to understand, as the patient submission of a great people to a knot of assassins, and the prodigious energy which the sanguinary domination of the Jacobins communicated to the public efforts of the whole French nation. Of this moral anomaly, M. Thiers has exhibited no sufficient view, and avoided any satisfactory explanation. After the arrest of the Girondists, the fall of the last advocates of social order in the Convention had only cleared the stage for the ascendancy of the Jacobins in the capital: throughout France, the Parisian massacres had excited the horror and detestation of perhaps nine parts in ten of the general population. Yet, though many of the departments were in actual insurrection against the Convention, and hosts of armed foreigners assaulted the French territory on all sides —though the war of the frontiers, of La Vendée, of Lyons, was openly raging, and wasting the strength of the new republic like a living pestilence, and famine and misery in the capital and provinces were preying on its vitals, as an inward and consuming fire —still the Jacobin faction in the clubs, the revolutionary committees, and the Convention itself, rose in the struggle more fearfully active, more flagitiously inhuman, and more powerful, alike in success and defeat: their sole principle of dominion, terror; their only science of government, accusation, proscription, and the guillotine. Under the operation of this system, death was equally the penalty of political opposition at home, and military failure abroad: the adversaries of the Jacobins in the convention and the provinces were doomed to extermination; La Vendée and Lyons were at length destroyed with fire and sword; and the generals of the republic, with the certain prospect of the scaffold before their eyes if they failed, and surrounded by a soldiery burning with the wild and strange energy of democratical fury, found equally, either in despair or fanaticism, the sure faculty of conquest over the mechanical enemies of the old and apathetical monarchies of Europe.

The Jacobin faction, who thus held all France and Europe in consternation, appeared in its collective aspect but as a shadowy pandemonium of nameless fiends: the arch-spirits who had long visibly swayed in its counsels with despotic influence, were that fell triumvirate, so often linked in remembrance—Marat, Danton, and Robespierre. Though the retributive poniard of Charlotte Cordoy shortly removed the first of these monsters from the scene, suffering humanity had apparently little to gain while his two associates survived. They had hitherto been twin brothers in instigating all the enormities of their faction, and might still equally apportion between them, the continued supremacy of devastation and murder. But with their common readiness to shed blood, there was an opposition of character between them—a shade of distinction in the measure of their ferocity—which by ensuring their disagreement, precipitated their successive ruin, and finally delivered their country and the world from the scourge of their existence, and their principles.

It is the progress of the disunion between these two men and its consequences, which M. Thiers has developed with most success; and among the several histories of the French Revolution that have hitherto appeared, we can point to no one in which this internal struggle of the Jacobins, during the reign of terror, is so completely represented. But the story of this gloomy period is too familiar to every reader to bear so mere a repetition of its outlines as we could here pretend to offer in abridgment; and we shall be satisfied with having recorded our general opinion of the manner in which M. Thiers has rendered its details.

Of the atrocities of the reign of terror, M. Thiers appears to us altogether to have failed in giving an adequate picture. The subject, revolting as it is, might be made to exhibit with advantage one of the most useful and tremendous lessons of history. But it yet remains, in fact, for the pencil of some great master to achieve; and even Sir Walter Scott, with all his power of delineating the most touching and dreadful catastrophes of private life, seems in this part of his view of the French Revolution, to have shrunk either in characteristic haste, or disgust, or despair, from depicting the accumulation of human misery which was inflicted by the frightful tyranny of Robespierre. M. Thiers shews a moral insensibility throughout his work, which has peculiarly unfitted *him* for the tragic office of history; and while he can industriously thread his course through the blind labyrinths of faction, he sinks powerless under the more arduous attempt to pourtray the fearful convulsions of popular phrenzy, or the extremities of mortal agony.

ART. VI.—1. *The English in India.* By the Author of "Pandurang Hari," and "The Zenana." 3 vols. 12mo. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1828.

2. *Tales of the West.* By the Author of "Letters from the East." 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

3. *Blue Stocking Hall.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1827.

4. *De Lisle; or, the Sensitive Man.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: Edward Bull. 1828.

5. *The White Hoods; an Historical Romance.* By Anna Eliza Bray, late Mrs. Charles Stothard, Author of "De Foix," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co. 1828.

THE former Tales of the author of 'The English in India,' were designed to illustrate the condition and character of the native Indian population: his present purpose has been to sketch some of the peculiarities of English life in the same country. The subject, it must be confessed, yields sufficient materials either for lively delineation or caustic satire. Our Anglo East Indian community forms in itself a distinct and exclusive *caste*: differing widely in its habits, manners, and feelings, from any thing in the home-bred circles of English society. It is an aristocracy of office and new gotten wealth, composed of individuals with (under few exceptions,) no pretence whatever, by birth or station, to rank and distinction in their own country; but suddenly raised, by virtue only of their several occupations, civil, military, and commercial, to dominion over many millions of cringing Asiatics.

That such an order, revelling in the proverbial luxury of the east, and wrapped in the idleness of a voluptuous climate, should become swollen with ludicrous conceit and pretension, and occupied alternately with petty questions of rivalry and precedence, or the more petty dissemination of slander, are the most natural consequences in the world, of its humble origin and ephemeral elevation. That among such a body, instances of broad and illiterate vulgarity should abound to a degree which neither is known, nor would be tolerated for a moment in the well-bred society of this country, is also readily to be accounted for in the facility with which—a facility, however, far greater some years since than at present—low-born and ignorant adventurers could find admission into a class so coarsely and heterogeneously compounded. Hence, too, is provoked a habit of malignant inquisition into every man's history and affairs; for scandal has her high court of jurisdiction, where blots in family escutcheons and records are as numerous as motes in the sun-beam. And it is evident, that flaws in gentle descent, and deficiences in education and manners, are only thrown more absurdly into grotesque and prominent relief, where vulgarities of language, person, and address, are contrasted with the ostentatious and costly display of magnificence, with a ridiculous assumption of the airs of fashionable life, with the incongruous affectation of refinement—in a word, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of upstart wealth, and imaginary dignity.

Abstracted from its superior opulence, and luxury, and power, the European society of India, would be only in composition much like that of our foreign settlements in general; in which the chief personages and their satellites are found in the members and servants of government, civil and military. Such official communities ape the character, and are even formed after the semblance of courts; well reflecting, indeed, in their diminutive proportions, the bitter jealousies and intrigues for advancement, the envy of superior fortune, and the detraction of merit, the falsehood and treachery, the servility and obsequious flattery to the dispensers of patronage, which are the trite reproach of full-grown courts; but without a particle of the lustre that is shed by the presence of hereditary nobility and elegance, by the acknowledged pretensions of ancestral pride, chivalric bearing, and presumptive refinement. All official society in the colonies exhibits more or less of these small vices of courts, without their concomitant splendour; but that of British India is farther and more obtrusively characterized by its foreign and Oriental features: by the admixture of Asiatic and European habits, by a dissipation and indulgence to which the climate fatally invites, and by a reckless expense and extravagance, through which far more fortunes are squandered, than are accumulated by a residence in the country.

The moral atmosphere of India is even more pernicious to the constitution of the European mind, than its heats to that of the body: the 'English in India' are the grandee-caste of its society; and between them and the native classes around them, the gulf of separation is immeasurable. They are taught to believe themselves the lords of the earth, and to look with sovereign contempt upon the population beneath them. Before the wealthy magnates of the *caste* return to their own country, they are alike unfitted, corporeally and mentally, to breathe our free northern air. The independence of the lower orders in England, is intolerable to them; by the genuine aristocracy at home, their pretensions are excluded and ridiculed; and their habits and expenditure assimilate not with those of their fellows in the middle classes in England. Thus, finding their Eastern importance dwindled to nothing, their ostentation derided alike by superiors and equals, their deportment disliked, and their pride humiliated; they have no resource but to congregate, in broken health and splenetic discontent, within their own caste—execrating the chilling seasons, the customs and the manners of their native land—in the pump-rooms of Cheltenham, or the more select coteries of Baker-street.

With the peculiarities of Anglo-Indian society, the author before us has a perfect acquaintance: he has lived in its circles; and many of his characters are evidently attempted after life. But though a close observer, he has not airiness and vivacity enough for the task which he has undertaken of catching follies as they fly. His sketches remind us of the truth and minuteness, and coarseness of the Dutch school; but have nothing of the pointed expression and mordacious wit of our English Hogarth. He has not the power of hitting off a portrait in a few spirited touches: his only mode of workmanship is in the elaboration of the ridiculous. The details which he intends to be humorous, are often tiresome; and his serious relations are, of course, still more heavy and dull. To his language, both in dialogue and narrative, we can give no higher praise, than that it is good enough for the purpose; being vulgar, incorrect, and inelegant, like the manners and the people that it describes.

The author has naturally moulded his volumes into the shape of a novel. Of his plot, which is intricate and marvellously improbable in circumstances, we shall be contented to say, that it is of the better quality of the Minerva-Press manufacture. It turns upon the fortunes of a young lady, an Irish foundling, who is 'consigned,' in the usual manner, to India; forms an attachment on the outward voyage with a young dragoon officer, who is of course a paragon of virtue, courage, and accomplishments; passes through many terrible adventures and persecutions in India; and after discovering her father, in a most miraculous manner, in a dungeon of a hill-fortress belonging to one of the native princes, finally proves to be a great heiress, and is happily united to her lover. One item in the author's machinery, has a slight coincidence—we are sure accidentally—with part of the melo-dramatic plot of Sir Walter Scott's last published tale of "The Surgeon's Daughter." A Portuguese, in the service of the Nizam, who is the "villain of the play," carries off the heroine to the hill-fortress (Dowlatabad), where he has immured her unknown father. But our author provides for her deliverance from the rogue, by a stratagem beyond the touch of Sir Walter's art; and she escapes 'in a beer-barrel.' The author's motto to this chapter recals pleasing associations of our Eton grammar. "Vir bonus est quis?" Not, "Qui consulta patrum," &c., answers the text; but he, the good merchant, who supplies her ill-savoured travelling conveyance.

This story, however, with or without the barrel, is a sufficiently convenient vehicle for the delineation of manners, which the author had chiefly in view. The scenes expressly designed to exhibit the state of society in India, are 'worked in,' naturally enough, upon the web of the tale.

Of the venomous slander which forms the chief business of research and conversation in Anglo-Indian society, our author has endeavoured to give the most forcible picture. His serious assertions record the fact, which his story labours more awkwardly to inculcate. Throughout her residence in India, his heroine, from her doubtful birth and connexions, is the sport of every idle and malignant rumour; and the male gossips of this school for scandal are depicted we think as the most active and prying of the crew. We have vainly turned over the pages of these volumes, however, to discover any of the author's dialogues which might be worth repetition, as characterizing this appetite for slander. His attempts at humour and sarcasm are flat and without point; and we prefer to that of his fictitious colloquies—his own earnest testimony, that 'it is a melancholy fact, that women of the best reputation escape not the licentiousness of slander prevalent in Indian society; and that no female, however modest and correct, is safe from this kind of profanation.'

The second work on our list, 'Tales of the West,' has fallen very short of our expectations. Mr. Carne's "Letters from the East," had impressed us with a favourable opinion of his imaginative powers, and we had thought that these, added to his command of a clear and harmonious style, might have enabled him to produce without difficulty one or two volumes, at least, of readable, pleasant stories. But we regret to say, that the tales before us are by no means entitled to that praise. With the exception of the 'Valley of the Lizard,' the first in the collection, they are all of a very jejune description. Indeed, for an author who has seen so much of the world, and of that part of the world, too, which would appear particularly well calculated to awaken and foster the inventive faculty, Mr. Carne may be said to have altogether failed in this department of literature.

The subjects of all his tales are taken from the county of Cornwall; several of them closely resemble each other in their outlines, and none of them exhibit any scope of imagination, or the slightest tendency to dramatic effect. The 'Legend of Pacorra,' occupies the greater portion of the two volumes. The author must himself have been aware of its intolerable dullness, as he has placed it in the midst of his lighter compositions, evidently with the hope that he might thereby mitigate its soporific effects. 'The Miner,' 'The Exile,' and 'Wesley and his Disciple,' are, however, but ill calculated to aid his purpose. The two remaining tales, 'St, Martin's Isle,' and 'The Power of Affection,' are still less engaging, particularly the former, which is as confused and as meagre a jumble of petty incidents, as perhaps ever appeared in print.

The disappointment which the reader is sure to experience in these volumes, is the more annoying, as the 'Valley of the Lizard' is really written with much grace, and likely to open upon him a prospect of no ordinary entertainment. We shall justify this praise by a few extracts. The hero of the tale is an inhabitant of the romantic hamlet of Landiwednac, named Rosemaine, who from his earliest youth loved the sea, and "the hazardous way of life," which it afforded. He first became connected with a band of "wreckers," who were said to have committed some shocking outrages on that part of the coast. From these his transition to the service of a crew of smugglers was natural. In his latter capacity, however, he had the misfortune to encounter a king's ship, and to see nearly all his companions slain around him. He with difficulty escaped, and found his way to Rio de Janeiro, where he successfully applied himself to trading adventures..

'At one time he sailed up the gulph of the Rio de la Plata, and entered at last the river Parana, that flows through a vast extent of country of the most various aspect;—a wilderness, tenanted by herds of wild animals, in a rich and smiling territory, inhabited to the water's edge. As he proceeded inland, the navigation became more tedious, and the wilds spread farther and more lonely, and often did the out-law gaze on the vast river that swept silently and almost uselessly by, uncovered by a single bark save his own; the thick woods, too, grew out of the wave, and even their fruits and foliage dropped into it, as if a lassitude had fallen on nature, as well as on man.

'At the next inhabited place at which he arrived, he quitted his bark with two of the crew, and a number of mules and negro attendants, and travelled inland to the more opulent towns of Paraguay. This was a career better suited to his taste: the cottage of the harmless Indians,—the more refined but often equally humble abode of the Jesuit missionary, (the pastor of the lonely territory,)—or the hospitable and homely roof of the farmer that frequently stood, the only asylum in the endless plain, where he lived with his half-wild flocks and servants, cut off from the busy world:—these were alternately Rosemaine's abodes, amidst many privations, yet their novelty came in rapid and constant succession. The love of nature, too, in these wanderings amidst her most hushed and glorious aspects, grew upon his mind,—a feeling till then unknown to him. When resting for the night in the depth of these noble forests, amidst universal silence, while the last beams of the golden light rested on the tops of the tall trees, no cheerful and accustomed sounds told of the fading day, no lingering and varying hues reconciled the eye by their beauty to its departure. The sun seemed to sink at once on an immense solitude, that pressed upon the soul, and whose intricate and untrodden recesses the eye sought to pierce in vain. Neither did evening bring with its approach, voices from the distance, that, while they appal, excite in the traveller a deep and fearful interest. There was a rush of beautiful wings and plumage of every hue; but no melody arose from the peopled branches; and no beasts of prey moved in their deepening shade. When the fire blazed fiercely, and threw its light some way off, the retreating steps, and the shrill and timid cries were heard of the feeble animals of the forest, the deer, the tapir, and others, who fled from the glare of the flame. The heavens, brilliant even at night in such a climate, were unseen through the thick canopy of the ancient forest, that was scarcely stirred by the breeze sweeping by. In such a situation, the mind is forced to reflect in spite of itself; and while Rosemaine gazed on the sleeping figures of his attendants, stretched round the embers, the past became painfully distinct, and dark were the colours in which it rose to view. Often when he had sunk into sleep, reclined on the trunk of a tree, he was awakened by the fancied rush of the billows, the clamours of dying men, and the voice of the pursuer; and welcome were the first beams of morning, penetrating the mass of foliage above his head.'—vol. i., pp. 22—25.

This passage will remind the reader of Chateaubriand's fine reflections under similar circumstances. In the course of his wanderings Rosemaine entered an Indian village, and experienced a hospitable reception in the house of the curé, a Spaniard, whose sister, Isabel, was his only companion. She is described in fascinating colours; and her influence on the heart of the adventurer was irresistible.

> 'He walked in the forest at sun-rise with the fair Spaniard, who led him out from one far intricate path to another, till the very heavens were lost to the view;—then, suddenly emerging from the hopeless thickets, stood upon some verdant slope, and pointed where the broad river rolled in the distance through the silent plain, and then plunged into an immense forest, from which it issued again like a giant, rejoicing in its course. Behind were the Andes, covered with their eternal snows, on which no cloud rested, but the sun flamed from a spotless sky. His guide spoke with animation and even rapture of the objects in view; yet while she gazed on mountain and stream, and dwelt on the pleasures of which in every season they had been the source, her fancy wandered to other things more seductive. She saw she had made a conquest of the stranger; and delight glowed in her fine countenance, as she put back her rich dark tresses, which the wind had disordered, and adjusted, with the grace of a Spanish maiden, the black mantilla, so as to soften the fierceness of the sun, but not to hide the exquisite proportions of her form. It was true, she knew not the past life or character of this man, but he was a superior being to the simple and rustic people who composed her brother's flock, among whom she had never dreamt of a lover.'—vol. i., pp. 31, 32.

Rosemaine was completely vanquished by her charms. In order to render his hand more worthy of her acceptance, he set out once more on his commercial adventures, and returned to her laden with riches. Her brother, the curé, from motives of religion, opposed their union, but they married without his permission, and settled at Rio.

> 'The wanderings of Rosemaine were ended: no more the sport of the waves, or doomed to journey through weary and distant scenes; the goal he had panted for was gained, and he might now bid his spirit take her rest.
>
> 'His residence was a handome dwelling at Rio, with more than comfort, for luxuries had found their way there; it was furnished in an expensive manner; and beside it was a large garden. Around the gentle declivity whereon it stood, the many hills covered with woods and mansions rose like a splendid amphitheatre. Was it possible to do enough for the happiness of his beloved companion? could he have ransacked the stores of the south and east, he would have strewed them joyfully about her path.
>
> 'But Isabel needed not these things, and desired them not: she had brought from her home in the wilderness the simple tastes to which she had been habituated; above all, she thought only of her husband; his affection was the shrine in which her soul dwelt, and before which splendour and pleasure offered their incense in vain.'—vol i., pp. 41, 42.

The delightful course of life which Rosemaine and his bride pursued for some time at Rio, is told in language as glowing as the climate, and as rich and varied as the fruitage by which they were surrounded. But the spirit of the restless wanderer soon sighed for new scenes. He became satiated and capricious; and after some struggles with his better nature, utterly indifferent to her whom he had once loved so well. The effect of this change upon Isabel is marked with so much truth and feeling, that we must transcribe the author's description of it.

'Isabel had long seen the gradual decay of her husband's affections with anguish; it was the strong anchor on which she had reposed all her happiness, and over the early wreck she had wept bitterly. Each art was tried by the lovely and ill-fated woman to regain the empire she had lost—but it might not be: the dresses and ornaments that used, in his fancy, to become her most, and which he had profusely lavished, were worn to attract his eye; and when he returned at evening, wearied with his many and perplexing concerns, her features were dressed in smiles, her voice assumed its sweetest accent, and then she spoke of the brilliant hours of their first interviews, when he came a wanderer to her native roof, and how affection grew in that solitude—but the blissful memory fell on her breaking heart alone. The colour left her cheek, but the lustre of her eye was bright as when all within was happy: she never suffered a murmur to escape her lips at the neglect that now grew daily more and more apparent. And at such an age, and in the full power of her lovelines, when not more than twenty summers had passed over her! There were times when the native haughtiness of her spirit rose at the injury, and flashed from her wan yet noble features; and had she loved less, the Spanish woman would have revenged her wrongs.

'Rosemaine saw, he could not but see, the effect of his conduct on his enduring and high-minded bride, and self-accusing feeling would sometimes flit across his mind, as he came and went from his once happy dwelling. But it was soon forgotten in the persuasion that there was no act of flagrant unkindness on his part; nothing to awaken remorse or sorrow. Is there a greater curse than fickleness of heart? how rarely is such a cup of human happiness put to the lips, as was now in his grasp, and he dashed it idly, carelessly, away. Fortune, as he had proved, may be lost and gained again—and so may fame: but a fair and devoted woman, whose only ambition is to bless the heart that is beloved by her—she comes but once in the path of man,—cheers but once this valley of tears with her presence—and when scorned and sacrificed, can the earth cover her wrongs, or its waste places again look bright? Success smiled upon all Rosemaine's commercial undertakings, and riches seemed to come on wings into his grasp; yet the lot that all might have envied was embittered by discontent; he had no children to inherit the property he was rapidly amassing, and a parent's joys he pictured, as exquisite—they would make him infinitely happier. But the poisoned arrow was in his heart; and had this desire been granted, ere long it would have turned to drink at other fountains. Soon the pure ones he possessed were to cease to be poured into his bosom.

'Isabel's spirit fell fast beneath the sorrow that never quitted it. As long as her declining strength permitted, she continued to frequent her luxuriant garden, the care of which had been her favourite employment. The palm of Brazil was there, and the orange and myrtle grew in profusion around the fountain that fell in several streams into a spacious marble basin, which looked like a mimic lake; for rocks rose out of its wave, and flowers of every hue grew wild upon its banks. A small and thickly-shaded terrace ran along the lower end of the garden, and overhung the sea; from hence might be heard the songs of the mariners and fishermen, and the mingled sounds that rose from the wide bay, while immediately around all was solitude and silence. And here, as moonlight slept on the surface of the sheet of water, and scarcely pierced the thick branches of the trees, Isabel thought of the far and endeared paths of her home in Paraguay—the hours of undoubting affection—the vows of eternal constancy, that time had proved to be as the leaves scattered by the storm.

'This could not last: nature yielded to the conflict of feeling, and she sank unpitied on her dying bed. The embers of Rosemaine's attachment were awakened at such a moment—but too late, too languidly, to be of any avail. He could not but leave his other pursuits, and give her all his society. While seated day after day by her bed-side, he witnessed the resistless progress of her disorder; and regarding her still lovely yet faded features, his heart sank within him; for she had cast herself on him as her only friend on earth; had fled her own distant home for his arms, and thus he had requited her. Isabel heard with a faint smile his protestations of sorrow and reviving regard; they could not but elevate her spirit; for even in this hour it beat for him passionately as ever; and while her hand was clasped in his, her looks were turned on him with a tenderness in which she triumphed, even while it sunk her to an early grave. He summoned the best medical advice the city could afford—but it was unavailing as his own cares and attentions; and he found it harder to bend over the last scene of such a woman, than to meet death in its wildest form;—for each look, more lingering than the last, told a tale to his soul, of desertion, ingratitude, and abandonment, that might never pass away.

'One night, the last, he stood watching intently, and in silence, as slowly and treacherously the king of terrors called his youthful victim away. The half-shaded lamp shed a partial light on her dying form:—in one hand she clasped a small cross, worn from her childhood, and essayed at times to place it on her heart: it had been her mother's; the look that she struggled to raise to heaven, wandered still to the being she had never ceased to love. She spoke faintly of her brother, whom she had so unkindly left, and begged that her heartfelt adieus might be conveyed to him, and her prayers for his forgiveness. No expression of sorrow escaped for her own fate,—she ardently thanked Rosemaine for the many proofs of his kindness, and as he strove to utter the strong compunction he felt, she waved her hand gently to repress it, and bade him think of their early love; then, as its memory rushed in a full tide over her thoughts, her tears fell fast and helplessly; yet her voice was more clear, and a brighter lustre was in her eye as she spoke, for the last time, of her abode in the forest of Paraguay, the sweet village, the river, the distant mountains of eternal snow, and the beautiful solitudes that were so dear to her, where her lover came, and his presence was like that of an angel in her wilderness. Life ebbed away in that retrospect:—her words faltered, her breathing grew fainter, and in a few moments ceased for ever!'—pp. 50—56.

Had all the other tales in these volumes equalled, or even approached this one in merit, we should have looked upon them as calculated to raise Mr. Carne's reputation. As they now stand, they are likely only to reduce it to a degree almost below mediocrity.

The author of 'Blue Stocking Hall,' is a disciple of the Tremaine school; he has furnished in his volumes by no means an unworthy imitation of the elegant and vigorous style, as well as of the forcible reasoning which distinguishes the first effort of its founder. The immediate purpose of both works is the same, namely, to develope the progress of an ingenuous and naturally endowed mind, in the knowledge of moral and religious truths. We have here, indeed, nothing but the old homily revived—the contrasted pictures of metropolitan dissipation and rural retirement, with their opposite effects on the characters of men and women. The "Tremaine" of the original novel, is served up in the present one, under the denomination of Arthur Howard, who, instead of courting the tranquillity of a country life, satiated with the pleasures of gayer scenes, is only accidentally detached from the regions of fashion, to engage in an intercourse with a society of quite an opposite description; but to whose graver tastes, more elevated feelings, more innocent amusements and virtuous pursuits, he ultimately gives a preference.

The residence of this "pious circle" is laid, oddly enough, some will think, in the fortresses of the Kerry mountains. Why is Ireland selected? Just that the author may have an opportunity to mingle the tender accents of his pity, with the fashionable sorrows of the day, for the spiritual afflictions of the peasantry of that country. What it is that shews all this blindness of the understanding—this ignorance of the heart; what one thing it is in the nature of a fault of conduct, which proves the absence of moral and religious influence upon this peasantry, we cannot for our lives divine. If we saw crime on the increase in Ireland; if we saw it general there; if we saw that crime was committed there with the motives and with the facility that it is perpetrated in other countries, why then the lamentations which the simple in Freemasons' Hall are taught so often to repeat, ought to pass as of good and lawful credit. In this very book, the author reiterates the testimony, that a kinder hearted race, one more abounding in gratitude, one amongst whom all the duties and relations of life are more strictly and cordially fulfilled, does not exist than the peasantry of Ireland. What a mockery of common sense then must it be to find fault with their theology!

There are some descriptive passages in these volumes, extremely well wrought. The account of a visit to the lakes of Killarney, is the longest of those descriptions, and by far the best. The few characters drawn from the Irish peasantry, which the author introduces, shews him to have been an accurate observer of their habits and manners,

'De Lisle' is another production of the same kindred with 'Blue Stocking Hall,' but as a novel, or in other words, as fulfilling the expectations of being that which it purports to be—a work of amusement, it is superior on the whole, to the latter composition, in plan characters, and general management. 'De Lisle,' like its brethren, has, of course, an useful piece of advice to impress on the world; but the moral is not kept obtrusively before the mind of the reader: his attention is engaged, as it ought to be, by the business of the scene, and the instructive lesson appears rather to unfold itself from a natural course of events, than the events to have been prearranged for the lesson; a process which argues no small degree of skill on the part of the author.

'De Lisle,' however, though replete with the marks of sound talent, will fail to please, principally on account of wanting unity of design, and if we may so express it, a classification of characters. It takes in too many events: it is more a composition of episodes than a regular story; it is a mass of things confusedly pressed upon the attention. There is nothing very striking in the virtue, or the want of it, of any of the personages—nor are they brought out sufficiently to enable us to give them an identity in our imaginations. We know not in what class of our countrymen, we could obtain an original for the hero De Lisle; there is nothing very positive in his character to claim our interest for him—and when he assumes the morbid distrust to which he owes so many of his misfortunes, the alteration of his virtue is not justified in our eyes by his previous experience.

We are well pleased to see another production from the author of "De Foix." That work, with all its defects, shewed that Mrs. Bray possessed talents of no common class. Her acquaintance with history is so minute and perfect, that she speaks of times long past, and of personages long reduced to their original dust, as if she had been intimately conversant with them. The leading fault of 'The White Hoods,' is much the same as that which marked "De Foix:"—it is too historical. The romance is too apparently introduced for the purpose of displaying the more solid materials which have been collected from Froissart. The story of the rebellion of the citizens of Ghent against the earl of Flanders, and of their proceedings after they distinguished themselves by wearing "white hoods," is one, it must be admitted, of great interest and curiosity. It must also be acknowledged, that Mrs. Bray has done full justice to its most prominent scenes, by the lively and dramatic manner in which she has represented them; but she keeps them too much in the foreground of her picture; they overwhelm the incidents of the tale with which they are connected, and the author felt this so much, and at the same time was so unwilling to raise her own imaginary work above the narrative of the noble canon, that she more than once is obliged to apologise to her readers for the introduction of matter which does not properly belong to her pages. Now an apology of this kind is very polite, but it is not at all romantic, and therefore it does not remove the complaint which many readers will bring against her.

In the management of her own fiction also, Mrs. Bray appears to us to have committed some mistakes. Her heroine, Anna, is an instrument of whom she makes use on almost every occasion. Hence she is placed, we may say, throughout the work, in situations of the most equivocal nature, such as sometimes even excite pain for her feelings, although we may still be convinced of her pure intentions and virtuous conduct. She has interviews frequently with the earl of Flanders, who she knew wanted to seduce her; she bears with imputations made against her honour, and only affords calumny stronger grounds for them: she goes into his sleeping apartment, and stands under the curtains of his bed, and does a great many other things, which, considering that she must have detested such a man, look almost criminal, and certainly inconsistent and foolish. Doubtless these situations excite curiosity, because they are perilous to her virtue; but a heroine should never *seek* such dangers. The interest that may be felt on these occasions, in order to see how they terminate, is greatly diminished when we see the lady place herself in the way of temptation, and we soon cease to think her worth our attention.

We have pointed to these defects of the work before us, as they go to the essence of its merit. They prevent us from assigning to it a distinguished station in our romantic literature, although we must add, that there are two or three scenes in this tale which exhibit great strength of imagination. We would particularly refer to the meeting of the White Hoods at the inn, in which the earl of Flanders, unknown to them, is lodged, and to the attempt which they afterwards make to murder him. The appearance of Ursula the witch in the cloisters below, accompanied by the assassin, and that of Anna at her chamber window, listening to their conversation, might form a good subject for a sketch. In general, Mrs. Bray's style is fluent and clear; she seldom aims at "fine writing," and whenever she does aim at it she is successful. Her best attempt at humour is Sir Simon de Bête, a good hearted, vain, burgomaster, who makes a conspicuous, and always an agreeable figure in these volumes.

ART. VII.—*Hans Holbein der Jüngere von Ulrich Hegner Mit des Meisters Bildnisse.* 8vo. pp. 374. Berlin: bei G. Reimer. 1827.

WHEN we recollected the little that was known respecting the life and habits of Holbein (with the exception of the period which he passed in England, which has been amply illustrated by Walpole and others), we confess, that we were desirous of learning by what means a respectable octavo could be manufactured from such materials. Mr. Hegner has solved the problem in a more satisfactory manner than we expected. We cannot, it is true, bestow unmixed commendation on his work, for reasons which, we doubt not, will weigh as strongly with our readers as ourselves; but in all that immediately relates to the subject, our author has shown such unwearied assiduity and perseverance in collecting information from all quarters, and such manifest impartiality in communicating the results of his investigations, as are worthy of the highest praise. But still the work exhibits a radical lack of matter. Of the early years of the artist, little or nothing is known with certainty; three towns contend for the honour of his birth, and his burial-place is unknown. In all this there is undoubtedly a lamentable deficiency of facts; but then there is more room left for conjecture, and polemics are ever a fruitful subject; every nook and cranny of the labyrinth must be explored, although the connecting thread be discernible only by the Dædalus who contrived it. Some idea of the ingenuity displayed by Mr. Hegner in extending his work to the necessary degree of longitude, may be formed from a cursory notice of some of the chapters into which the work is divided. Holbein was born (most probably) in 1498, and soon afterwards removed to Basle; an account of the state of that town towards the end of the fifteenth century (at the expiration of which, he was, at the most, two years old), was manifestly necessary. In like manner we have three chapters devoted to three patrons of Holbein, one of whom happening to be Erasmus, we have quotations in abundance from his works, and the celebrated Letter on Kissing, which (we mean the letter) has been repeated *usque ad nauseam*. And lastly, that we may conclude as soon as possible the ungrateful office of pointing out defects, the work is so interspersed with truisms and long-winded common-places, that they considerably detracted from the pleasure we should otherwise have experienced in reading it.

The chief fault that pervades the book, is one to which self-taught men (we do not use the term invidiously, nor apply it to Mr. H. individually) who have not had time or opportunity for extensive reading, are more particularly liable; viz., that of imagining that the thoughts and reflections which appear striking and original to themselves, must necessarily be so to the world. Mr. H. cannot now be a very young man, twenty years have elapsed since he first entertained the idea of collecting materials for the present undertaking, and we should be sorry to be thought to undervalue his labours. The blemishes which we have noticed, appear at first sight: the value of the book can be ascertained only by a careful perusal of the whole. It contains by far the best and most complete account of Holbein and his works that has yet appeared; in fact, the industry of the author has left few gleanings for future biographers. In treating of that part of the artist's life, which he passed in England, there are a few trifling omissions, which doubtless arose from a want of English books; this is, however, of the less consequence to us, as the principal interest of the work, in our eyes, consists in the more full and detailed account of Holbein's life, previous to his arrival in this country. To this part we shall principally confine our attention, quoting first so much of our author's words as may suffice to convey some idea of the peculiarities of his style.

Frequent visits to the public library at Basle, excited a desire of learning something more of the artist, whose works form so prominent a feature in the ornaments of that town, than was afforded by the scanty information hitherto known. Our author, therefore, applied himself to supply the deficiency, but soon met with so much that was inconsistent and contradictory, that he was more than once tempted to relinquish his design. During a subsequent and longer residence at Basle, he was induced to resume it, and we have now before us the fruits of his labours. He informs us that it was not his intention to erect a monument for the artist, for that he himself has done for all times; but to give a more accurate account of him, and to efface, on equitable examination, some spots of evil calumny from his memory. We cannot do better than begin our extracts from a chapter in which the claims of Grünstadt to be considered as the birth-place of Holbein, are discussed.

'Where a child lay in the cradle, may be a matter of indifference to the arts, it is of more importance to know where the young artist gave the first proof of his talents. Although A. R. Mengs came into the world at Aussig in Bohemia, where his mother passed the short period of her secret confinement, we should not, with many biographical notices, date his birth from thence. What claim on his renown has that little town, which he never saw again during his whole life? Dresden, where from his childhood he was formed a painter, was the cradle of his mind. In a similar manner we might decide the question respecting Holbein's birth-place, in favour of Basle; yet as this question has often been made the subject of literary inquiry, it behoves us, as far as is in our power, to authenticate it.' The rival claims of Grünstadt, Augsburg, and Basle, are then considered (each in a separate chapter), and the preference given, as it deserves, to Augsburg. It is manifest, however, by extracts from public documents, that Holbein's father soon removed to Basle. The place of this artist's birth being thus ascertained, it remains to clear away the uncertainty respecting the time in which that event occurred. The year 1498 had always been assigned*, until Charles Patin, more than a century afterwards, determined that this date must be wrong, on the ground, forsooth, that the pictures with the signature of Holbein, 1514, and 1516, displayed more maturity of judgment and perfection in painting, than could have been attained by so young an artist. The objection coming from such a quarter, is not a little singular, for Patin has left it on record, that in his fourteenth year, he held disputations in Greek and Latin, *totam continentes philosophiam*, embracing the whole circle of philosophy, for five hours before the apostolic nuncio, thirty-four bishops, and a great number of persons of distinction, and obtained the prize. Whether he considered his own precocity of intellect an unique phenomenon, or, as Mr. H. slily observes, believed what he had done as nothing in comparison with what Holbein performed, we shall not venture to decide. As, however, we have a better opinion of the powers of the youthful mind than the French philosopher, we shall even agree with our author on this point also.

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* The Biographie Universelle, Edit. 1817, adopts the opinion of the French biography, and gives 1495 as the year of Holbein's birth.

Omitting one or two chapters of little consequence, we shall bestow a little more attention on that entitled Lehrmeister (Instructors), as well calculated to initiate our readers into the mystery of book-making, and a palpable contradiction of the old saying, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*." We will begin, as it becomes us, with the beginning; 'Genius and nature were his only teachers, say the eulogists of Holbein; but they thereby say one of those half-truths, which are so readily repeated, because their indefinite vagueness possesses much sound, but little meaning. Genius and nature undoubtedly belong to pure art, as well as to every thing great, but to the development of genius, that it may learn to comprehend nature reproductively, not only are faculties and opportunities necessary, but also guidance, assistanceand originality. (How would Mr. H. account for the phenomenon of a *first* artist?) If Holbein had not obtained this from his father, as his instructor, yet in Basle he could not be wholly unacquainted with the manner of other masters'. Our author then proceeds to prove, or rather to contend, that although little intercourse prevailed with Italy, yet there were many excellent artists in the Netherlands; and would not their works have reached the populous and splendid Basle with their names? The different painters in Switzerland are also mentioned. Having apparently exhausted his catalogue, Mr. H. continues in the following manner, against which we have nothing to allege, but that it has nothing to do with the subject. 'And who can number the departed, whose names are not mentioned in any Artist's Lexicon, because, although worthy of all respect, they enjoy not the advantage of a contemporary historian, and hence their works are received as the productions of names better known?' Have not several of the dead arisen, in the recent investigations into the German arts? Thus, (to mention only our own neighbourhood), the pictures of Martin Schaffner, of Ulm, were esteemed as the finest works of Martin Schön, until the claims of the real authors were vindicated. . . . . . Had pictorial Germany at that time possessed a

Vasari, or only a Carl von Mander, how many estimable names would have been rescued from oblivion?' We will spare our readers a continuation of this desultory and misplaced affectation of fine writing. Our only reason for quoting it, was in justification of the censures we felt it our duty to pass on the extraneous matter introduced into the work. The chapter continues for two or three pages more in a similar strain, and the important conclusion to which all this hypothetical reasoning conducts us, is, that ' respectable pictures of the elder Holbein are still in existence, and *it may be assumed with certainty*, that the father was the first and most sedulous instructor of his son, and trained him in his own school, of which we meet with manifest traces in his earlier works, although, as we shall see hereafter, he did not remain in the beaten track, but struck out for himself a path in which he could move with greater freedom.'

If, according to common tradition in Basle, in a great measure confirmed by the public records of the times, Holbein's father was appointed principal painter at the rebuilding of the Rathhaus, which was begun in 1508, and was not completed until 1521, the young artist had a favourable opportunity of exercising himself in the different branches of his art, and many old accounts make mention of the pictures executed by the younger Holbein on this occasion. Of these, however, all traces had long been lost, until, during some alterations in the great Council Chamber in the year 1817, a wall-picture of Holbein's was discovered behind the old tapestry, with the date 1521*. This picture had two divisions, on the one was represented Dentatus cooking at his own fire, and the ambassadors of the Samnites offering him money. This part of the picture had suffered much from the damp and time; enough, however, remained to prove that it was by the hand of Holbein. The other was in better preservation and represented Zaleucus and his Son. Mr. Hegner takes an opportunity of complimenting the republic, on the desire of administering impartial justice so manifestly displayed in the selection of these subjects. We were sorry, however, to observe in the concluding sentence of the preface, that he excuses himself from mentioning by name the different friends to whom he was indebted for information for his work, lest it should excite dissension in places where a petty habit of thinking prevails.

One of our author's principal objects in the volume before, was, by impartial examination to efface some spots of evil calumny from the memory of Holbein. We shall now proceed to examine how he " washes away" these spots from the reputation of his client, three hundred years defunct. It appears that Holbein in his youth was not held in high esteem at Basle, and passed his time in indigence; this neglect of the young painter, is ascribed by some of his biographers to his licentious mode of life. ' From what source they derive their information they do not inform us, perhaps from tradition, which so often invests a half-truth, with the varied garment of fiction.' The origin, or at least, the perpetuation of this report, our author ascribes to the well known anecdote respecting the Moriæ Encomium of Erasmus. Many similar stories have always been current at Basle, and among them the following. Holbein was engaged to paint an apothecary's shop in the fishmarket, and paid frequent visits to a house hard by, where good wine was sold, but that his absence might not be discovered, he painted his legs hanging down from the scaffold so naturally, that any one underneath would of course have supposed that his body was above them. The apothecary, however, at length discovered the trick, and brought back the artist to his task. Other anecdotes are given, in some of which our artist adopts an expedient to which others after him had recourse, for wiping off the score at houses of public entertainment, save that whilst they adorned the sign, Holbein painted the interior. The stories concluded; we have, as usual, some vague and lengthy observations. Our author, however, is so far from effacing these spots of evil calumny, that he himself appears borne down by their number, for he remarks in a melancholy tone, 'When several anecdotes bear upon the same subject, it is to be presumed, that there is some truth in them: and we must therefore allow that Holbein, *like many other artists and able men*, did not always pay that attention to decorum which Bürger morality required.' Mr. H. seems sadly perplexed in his attempts to vindicate the artist; he returns again and again to the charge, apparently expecting those arguments to produce conviction on the minds of his readers, which have failed to operate upon his own.

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* The reader will find an account of this in the Kunsttblatt. No. 63. 1822.

He might spare himself the trouble, a lapse of three centuries would soften down many a harsh outline: we are contented with contemplating the artist in his works, leaving his private character in the obscurity that pervades it. Not so our author, driven from post to post, he is determined to philosophize his readers into uncontradicted admissions of some virtue in his client. 'If in the Herculean parting of the ways, Holbein was not so wholly enraptured by virtue, as not to feel some inclination for the other lady; it does not therefore follow that he attached himself exclusively to the latter. For if industry and perseverance belong to virtue, nay, are the conditions of virtue, there can be no doubt on which side we should place Holbein.'

Holbein must have married young, otherwise he would, perhaps, have taken more time to consider; the example of others would have shown him, that housekeeping hangs heavily 'on an artist who is not rich, as it does on every one who must earn his bread by the labour of his mind.' A more conclusive argument, however, than that which Mr. Hegner quaintly introduces, may be drawn from the family picture of his wife and children, preserved in the Basle library, which was painted by the artist before he went to England, in 1526. The boy appears to be about four or five years old, which would place the marriage of Holbein, in about his twentieth year. History has not been favourable to the memory of his wife, and all accounts agree that the marriage was not happy; the lady being somewhat of a shrew, for which, says our author, if the statements of our artist's life be true, it would not be difficult to account. The difference of opinion respecting the figures in this family picture, are amusingly striking. A writer in the *Modena Journal*, 1824, characterises the figures as 'objects of compassion, whose pale countenances express poverty and misery!' Mr. Hegner describes them as being, indeed, in their ordinary dress, but comfortable and well fed: and adds, in a tone which is evidently meant to decide the question at once, 'Who will attribute to Holbein the folly of wishing to represent his own family as an object of his piteous misery?' We subjoin some of the remarks on this picture, as the style is not so much disfigured by the peculiarities which mark most of our extracts.

'Holbein's tender pencil, that omitted nothing of importance, is here visible, and we admire the Titianesque truth and fullness of the flesh. The heads (like all good pictures of Holbein), are full of breathing life and nature. Not the idealizing efforts of the newly initiated, who imagine that they must indicate greatness of character where no greatness exists; not the flattery of polite court painters, no studied negligence, no striking play of light and shade—but pure, sound, unassuming life distinguishes this work of art. Holbein, who painted every thing as he saw it, and he saw clearly, painted thus the drapery too, and in this departed entirely from the stiff folds of the old school.' Patin affected to doubt whether this picture represented the wife and family of Holbein, but it was so registered in the inventory of Amsbach, who had better means of knowing the truth. Besides, as our author asks, in his usual summary interrogative mode of settling all controversy:—Who but the family of the artist himself would appear in a painted picture in this loose dress?

In the travels which (in compliance with the practice of the times,* or in consequence of his poverty,) Holbein made throughout Switzerland, he painted many pictures, some of which yet remain. He spent some years at Lucern, being invited thither by Jacob Von Hartenstein, in 1517, to paint his newly-erected house.

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* In Germany, it was the custom for mechanics and others to travel from town to town, to learn the different branches of their calling, or, perhaps, originally, to eke out by this means a subsistence, which the state of society in their native place denied them. Much may be said for and against this practice; the governments of Germany are not favourable to it, as it has lately been forbidden in many of the states. It is not, however, yet discontinued.

This is proved by papers still in possession of the family. The house was standing in 1824, but has been since pulled down to make room for some recent improvements. It was painted within and without, and the outside was always considered as a work of Holbein's. On the highest story there were five compartments, with pictures from the old Roman history; underneath this, a triumph, after Mantegna; between two windows was the principal piece, of the contents of which no definite idea could be given. Over the door were children playing at soldiers, and in many places the arms of the master of the house, and of his wives, of whom he had four, *successively*, as Mr. H. takes especial care to inform us. An account of the different pictures in the Cantons would occupy us too long. One picture (the Death of Jesus) at Freyburg, is curious, both from its merit and the changes it has undergone. Its adventures will be found, pp. 127—130.

Among the celebrated pictures painted by Holbein during his last abode at Basle, previous to his departure for England, is a dead Christ, with this inscription: "Jesus Nazarenus, Rex. Jud. H. H. 1521." The manner in which Holbein has treated this subject, has been severely reprobated by all travellers and artists who have seen the picture. Mr. Hegner, as usual, begins by attempting to justify the artist, and concludes by dividing the censure. He supposes him to have received a commission to have painted the subject exactly as he has executed it. He represented the holy body, not as it is usually represented, after it has been taken down from the cross, washed and prepared for the burial, but as we must allow the "noblest of mankind" to have appeared when he had been reviled, scourged, exposed to thirst and pain, and the dreadful tortures of the cross; forsaken of God, still covered with the sweat of death. 'Edification is manifold—might not a pious mind,' setting aside the claims of good taste, wish to see the Redeemer before him, not only crucified, but thus ill-treated unto death, that from this shameful degradation, his love might shine forth more nobly? 'If the execution of this commission reflects no honour on the artist, yet the expression of these ideas in painting brings no infamy on his pencil.' This supposition is purely fictitious; but the picture, painted as it is, is a lasting disgrace to Holbein, as it would be to any other artist who could thus prostitute the noblest principles of his art. Such a representation might be allowable in poetry, which describes narrative in action, and could efface, by the succeeding description, the painful or disagreeable ideas suggested by a former passage; but in painting, the essential principle of which is, that it arrests the action in its course, and gives to one fleeting moment the duration of eternity, to substitute the degrading accidents that flesh is heir to, as the objects of our constant contemplation, to transmit them to posterity to the exclusion of the divine expression of mingled sorrow, pain, resignation, and joy, pourtrayed in the last moments of the mortal agony in the countenance of the crucified Saviour, was the conduct of a traitor to his art, and can only be excused by the youth of the artist.

Mr. Hegner's account of Holbein's residence in England, contains nothing that has not already been laid before the public. We do not wish to repeat a twice-told tale; we shall, therefore, only mention, that he died in England, of the plague, in 1554, in the 56th year of his age. The Earl of Arundel wished to erect a monument to his memory, but his burial place could not be discovered. 'What matters it? Monuments are for the dead, who have no other permanent memorial; for men of eternal renown, they are idle by-works; the spirit that pervades the world is not confined to the spot where the body crumbles into dust. What could the traveller have felt or said at the sight of such a monument then? Here lies Holbein, dead and buried, but in his works he lives; let us behold his works.'

We must now take our leave of Mr. Hegner; we have devoted as much space to his work as it deserves: in the investigation of facts connected with Holbein, he has been successful, and has placed himself beyond the reach of contradiction, by the production of the public records; in his attempts to benefit the reputation of his artist in his private character, he has been altogether as unfortunate. We have purposely quoted from his production more than the subject might at first sight seem to have demanded: had it been published in this country, we should have adopted a different course; but being a foreign work, we thought it incumbent on us to show not only what the author had said, but how he had said it. Many chapters, of which we have taken no notice, contain much interesting matter, if the reader does not consider it as a material objection that they have no immediate relation to the artist, whose name is prefixed to the work. Of Holbein, Mr. Hegner is an ardent admirer; but he pleads his cause too partially. The merits of that artist consisted principally in individualizing, accuracy, and tenderness of colouring—but his manner was hard and stiff: posterity has done him ample justice, and it is fortunate for his reputation that the extravagant demands of some of his admirers, who would place him beside Raphael, Corregio, and Titian, have not, as it has frequently happened, produced the effect of depriving him of much of that approbation which he undoubtedly deserved.

ART. VIII.—1. *The United States of America compared with some European Countries, particularly England: in a Discourse delivered in Trinity Church, in the City of New York, October,* 1825. *With an Introduction and Notes.* By the Right Rev. John Henry Hobart, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in the State of New York. Second Edition, with additional Notes. pp. 51. London: Miller. 1828.

2. *Letters on the Church.* By an Episcopalian. pp. 192. London: Longman & Co. 1826.

THE first work named at the head of this article, is a sermon preached by Dr. Hobart at New York, on his return from a visit to England. During his residence in this country, he examined all its institutions with considerable diligence and impartiality: the church establishment, however, was the object of his particular attention. His opinions on this subject, as recorded in the sermon before us, we propose to lay before our readers; because, being, as a foreigner, free from the spirit of party which operates so strongly on English writers, and, at the same time, possessing the advantage of speaking the English language as his own, and holding to their full extent the doctrines of the Church of England, we consider him peculiarly well qualified to treat the subject.

After touching slightly upon *politics*, and passing an encomium on the republican government of the United States, as contributing more than any of the European governments to the general happiness of the people; he hastens to subjects on which, as he expresses it, 'he feels more at home,' the '*religious freedom*' of his country, and the effects of a church protected by the state, but 'left free to exert her legitimate powers, uninfluenced and unrestrained by any worldly authority whatsoever.'

He then enumerates what he considers the most objectionable points in the English establishment—1. The system of church patronage—2. The difficulty of removing improper ministers—3. The mode of support by tithes—4. The appointment of bishops, theoretically by the king, actually by the cabinet or prime-minister: whence, he observes, 'with some most honourable exceptions, principally recent, the appointments have notoriously been directed with a view to parliamentary influence'—5. The internal legislation of the church, as to her laws, regulations, and canons, which ever, since the convention was discontinued, has been vested entirely in parliament.

'I need not observe,' he says, 'how superior in all these respects, are the arrangements of our church; not indeed without their inconveniences, for no human system is perfect. To the congregations is secured the appointment of their clergymen, under regulations that prevent, in *episcopal* supervision and control, the choice of heretical and unworthy persons; and its support arises from voluntary contributions. The connection is thus one of choice, and therefore of confidence and affection. The provisions for ecclesiastical discipline, can arrest the progress of the unworthy clergyman, and put him away from the congregation he is injuring and destroying, and the church which he is disgracing; and happy are the effects in the general zeal, purity, and exemplary lives of the clergy, and the affectionate intercourse that subsists between them and their flocks. Often have I taken pride and pleasure in exciting the surprise of those who supposed and concluded, that the voluntary act of the people would not adequately provide for the clergy, by stating, in my own case, the continuance of my salary; the provision for my parochial duty; and the ample funds by which I was enabled to leave my congregations and my diocese.'—pp. 18—20.

In the American Episcopal Church, the election of a new bishop takes place in the diocesan convention of the clergy, and the lay representatives of congregations; the person elected must receive several other sanctions, 'after which the bishops may consecrate or not, according to their discretion.' The body which exercises the legislative power of the church, is in its constitution analagous to the paramount civil body of the United States—the congress; and consists of two houses with co-operative powers—the House of Bishops, and the House of Clerical and Lay Representatives. 'The *government* of the Episcopal Church in America, is perhaps even more republican than that of the Presbyterian denomination.'—'Let it not be said, then, that there is any inseparable alliance between an Episcopal government and a monarchy.—p. 29, Note.

We have laid before our readers these remarks of Dr. Hobart because they appear to us to form the best introduction that could be given to the 'Letters on the Church;' the object of which is to examine the Church of England upon a point, which, in fact, constitutes the fundamental distinction between it and the Episcopal Church of America—its alliance with the state. The writer does not, indeed, presume to say, that the matron church ought to take a lesson on the subject from her trans-Atlantic daughter; but the latter has certainly occupied much of his attention, and in many parts of the work is evidently present to his mind. Nor is the reader to conclude from the author's being 'an Episcopalian,' that he is therefore a member of the English Church; 'whether he is a native of this or any other country,' is a point, he says in his preface, 'which it cannot concern the public to be informed of;' and we may remark, that from his invariably styling the Church of England '*your* church,' he at least does not claim to be considered as one of its members. But to whatever communion he may belong, his writings well deserve the attention of the public at large: his arguments are forcible and clear; his language nervous, and generally correct, with the exception, however, of an occasional error in some of those peculiar idioms, which are so rarely attained by any but the English themselves. We could point out, for instance, many passages in which 'shall' and 'will' are improperly used; and in page 26, 'would' occurs instead of 'should' no less than three times.

The work contains a well connected chain of reasoning, of which we shall endeavour to give our readers as correct an outline as our limits will allow: in doing this, we propose merely to give an abstract of the writer's views, without adding any speculations of our own; and, from the succinct and spirited manner in which, from time to time, he sums up his arguments, we shall frequently be enabled to give this abstract in his own words.

The main point which he endeavours to establish is, that the church and the state ought to be independent of one another. In the first letter he gets rid of an objection, which might be brought against him from the example of the Hebrew polity, in which the state was invested with spiritual jurisdiction; by showing, that there the government was a theocracy, in which church and state were not allied, but amalgamated into one; Jehovah being, at the same time, their king and their God; so that every religious offence was in reality an act of sedition and rebellion against the civil government, justly cognizable before a civil tribunal, and deserving of temporal punishment; which, let it be remembered, was the only kind of punishment denounced in the Mosaic dispensation.

> 'The prohibition by Jesus of the employment of any violence in his cause—his refusal to interfere in secular matters, and his declaration that his kingdom is not of this world, are indeed utterly at variance with the employment of coercion in religious matters by christians—with any appeal to civil authority to enforce the doctrines or duties of the gospel: but nothing that he said or did was at all at variance with the divine command given to the Israelites, to put to death, without mercy, the idolater and the blasphemer; since he neither denied or annulled the rights of all governments to punish by the civil sword, traitors and rebels; which idolaters and blasphemers evidently were under the Theocracy. That Christ's kingdom is not of this world, is nothing inconsistent with the existence of a former kingdom of God, which *was* of this world; nor with the justice of such regulations in that, as are common to all temporal kingdoms whatever.'—pp. 18, 19.

In the second letter, the 'conduct of Christians' is examined, and it is shown how much at variance it has been with the exclusively spiritual character of Christ's kingdom. One circumstance which greatly contributes to confuse men's ideas, respecting a point which is clear enough when distinctly proposed, is—

> 'That the same individual persons are, in christian countries, members of two distinct communities, whose characters, whose proposed objects, and whose regulations, as well as the sanctions of those regulations, are altogether different; viz. the Church, or spiritual kingdom of Christ (whose proposed object is the salvation of souls), and the political community,—the state, whether regal or republican, to which they belong, the object of which is the protection of men's persons and property in this world.'—p. 35.

> 'When, then, you consider that each individual christian is a member of both communities, the state and the church; that many things are enjoined or prohibited by the rules of both societies, by the laws, and by religion;—that christianity gives her sanction to all regulations of civil government that are not morally wrong;—and that the Bible, so often indistinctly and confusedly regarded as *one* book, exhibits one case of a complete union and amalgamation of the church and state, by divine appointment, (viz. that of the Jewish theocracy); and when to these considerations you add the natural propensity of all men, especially those in authority, to seek for every possible extension and confirmation of that authority—the civil magistrate thus coveting spiritual jurisdiction, and the spiritual ruler, civil power—it will no longer appear wonderful that the church of Christ should, in almost every age and country, have forgotten, more or less, the great principle which he laid down; that she should so often either have committed or allowed usurpation; either interfering in secular affairs, or allowing secular influence on things pertaining to religion; that she should have been guilty both of *making* encroachments and of *submitting* to them.'—p. 38.

Nor can England be ever said to have disclaimed persecution, whilst her laws denounce penalties and disabilities against dissenters, how seldom soever these laws may be actually enforced. 'He who has *no right* to inflict punishment, has no right to *threaten* it.' (p. 99). The state is, indeed, perfectly justified in taking precautionary measures against any body of men, whose tenets are avowedly subversive of morality and civil order, or who show in their general conduct a decided hostility to the government; but it has no right so far to make itself a judge in spiritual matters, as to inflict punishment indiscriminately on every individual, who dissents from the dogmas or the discipline of the church as by law established. Yet, as our author observes—

> 'To whatever church we turn our attention, with a view to the point I have been considering, we find, whether we look to its past history or its present situation, that in all, or nearly all, christians have enacted and approved, if not such laws as imply downright sanguinary persecution, yet religious restriction and coercion of some kind or other:—the enforcement of rules, and infliction of civil penalties, not for the temporal peace and comfort of society, but for the benefit of the soul of the individual, and for the glory of God and advancement of true religion.'—p. 57.

Some of our readers have, perhaps, been taught to believe that there is a sacred bond of union between the altar and the throne, and that the intimate connection of church and state, is the only support of loyalty and religion: if so, they will probably imagine that the man who, like the writer of these letters, advocates the dissolution of that connexion, if he is not a visionary enthusiast must certainly be a radical and an infidel. What then must be their astonishment, on learning that, in the third letter, which treats of 'the authority of the church,' it is maintained that this authority is derived from Christ to the present times through apostolic succession, 'that it has manifestly no less a claim to be acknowledged of divine origin, than that of the Jewish theocracy,' and that it is, moreover, an authority which the state has no right to control?

The authority claimed by the church of England in her articles, lies in matters of faith, and in the ordaining of rites and ceremonies: whoever dissents from her doctrines, or refuses to acquiesce in her ordinances, ought not to continue among her members, and, upon the same principles as regulate the conduct of every other society, the church is bound to exclude him from her communion. This was the practice of the primitive christians; but when the Roman emperors had taken christianity under their protection, and annexed civil penalties to excommunication, the church could no longer expel an unworthy member without being guilty of the gross injustice of inflicting temporal punishment on spiritual offences. The church of England is in the same situation; her connection with the state has reduced all ecclesiastical discipline to a dead letter; this is one of the cases in which, to use the energetic language of Dr. Hobart, the secular influence and power by which she has been clogged and controlled, sadly obstruct her progress, and alloy her apostolic and spiritual character.

The fourth letter is on the alliance of church and state. Our author has shewn that the civil and ecclesiastical communities are perfectly independent, and have no right one to control the other. But may they not, like other independent communities, enter into an *alliance*? It has been maintained by some, that such an alliance is founded on expediency; by others, that it is founded on truth. The author argues that such an alliance is not *allowable*, because the church thereby gives up her indefeasible rights, and acts inconsistently with her spiritual character. As to the question of expediency, we are told that the only legitimate motive which has been assigned for the church's entering into the alliance, is the desire of obtaining protection by the state from violence. This protection, however, the state was, even before the alliance, bound in justice to afford.

> 'The motives which he (Warburton) assigns to the civil power for seeking the alliance are, I think, as little to the purpose as those of the church, for accepting that alliance. They are, first,—a desire of "preserving the existence and the purity of religion; secondly,—of improving its usefulness, and applying its influence in the best manner; and thirdly,—of preventing the mischiefs which in its natural dependent state it might occasion to society."'—p. 99.

In opposition to the first point, our author adduces the fact of the *existence* and the *purity* of christianity, before it ever received countenance from the state; and also remarks that civil rulers are very apt, in the formation of their spiritual alliances, to be influenced, not so much by any superior purity of faith in the church which they select, as by its subserviency to their political interests.

'As for the second of the advantages proposed,—it is Warburton's own remark, that even a *tyrant* may thus gain veneration and obedience. And he adds, shortly after, that "there are peculiar conjunctures when the influence of religion is more than ordinarily serviceable to the state, which the magistrate cannot so well improve to the public advantage, unless he have the church under his direction, to prescribe such public exercises of religion as the exigencies of the state require." In plain English, he may prescribe "Te Deums," and fasts, whenever it suits his purposes—engage christian ministers to preach down his political opponents—obtain acquiescence in his measures, just or unjust, on pain of damnation;—and hurl against his enemies the terrors of the next world in addition to those of the sword. Belshazzar's profanation of the sacred vessels of the temple, at an idolatrous feast, was nothing to this.'—p. 101.

With regard to the last point, 'the mischiefs which in its natural, independent state, *religion* might occasion to society,' it is justly observed, that the magistrate

'has certainly a great control over the *members of the Church which he so governs:* but what influence will this give him over *dissenters? Their* ministers will have all that independent influence over their flocks, from which he dreads such danger to the state. But why should it be expected that this influence should be exerted in hostility to the existing government? I see no reason to apprehend this, *as long as the church is left in its original, independent condition;* but as soon as the civil magistrate identifies himself with the church, to which dissenters are necessarily opposed, by making himself the head of their adversaries, he himself *makes* them his enemies.'—'This is no imaginary case. Experience has shown that the religion of the Presbyterians is not necessarily hostile to the British constitution; but the blow which was aimed at the Church of England in the reign of Charles I., necessarily *passed through the sides* of the regal power, because the regal power stood before it as an ally.'—'If, therefore, the magistrate would effectually preclude, instead of increasing, the danger in question, he must do his work thoroughly; he must not only prohibit, but completely extirpate, by a vigorous persecution, all religions except the one established. *Half measures* generally defeat both the objects they aim at.'—pp. 104, 105.

In fact, if he is resolved to persecute, he must do it thoroughly and effectually; if not prepared to do this, he should give up all appearance of compulsion, and act on the policy of the United States; 'to the government of which all varieties of sects are alike well affected, because it does not make itself the head of any one of them, nor interfere at all in spiritual concerns; but is content to exercise civil control over every individual, of whatever persuasion.'—p. 153.

Among the evils attending the alliance, one of the chief is the impression made on weak minds, that religion, which they see to be made a state engine, is in fact a state contrivance, devised and kept up merely for the sake of keeping the refractory in order. This letter contains also some very judicious remarks on the appointment of bishops by the crown; on their having seats in the

House of Lords; on the imposition of articles and a liturgy by secular authority; and on the appointment by the civil government of state festivals and state prayers, which are said to be 'degrading at once to those who utter and to those who enforce them; since it is plain that, whatever these persons may in fact be, a *tyrant might* compel the observance of such forms, and a slave would be obliged to comply.—p. 121.

Our author thinks that the clergy are degraded into mere tools of the civil power, by being forced to read briefs and proclamations, to keep the parish registers, and to perform the marriage ceremony on dissenters. The last is a point which has been for some time under the consideration of the legislature; we therefore beg to call the attention of politicians to the following observations.

'Marriage consists (in our view,) of two things,—a civil contract, which makes the offspring legitimate in the eye of the law, and involves temporal obligations; and a vow before God. With respect to the first, it ought to be competent to persons of all persuasions to form the civil contract without any violence to their religious principles, however erroneous, and without any interference with religious rites whatever. Oliver Cromwell was right for once, in causing this civil contract to be made before the civil magistrate. Neither Jews, nor Turks, nor Christians, can object to this, if they choose to live under the laws of this land; the magistrate, therefore, ought to certify and register the due contraction of this engagement. But as for the religious rite, that should be left to the religious community to which each person belongs. I cannot but think, that in the case, for instance, of the Unitarians, there is both a species of persecution and profanation committed. I need not tell you that I abhor the faith of the Unitarians; so I do that of the infidel Jews and Mahometans; but I think that none of these should be compelled, in order to contract a marriage, to be witnesses and partakers of a ceremony which their conscience condemns; and it is, under these circumstances, a degradation of the minister, and a profanation of the ceremony, that it should take place. But I would not have the priests, or whatever they may be called, of these religionists, intrusted with the solemnization of a legal contract: let that be done *in all cases*, by the civil magistrate; and whatever religious rites each religious community thought fit to superadd, let *them* be the concern of that community.'—p. 126.

In the sixth letter, our author shows that the dissolution of the alliance would not affect the revenues of the church: he considers tithes to be the property of the clergy, with which the legislature has no more right to interfere than with any other private property; and remarks that, if the alliance were dissolved, the church would be in the same condition as the universities, and equally under the protection of the state.

The last letter is on the 'Consequences of the Emancipation of the Church.' The state, it is maintained, would for the reasons already specified, be 'no loser, but a very great gainer.' The church would probably lose many of her 'insincere nominal members;' but the loss (if loss it may be called) would, it is contended, be more than compensated by the 'increased purity in the faith, the worship, and the conduct' of those who continued in her communion. Protestantism would be freed from the objection so often urged against it by Roman Catholics, 'of the sacrilegious power (as they consider it) exercised by civil magistrates, in Protestant countries, over their respective churches.'

'Again, reforms and alteration,—the improvement of what is good, and the correction of what is faulty, which must always be needed, from time to time, in any institution conducted by fallible men,—might be introduced, as they were needed, without difficulty and without risk.'—p. 171.

'There is on record a good reply to a Papist by a Protestant, from which Protestants themselves might learn more than they do: when asked, "Where was your religion before the time of Luther?" He asked, in return, "Did you wash your face, this morning?". "Yes." "Then where was your face before it was washed?" This ought not to be regarded as a mere witty repartee, but a just description of the case: and it would have been well had it been always remembered, that our faces do not require merely to be washed *once for all*, but every day.—p. 172.

ART. IX.—*Journal of a Residence and Tour in the Republic of Mexico, in the year* 1826; *with some account of the Mines in that Country.* By Capt. G. F. LYON, R. N., F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1828.

THIS "piping time of peace," has done sad work among our naval officers. It has converted many of them into tourists, explorers and superintendants of mines, surveyors, engineers, and authors—pursuits for which if some of them have evinced eminent qualifications, others have betrayed as great a degree of incapacity. What relation there is between mineralogy and navigation, we have yet to learn: and highly as we esteem the character of our naval commanders, we are not surprised to find that generally speaking, they turn out to be most unfit persons for conducting commercial enterprises, in foreign countries. Their habits are the very reverse of thrifty: they are never remarkable for prudence *on land;* they may know how to dictate to a crew of sailors under their orders, but they are the last persons we should think of employing for the purpose of conciliating a number of artizans. They are also peculiarly slow in conforming with the manners and customs of foreign countries; they are too apt to deride whatever appears strange to them, and though not very remarkable for religious practices, they seldom fail to laugh at any worship that differs from their own, and to speak of it in their written productions in the most intemperate manner. A singular, and most laudable exception to this remark, we found in Captain Basil Hall, but we think that he is the only author among his brethren who has not offended in this way.

Captain Lyon appears to have been employed as a commissioner on the part of two London companies, in the early part of 1826, to take charge of the management of some mines in the northern interior of Mexico. As they were situated in a part of that country which lies out of the common route, we expected to meet in the journal before us, matter of an equally novel and interesting character. We have, it is true, some of the former description, but very little indeed of the latter. The greater part of the territory through which our commissioner travelled, is little better than a wilderness, consisting of extensive wastes, a few towns going to decay, and some villages almost uninhabited, and rarely offering a compensation for its bleakness in any boldness of mountain scenery. He landed at Tampico. His description of his accommodation here, might be aptly introduced into that very annoying book, "The Miseries of Human Life."

'The back-door of my room, which supplied the place of a window, opened into a yard in which eighteen hens and numerous chickens were wont to ramble. A horse tied to a tree neighed at intervals to its two responsive fellow-servants, in a small open stable. Four dogs, of disagreeable voices, and most provoking tempers, growled and barked constantly at each other, or at five starving cats and their kittens, from day-light until sun-set, and from dark again until morning. The projecting eaves of the house formed a kind of covered way, to protect Donna Francisca (the mistress of the mansion) from the sun, sheltering also one of my greatest torments. On a pole, suspended by a rope at each end, swung a favorite parrot, which talked incessantly, and very much in the same key as its mistress. Patches of Spanish songs, terms of insult and opprobrium, expressions of endearment, curses and orisons succeeded each other in a rapidity of utterance altogether peculiar to the mistress and the bird. It was also my fate to hear two young Indian women and a little talkative girl, grind maize, slap tortillas, sing, gossip, and laugh abundantly, within two yards of my door; and at meal times the smell and sound of fish and other viands frying in oil, was added to the harmony. Francisca, of whose tones words can give no idea, had adopted a sickly, yellow, and fretful little child, with a perpetual scream and constant restlessness. The squallings of this poor infant, which were faithfully imitated by the parrot, elicited alternately, coaxings, scoldings, and whippings from its madrina; and the general result was, that the wretched baby on being turned as a punishment, into the yard, would creep in and sob in one corner of my little room. I say nothing of the pigs, and a kid or two which unhappily for me, had excellent lungs, or of Don Antonio's constant squabbles about politics with a sickly fellow-lodger of mine, who, when not otherwise occupied, dropped in to tell me all his ailments. But when I add to this list of miseries the insufferably powerful fangs of the fleas, bugs, mosquitos, sand-flies and garrapatos,* which feasted upon me in those moments when I most required rest, my situation may be easily imagined.' vol. i. pp. 39—41.

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* 'A small kind of tick, which in great numbers bury their heads in the skin, and are very difficult of extraction.'

It is interesting to observe, that a Lancasterian school has been already established at Tampico, which is frequented by above two hundred boys and girls, and that according to the testimony of our author, 'the *Bible*, in Spanish, is permitted to the children unconditionally.' Tampico also, and its two sister towns, appear 'to have very materially risen in importance since the establishment of Mexican independence.' 'A brisk trade,' adds our author, 'is constantly carried on with the United States, whose small vessels have great facilities in passing over a bar, which offers a sad impediment to our more weighty merchantmen.'

We meet with nothing in the course of our author's journey from Tampico to San Luis Potosi, worth transcribing. As a specimen of the ignorance that prevails generally in that part of Mexico, he mentions that he met an extensive land-owner, who believed that Spain and Europe were two names for the same country, that London was a nation in itself, and England an inferior province, but both occupying remote corners of the king of Spain's dominions. As for France, he affirmed that it was only another name for Panama!

From San Luis, Captain Lyon proceeded to the village of Veta Grande, where some mines are situated. We shall give our author's description of a holiday there, as it forms a pretty good picture of rural festivity in Mexico.

'On our first feast-day, the village of Veta Grande appeared to have undergone some magical change, and to be peopled by a different race from those who had figured during the week. Fine shawls, brilliant-coloured gowns, silk stockings and white satin shoes, were flashing like so many meteors amongst the mud huts; and in the evening I accepted an invitation to go to an exhibition of maroméros, or rope-dancers, in company with two maiden ladies, sisters of a certain Don Jesus, who kept a little shop, and was one of the principal gentlemen in the town. It was a fine moon-light night, and we walked to a small mud amphitheatre usually appropriated to cock-fights, where we found the tight rope stretched, and a numerous party-coloured audience assembled. The theatre was open to the clear, starry sky, and illuminated by four flaming piles of the ocote or candle wood, placed in iron cradles on the summit of tall poles.—The whole scene was very novel and striking to me, as the miners and villagers lay extended and lounging on the earthen seats, wrapped in their variously striped serapes; while five of the "milicia" moved about in the crowd to preserve order.

'The ladies kept us plentifully supplied with cigars, which they also smoked abundantly; and in our turn we purchased sugar-plums and sweet cakes for them during the short intervals of smoking.

'The rope-dancing was tolerable, particularly by a very fat old woman; gorgeously attired, who seemed in a terrible fright lest she should have a fall. A boy of about twelve years of age quite astonished us by his activity, and the variety of his postures and contortions, which far exceeded any thing of the kind I had ever witnessed in Europe. The tumblers were attended by a clown, who with a blackened face and much talking greatly delighted the company. The performances were closed by a "comedia' in front of a ragged sheet.'—vol. i, pp. 202—204.

Veta Grande is near Zacatecas, a city of considerable importance, with the society of which our author seems to have been little pleased.

'The first appearance of Zacatecas, as the traveller approaches from the northward, is peculiar and pleasing. The city stands in a deep basin, at the foot of a picturesque and beautiful mountain, called the Bufa; and the entrance by the suburbs is through a gravelly water-course, in which groups of women are seen washing clothes. We paid a visit of ceremony to his excellency general Lobato, some time since a very respectable cobbler at Zalapa, and now commander-in-chief, of the "Free and Sovereign State* of Zacatecas." He was unwell and confined to his room; but we were received by his lady, a thin, talkative little woman, who abused both miners and mining in most unqualified terms; and by her sister, a large, greasy half-dressed maiden, with black moustachios and nut-brown teeth. The ladies sat huddled up in a corner smoking; and the tiled floor, on which reposed an immense dog and her puppies, was strewed with extinguished cigars and their ashes, cabbage and lettuce leaves, and other filth which had fallen from five bird-cages, which hung over the centre of the room.

'Two unshaven and unshaved cavaliers were paying their morning compliments to La Generala, and the whole scene was such, that I retired from it with no very favourable ideas of the "beau monde" at Zacatecas.—Having made equally gratifying visits to one or two other of the most distinguished families, we rode home in the rain, which now fell regularly every day at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon.

'From our great elevation above the extensive plains, we were enabled to command most magnificent views of the progress and formation of the clouds, as they swept in large black masses, at an equal height, over the low grounds, and on reaching the mountains bounded as it were from summit to summit, accumulating in their progress all the smaller vapours, and then with heavy thunder and vivid lightning, breaking and deluging for a few hours the whole country beneath. The outline of the storm was invariably so clearly defined, as it rushed towards us from the east, that while one half the heavens was blackened by the growing tempest, the western sky was of a bright and cloudless blue, and the plains glowing beneath the dazzling rays of the sun.—vol. 1, pp. 206—208.

We regret to find that our English artificers appear to have been by no means popular at Zacatecas. On one occasion, a party of them passing through the city, had the misfortune to quarrel with some people who had come in from the country. Stones were thrown at them, and if the militia had not been called out to protect them, we are told that 'serious consequences might have ensued.' 'Considerable ill-will was also manifested towards the strangers at Veta Grande; and when they appeared singly they were pelted. An attack was actually made at night on the door of the house in which they were quartered, and it was battered with stones.'—These are bad symptoms for our speculative countrymen.

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* 'Estado libre y soberano.'

The convent of "our Lady of Guadalupe," near Zacatecas, is one of the most respectable establishments of the description in Mexico.

'This convent is situated at the foot of the mountains, about a league to the eastward of Zacatecas, and surrounded by a little village which has arisen on the sanctified spot. It has a very pleasing appearance, being embellished by about two dozen trees. The fathers received us most kindly; and with the attentions of the Padre Guardián and Padre Maldon (Macdonald, an Irishman), we passed a very agreeable evening; were regaled with a good supper, and a separate cell with a clean bed was provided for each of us.

Making an early tour of the convent, we first visited its library, consisting chiefly of religious works, bound in parchment, to the amount of 11,000 volumes. None of them were particularly remarkable either for type or age, and I inquired in vain for old Mexican MSS., or objects of antiquity; which, as this society of friars are all missionaries, I expected they would have collected on their visits to the more remote districts and tribes in New Spain.'—vol. i., pp. 212, 213.

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'Nothing could be more refreshing than the extensive gardens, crowded with apple, fig, and quince-trees. There were also some vines, pomegranates, peaches, and apricots. Immense rose-hedges rendered the walks in many places shady and sweet, and the whole was well cultivated—a kind of Oasis, in fact, in the desert of Zacatacas. We were all much pleased with our visit, which gave great satisfaction to the fathers, who were happy to entertain any one from the mines, whence they drew the chief part of their very uncertain revenue, in return for confessions and masses, as well as by begging, according to the law of their order, from all the cottagers.

'The poor friars of Guadalupe are a much-enduring race, and should not, I conceive, be classed with the herd of drones, who fatten so uselessly on the public in Mexico. These do actually endure all the poverty which their vow enjoins; and their whole life is devoted to voluntary suffering. They have no personal property beyond one coarse grey woollen dress, which is never changed until worn into holes; and it then, having fully attained the odour of sanctity, sells for twenty or thirty dollars, as the burial garment of some devotee, who is supposed to smuggle himself into heaven in so holy an envelope. They wear neither shirt, stockings, nor any other article of dress, than a pair of sandals; and in the high cold mountains of the northern states, or low in the burning plains of the Tierra Caliente, no change of habit appropriate to the climate is permitted by the rules of the order.

The Colegio de Guadalupe was founded expressly for the purpose of furnishing missionaries "para conquistar," or for the conversion of the Indians of Texas, California, or, indeed, any barbarous northern tribes; and about one-third of the friars of the establishment are constantly absent on these pious errands. A vast number of these poor men have perished from absolute want on their weary journeys, being sent forth without money, or even an animal to carry them, and dependent on charity for their subsistence. Many also have been barbarously sacrificed by the wild Indians; yet the missions are constantly maintained, and with success; since in the most retired and inhospitable parts of the northern states, communities of some thousand Indians may be found living under the guidance of one or more of these poor friars.'—vol. i., pp. 215—217.

Our author paid a visit to the ruins of what he supposes to have been an Indian city, about fourteen leagues to the southward of Zacatecas. The remains are extensive, but extremely indistinct. He is of opinion, that they indicate the situation of Amaquemacan, once the capital city of the Checmecas, of which Clavigero says, that no trace was to be found. The walls and ruins of pyramids which are still to be seen, prove that the Indians who built them, must have attained considerable perfection in architecture.

We know not whether our fair readers will think, that some of the native tribes have been equally proficient in other respects. The Guichola Indians, for example, conduct their marriages in a very peculiar manner. {Our author affirms that 'it is the custom for a man to take his intended wife on *trial.*' If he likes her after a while, they are married; if she please him not, he sends her away; nor does such a dismissal in the least degree affect her character. In fact, she still stands just as good a chance of a husband as before.

In the course of his rambles among the Indians, Captain Lyon encountered an extraordinary sort of fellow, named Don Justo, whose portrait is worth extracting.

'Round his waist he was girded by a kind of kilt, composed of many hundred little strips of rags strung and matted into a thick mass. From his left shoulder, and crossing to his right side, he bore, in the manner of a knight's ribbon, an infinite number of little coils and bunches of small rope and twine tied and twisted together, and round his ancles were hung quantities of little straps and pieces of leather, in such a manner, as to cover his feet entirely beneath two bunches resembling mops. The rest of his person was completely naked. This singular man possessed an intelligent physiognomy, was quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, perfectly rational in conversation, and never begged, although he would receive, in charity, whatever his few wants required. The general idea respecting his continuance in this state is, that in consequence of some disappointment in love, he had bound himself by a vow to his present wretched life. I made a sketch of him, which in point of novelty and peculiarity, may vie with the portraits of the worthies in the "Wonderful Magazine."'—vol. i., pp. 297, 298.

We have looked with some anxiety through these volumes for observations on the actual political condition of Mexico. Owing, doubtless, to the author's mining avocations, he seems to have paid little attention to that part of his subject. It is well known that much agitation has existed for some time in the Mexican states, arising out of the old hatred between the Creoles and the Spaniards. To what extent that agitation may proceed, or what consequences it is likely to produce on the stability of the Union, are questions that still remain to be solved. One or two paragraphs in the second volume, embrace nearly all the political information which our author seems to have acquired during his tour.

'Guadalaxara, at the period of my visit, was in a state of feverish excitement, which gave reason to fear some dangerous change in the public affairs. Party spirit, under various forms, was carried on with extreme bitterness. The Iturbidists, Centralists, Federalists, and other factions, all indulged their respective feelings in numerous anonymous papers, hawked about in all the portales and through the streets;—insulting pamphlets against the governor and his public officers; others in his defence;—papers exposing the gross impositions of the friars, or upholding them in their absurd pretensions;—threats to the few remaining Spaniards and strangers of all descriptions, with strong abuse of private individuals, were constantly to be met with; and murders and robberies were frequently committed, without any dread of punishment, beyond a few days' imprisonment.

'It does not appear likely that affairs will long remain in this unsettled position; and it was the opinion of many of my acquaintance, that one "grito" (a rising cry) would lead the whole city either to rebellion against the state, or to the cold-blooded murder of every Spaniard, stranger, and even native, of property. The European Spaniards settled in the country, and who, individually, are not blameable for the tyranny of their nation towards the Mexicans, are certainly to be pitied. Their lives are still in constant jeopardy, and the more so if they are rich—the chance of plunder being a great inducement to patriotism with a Mexican, as well as every other mob.'—vol. ii., pp. 35—37.

In a subsequent chapter, Captain Lyon has given the following observations on the Creoles:—

'The Creoles, or descendants of Europeans, are by their circumstances the most eminent persons in New Spain, and, with the exception of those engaged in active commerce, are an indolent, overbearing, haughty race, who, with the ignorance which the barbarous policy of Spain has entailed upon them, have preserved also the most profound contempt for the poor despised Indians; and in fact for every one without their own particular pale. They are, with some bright and gifted exceptions (whom, were it proper, I could enumerate with the greatest pleasure), the least estimable people in the country; although, from the influx of strangers and the intercourse with the old world generally, there is every reason to expect and hope for a national improvement. The establishment of schools will accomplish much towards this; but above all, the improvement and softening of manners will be proportioned to the proper estimation in which the women are held; and I am happy to say, that they begin to assume their proper station in society. Their education is now better attended to; and the alliances which have been formed between some of our countrymen and young ladies of family, must have the most beneficial results.

'Smoking, gaming, and the want of proper attention to personal cleanliness, will soon disappear; and with a little humility (for there are few people in the world, who have a better opinion of themselves), the Mexican gentry of the present day may very speedily take intellectual precedence of their ancestors.

'The rich picturesque costumes of both sexes are now growing into disrepute, and European fashions generally prevail in the principal cities.'—vol. ii. pp. 231—233.

We shall conclude these extracts with a curious account of the hot wells, situated in the valley of Ystlan near Valladolid, in the state of Mechoacan.

'These wells, to the amount of many hundreds, are dispersed in a space of one mile and a half by a quarter of a mile in width, east and west along the plain, and sending up at intervals clouds of steam. In fact the whole surface of this place is nothing more than the crust of a volcano; and seven years back an earthquake opened a large rent in the plain, whence issued fountains of the purest water, and of mud also, both of a boiling heat.

'In the evening I rambled amongst the springs, which are of all forms and sizes, from holes not larger than an inch, through which the water is seen and heard boiling beneath, to large spaces of several yards in diameter; some transparent as though distilled. Others, within a foot of them, are turbid, or of boiling mud; and there is one called "El Pozo Verde," in which, although perfectly clear, the water is of a fine deep green. The springs are in some places constantly tranquil and varying in temperature from 110° to 130°; but in far the greater number the water boils up with amazing force; and in one well, chosen at random, I cooked a piece of mutton of the size of an egg, in four minutes and fifty seconds. All the fountains which have been sufficiently small to admit of it, have been choked up with stones and bushes, to prevent cattle from falling into them; yet a number of poor beasts are frequently thus destroyed. It is the custom of the country-people to kill and scald their pigs at these springs, and I saw a party of Arrieros cooking their supper very comfortably over one. The stratum through which the water rises is chiefly a calcareous earth; but on the surface, detached pieces of limestone abound, as well as porous lava of various kinds, with fragments of obsidian; with these substances there are also large spaces covered, or indeed composed of a kind of light scoriæ; abundantly filled with pieces of broken sticks and herbs in a state of petrifaction. The waters scarcely leave any deposit beyond a slight coating of white salt, yet they have a very perceptible smell and flavour of sulphur. The vapour appears to have no deleterious effect on the surrounding vegetation, since fine, although short, grass grows round the immediate edges of the springs; and it is very remarkable that the mimosa and other small bushes actually in many places overhang the boiling fountains, close to which their roots are situated. In some of the springs, which are frequently seen as round as wells, and perforated through the solid rock, a perceptible rise and fall is observable at regular periods; but in others, the bottoms of which are choked with stones, a more remarkable phænomenon may be observed. After boiling furiously for a few minutes to the height of two feet, the water suddenly sinks; the earth gives forth a sucking sound; the base is left clear of water or even steam, and the stones in an instant become perfectly dry; so that I frequently stood on them, until warned by a low whistling sound of the returning gush, which was instantly thrown out with as much force as before.

There are some springs of inconsiderable size which have stopped entirely, and broken out afresh near the old site; and again it has occurred that a clear fountain has suddenly become muddy, or the reverse, even to a perturbed one instantaneously becoming transparent.'—vol. ii., pp. 59-62.

Captain Lyon endeavours to put the fairest possible aspect on the mining operations in general, with which he has been connected; we observe that in no one instance is he able to show a surplus of profit beyond expenditure. The most important of these mines are those situated at Bolanos, 'whence, he says, such valuable fruits may rationally and confidently be expected.' These mines are divided into three classes—the northern, the middle, and the southern. The northern consists of three sets; of the first of these sets Captain Lyon says, 'I saw but little promise in the ores at this period': from the second, 'there is every reason to expect good fruits'; a part of the third 'has not been deemed worthy of trial', and from the other 'there is every reason to expect good returns', when 'proper trials are made for discovery'. The intermediate class contains three sets of mines: the first 'has been at work, but is now stopped;' the second 'is not very productive;' and in the third, 'nothing of interest has as yet been discovered.' The southern class contains two sets of mines, both of which artificers are still occupied in draining. So much for the celebrated mines of Bolanos, 'whence such valuable fruits may rationally and confidently be expected!'

Captain Lyon gives a magnificent description of the works which are in progress for the English company, at the mines of Real del Monte. We say in *progress*, for though extensive, and requiring an enormous outlay, they appear to be as yet far from approaching their termination; and still farther, we suspect, from yielding any return.

ART. X.—*Punch and Judy, with Illustrations, Designed and Engraved by George Cruikshank, accompanied by the Dialogue of the Puppet Show, an account of its origin, and of Puppet Plays in England.* 8vo. 9s. pp. 111. London: S. Prowett. 1828.

THERE are various reasons why the out-of-door entertainments of the people of England have never made a figure in the history of national amusements. One of the principal of these causes is the fickleness of our climate: we have made up our minds long ago that the morning smiles of a day in England, are as deceitful as the encouraging glances of an experienced coquette, and lead but to disappointment and sorrow. As a nation, therefore, we are an in-door people: we recreate, almost exclusively, on home-bred pastimes. And if nature had not already declared against our taking pleasure in the open air, the authorities would, ere long, have effectually established the prohibition. There is an officious spirit busy in the justice-room, carrying every thing before it at the Quarter Sessions; the same that beheld antichrist displaying itself in the booths of Bartholomew fair, at the period of the commonwealth, and which, in recent times, discovered the means of a degree of corruption, worthy of a general deluge, in the surburban relaxations of Camberwell Green.

But still there have been, from remotest ages, street entertainments in London: they have been less variable in their nature than those of any other metropolis: necessarily for the causes mentioned, they have been fewer: and they are, it should also be observed, very peculiar. Perhaps it would not be a difficult matter, to draw an illustration of national character from the established street entertainments of any country.

The subject is at all events exceedingly interesting, and an inquiry into it may develope facts much more curious and valuable than most readers can anticipate.

The design of elucidating the popular amusements of London, did not originate in modern times. Lauron, a celebrated artist from the Hague, has left us a curious set of etchings, entitled the "London Cries," the characters of which flourished about the period of the revolution. Hogarth, Gavelot, Miller, and a number of other eminent members of the art, have immortalized their names, and preserved the figures of some of the most remarkable persons, that were objects of attention in the streets at their time. Most of these portraits will be found elaborately illustrated in Caulfield's "Remarkable Characters." In a singular work by Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, entitled *Vagabondiana*, various engravings of men and women of the same class may be seen, with interesting biographical notices.

The curious entertainment of Punch and Judy, had never attracted the study of any artist before Mr. G. Cruikshank. Neither he nor his literary colleague appears to have spared labour and assiduity in the accomplishment of their task: and the work, upon the whole, is highly worthy the notice of every class of readers.

The historian of "Punch" has in some measure established that Italy was the native country of that personage, whence he migrated to England, not, however, without leaving an adequate force of his merry kinsmen at home; and that in England we incorporated the humorous stranger with the persons of our puppet shews. The date of this event is conjectured to be about the era of the revolution. The editor in illustrating this subject, is induced to give a chapter on the origin and progress of puppet plays in England. But the account which he gives of them, is not sufficiently copious or satisfactory; he never alludes, for instance, to the manufacture of those singular contrivances of mechanical skill, the inventions of which had been handed down to us from the ancients, and which had been carried to perfection even so early as the time of Aristotle. At a very remote era of our history, wooden figures, representing the attitudes and movements of the human body, were familiar to the people, and went under the title of "Motions," which, as the editor remarks, was the name uniformly given to the puppet shews. There is no fact in history opposing the theory of the origin of those exhibitions, which supposes that as soon as a privileged company of players were established, some of the ingenious wanderers, who were now deprived of a legal subsistence by the drama, had recourse to the employment of puppets, as a cheap expedient for the usual dramatis personæ.

> 'It is established,' observes the writer, 'on the authority of Dekker and other pamphleteers, and play writers of about the same period, that the subjects of the "villainous motions" were often borrowed from the most successful dramatic entertainments.'—p. 23.

It is rather surprising that the name of Dekker did not recall to the memory of this editor, the insinuation which had been so often thrown out against the respectability of his name, joined as he had been with Massinger in the composition of his plays, namely, that he wrote for the puppet stage. This reflection received confirmation from the Epigram of Sir J. Davies, his contemporary, on Dekker under the name of Decus, in which he broadly asserts, that the dramatic bard wrote "his formal tale for the man who showed the movements in Westminster Abbey," and also for "him which puppets represents," together with "him that with the ape doth play."

The account which is given in this volume of Punch's early exhibitions, is derived exclusively from some papers in the Tatler and Spectator, in which those performances are partially described. The author eagerly seizes upon the information thus incidentally furnished: he tells us, that the expressions in the 44th No. of the Tatler, "that Punch's master stood behind and 'worked the wires,' and by a 'thread in one of Punch's chops' gave him the appearance of enunciation," are important, inasmuch as they show a method of performance, and a degree of intricacy in the machinery not now known. We are at liberty to conclude from this passage, that the writer had entirely overlooked a very curious description of the performance of a puppet-show, including the renowned Punch, which has been left us by no less an author than Addison himself. The account is contained in one of his earliest Latin poems, bearing the title "Machinæ Gesticulantes." We do not find that this production is alluded to in any history of the puppet-shows in England. We learn from it, that these shows were carried on in the streets, where the master of the show, Histrio, took care to collect a crowd, with whom he bandied his jests until the performance commenced. We are informed, also, that seats were provided at so much a head, and that, in due time, a curtain was drawn which exhibited the characters. The dresses are described to be of a splendid description, and sometimes sparkling with golden ornaments. The puppets seem to have been chiefly occupied in circular processions: sometimes they danced and carried on dialogues; at other times they carried on fierce ballets with spears, and there was no want of gunpowder on the scene. They often represented characters in the Bible, such as the patriarchs and prophets, and were appropriately dressed out with beards and other venerable appendages of dignity and years. The stage we find was also subjected to variations, for the more perfect keeping up of the illusion. That ground, we are told, which lately presented the dreadful sight of heaps of slain on its surface, was by and bye seen clothed with verdure. In short, the performances of the puppet-shows were in Addison's, as well as at an earlier time, representations drawn from the scenes of real life, as that author distinctly asserts in one line of his poem—

> 'Quidquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, trumphos.'

But the most remarkable passage in the composition of Addison, is that which minutely pourtrays the person and business of Punch, for whose title the Latin language furnishes no better word than "Homuncio." The description is curious, and deserves to be extracted:—

> "Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio rauca
> Voce strepens: major subnectit fibula vestem
> Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus:
> In ventrem tumet immodicum: pone eminet ingens
> A tergo gibbus: Pygmæum territat agmen
> Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.
> Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
> Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
> Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
> Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa,
> Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum
> Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
> Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
> Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno."

There is scarcely a clause in this description which may not be found stated of the same merry personage in some contemporary author. In one of Swift's humorous poems, quoted in this volume, Punch forms a theme for a number of ludicrous lines. The "rusty voice"—the practice of "reviling people in his jargon"—"his roguish tricks," and his practice of "teazing all" for the pleasure of the spectators, are duly noted. We are informed also, by a letter in the Tatler, to which this editor does not refer, that Punch was introduced into Noah's ark, at a puppet show in Bath, and that he made a low bow at the end of the play to Madame Prudentia, one of the characters, and that he was very civil to the whole company, making bows till his buttons touched the ground. The latter circumstance coincides with the "major fibula" of Addison's "Homuncio;" the motions of the eyes as well as of the "chops," seem to indicate a dexterity in the management of the puppets of those remote days, of which we have now lost the secret. But the words "*ore petit Nympham,*" seem to us to suggest that Punch had then the reputation of a bachelor, that his marriage was the slow work of time, and that the spinster who is here announced with the title of *Nympha,* became the Judy of the puppet show. The "Machinæ Gesticulantes" concludes with a description of the art of manufacturing puppets. A skilful workman forms the body of wood—the limbs are then fashioned in detached pieces, and are afterwards connected by wires, so as to be capable of various motions. The manager, by means of numerous threads, commands the movement of every member—causing the lips to open and shut, the eyes to roll, and the feet to imitate the motion of walking. This was not all, for to such perfection did they carry the resemblance to reality, that the wrinkles, we are told, of this venerable man, and the wounds of their heroes, were painted with consummate skill in the faces and bodies of the puppets.

It seems to us as an omission of some importance in our author, to have passed by altogether the origin of the name of *Judy.* It has been somewhere supposed that the word *Punch* has been derived from *Pontius* Pilate, a character whom it was the anxious wish of Christian managers, in former times, to introduce into their exhibitions, under the least possible favourable circumstances; and giving credit to this conjecture, we may be not going too far in believing that *Judea* formed a prominent character in those pious dramas, and that this allegorical personage gradually disappeared, leaving nothing to the miniature stage beyond the imperfect tradition of her name.

It is also somewhat unaccountable that we find no allusion in this historical essay to the title of "Droll," or "Drolleries," which was indiscriminately with the word "motions" applied to the puppet shows. They still retained the former descriptions up to a late period in the eighteenth century, for we discovered from one of Dennis's letters, that that once celebrated critic had gone to St. Bartholomew's Fair, to witness "the Droll of the Siege of Namur." In Queen Anne's time, the "Drolls" formed the staple amusements of the fair in Smithfield. Out of a multitude of bills which were issued at the period from that mart of popular entertainment, we select the following:—

"Never acted before, at Miller's booth, over against the Cross Daggers, near the Crown Tavern, during the time of Bartholomew fair will be presented an excellent *New Droll,* called the *Tempest,* or the *Distressed Lovers;* with the English Hero, or the Island Princess; with the comical humours of the *Inchanted Scotchman,* or *Jockey* and the *Three Witches.* Shewing how a nobleman of England was cast away upon the Indian shore, and in his travel found the princess of the country, with whom he fell in love, and after many dangers and perils was married to her: and his faithful Scotchman who was saved with him, travelling throu' woods, fell in among witches, where between 'em is abundance of comical diversion. There in the tempest is Neptune with his Tritons, in his Chariot drawn with sea horses, and mermaids singing. With variety of entertainments performed by the best masters.—Vivat regina!"

The concluding part of the exhibition, announced in the following bill, printed in the reign of Queen Anne, is certainly the description of a puppet shew.

> "By her majesty's permission, during the time of Bartholomew fair, will be presented at Heatly's booth, a little opera called the old Creation of the World, newly revived, with the addition of the Glorious Battle obtained over the French and Spaniards, by the Duke of Marlborough.
>
> The shew terminates with the display of Rich Dives in Hell, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, seen in a most glorious object, all in machines, descending on a throne guarded with multitudes of angels, with the breaking of the clouds, discovering the palace of the Sun, in double and treble prospects, to the admiration of all spectators: likewise several rich and large figures which dance Jiggs, Sarabands, Anticks, and country dances, between every act, completed with the merry humours of Sir John Shendall and Punchinello, with several other things never yet exposed—vivat regina!"

The writer before us confines his notice of puppet masters to three individuals. Captain Pod, who is celebrated by Ben Jonson, is dismissed in a sentence; and Pankethman, in Queen Anne's reign, obtains a reminiscence of doubtful import in a note. But the public exertions of Powell, the greatest "motion master" of all, are duly commemorated by the aid of the Tatler and Spectator. Powell had his shew under the Piazzas of Covent Garden, and it is thought that he realized money. But certainly the most useful purpose for which he was sent into the world was, that he and his singular avocation might furnish legitimate themes for the comic indulgence of the Steeles and Addisons of the time. They pitted him with ludicrous effrontery against the manager of the Italian opera; and in a burlesque comparison between the two entertainments, give the preference to Powell in the end. The author of the essay before us, plainly mistaking the grave humour of the Spectator for *a serious effort of* ratiocination, in good set phrase observes—

> 'Hence we collect, most distinctly, that the popularity of Punch was in the year 1711-12, completely established, and that he triumphed over all his rivals, *materially lessening the receipts, at least at the opera*, if not at the regular *natural theatres.* Thus accomplishing at that period by his greater attractiveness, what Dennis by his "Essay on Operas after the Italian manner," had been unable to effect.'

In an historical account of English puppet-shews, to forget the name of Hockton, the last of the great masters of wooden heroes, is an offence of omission not easily to be wiped away. His existence is not recorded in this volume. About the close of the last century, he was the proprietor of the most popular puppets in the country: we are happy to know that he realized: he had a rural "box" at Peckham, where he unbent for many a summer before his death. Flockton's *punch* was reckoned to be a sound piece of amusement. The distorted hero himself exceeded any power of description; but he was seconded by a Newfoundland dog, which was brought up to the stage, and had a particular knack at fighting, and conquering, and bringing off the devil.

But in truth, Punch's drama was never a monopoly: the town has known, from distant times, numberless versions of its dialogue, the plot and catastrophe being generally alike in all. Individual ingenuity and address always varied the scenes: Punch was always cunning enough to accommodate himself to circumstances: he took care to belong to the present: whatever was the reigning folly, whatever was the quarry upon which the general curiosity was bent, the hero made booty of the theme, and turned it to profitable account, to " the great satisfaction of all his spectators."

The drama which is presented to us in this volume, under the title of " The Tragical Comedy, or Comical Tragedy of Punch and Judy,"

> ' is founded,' says the editor, ' chiefly on the performance of a very old Italian way-faring, puppet-shew man, of the name of Piccini, who has perambulated the town and country for the last forty or fifty years. It has been compared with, and amended by, the representations of other artists, and especially one which was extremely popular about thirty years ago, into which as into others, some amusing songs and parodies were introduced with the manuscript of which we have been favoured.'—p. 74.

The dialogue of the drama, as, indeed, is natural in a composition destined for the level of the very humblest intellect, is destitute of any literary merit whatever. It would be intolerable without the performance; so entirely is the exhibition dependant on practical point. We should scarcely feel ourselves justified in transferring any portion of it to our pages. Punch opens the comedy with a prologue, after which he retires and re-enters demanding, with true conjugal abruptness, the presence of Judy. Instead of Judy, the dog Toby makes his appearance, and, being in a mood not easily to brook familiarity, he takes an early opportunity of seizing Punch by the nose. This *coup de theatre* form the subject of Mr. Cruikshank's first plate, in which the eagerness of the animal and the pain of his victim are so admirably touched off in their respective features. Scaramouch then comes in, but only to be decapitated, after a short parley: he is succeeded by Judy, who at Punch's entreaty retires and fetches their infant. The countenance of the father as he gloats over the child, is pourtrayed with singular force of expression by the artist. Punch, in a fit of anger at the obstinate ill-temper of the child, gives it a Tarpeian death: maternal love is roused: Judy appears armed with a stick: reciprocal battery is the order of the scene: the " weaker vessel " gives way, and Punch assumes the interesting character of a widower. Courtship now occupies the time of the hero: he takes horse to go to visit his pretty Poll; but, unaccustomed to equestrian exercise he tumbles, and is obliged to send for a doctor. The man of medicine is ultimately, for his pains, transfixed against the side scenes by his patient. After various adventures Jack Ketch at last makes his appearance, for the purpose of erecting a gibbet, whereon the perpetrator of a thousand crimes is to expiate his wickedness. Punch is now conducted to the scaffold: but in the address, which even in his most trying moments never forsook him, he succeeds in placing on the neck of the executioner the fatal noose that was prepared for his own. The victory over the devil, after a hard fought contest, completes the series of his triumphs.

It would be a useless task to describe minutely here the various excellences of the illustrations furnished by Mr. Cruikshank. But totally irresistible as we acknowledge them to be by any being capable of exercising the privilege of laughter, we cannot help remembering, that all this diversity of ludicrous expression is attributed to a number of little wooden faces, which, in the original exhibition, do not undergo the slightest change from the hand of the manager, from the beginning to the end of the drama.

"Punch" under every modification of the performance that we witness in the present day, is altogether an innocent exhibition: and it is a circumstance not to be idly repeated, that the most popular street entertainments of modern times are entitled to the same character. It is little more than a century since, according to the traveller Misson, that the practice of boxing prevailed, particularly among children, in the streets of the metropolis.—Misson states, that personal contests between coachmen and their fares were quite common spectacles: he himself was present when the Duke of Grafton and a coachman were engaged at fisticuffs in the open day, in the widest part of the Strand. The peer, he says, lamed his opponent most horribly. From the same authority we learn, that a still more revolting "entertainment" was quite as frequent as that of pugilism, at the period of his residence in London. A couple of gladiators paraded the streets preceded by a drum, and when a sufficient crowd was collected they proceeded to combat. The weapons were generally cutting swords, and as soon as the display of science was over, which was never considered to be the case until blood was drawn, the spectators were called upon to give something to promote the "noble science of self-defence."

From the very earliest times down to the present moment, the English people have been always characterized for their curiosity about strange and wonderful sights. Stephano, in Shakepeare's Tempest, satirically says, "when they (the English will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." Accordingly there never was a period in England when we were without a set of monsters of all sorts, deviations from the natural formation of animals, crocodiles, leopards, dromedaries, giants, dwarfs, and human deformities in all their frightful diversity. In Queen Anne's time these collections were called "Rarities," as may be seen by the bills of the exhibitions at Bartholomew fair in that era. The following is an extract from one of these advertisements, after which we shall insert a curious catalogue descriptive of a "rarity."

"Here are to be seen divers sorts of outlandish beasts lately brought over, which although by nature fierce and savage, are here to be seen very gentle and tame, giving great satisfaction to all beholders, as first a leopard, a beast of excellent beauty, presented to an English merchant in Turkey by the King of the Arabs—a particular mark of favour for services performed, who for the maintenance of it, in its voyage from Aleppo, gave one hundred and ninety of the best and fattest fowls.

"A collection of strange and wonderful creatures from most part of the world, all alive—

"The first being a little black man, being but three foot high and thirty-two years of age, strait and proportionate every way, who is distinguished by the name of the black Prince, and has been shewn before most kings and princes of Christendom. The next being his wife, the little woman not three foot high, and thirty years of age, strait and proportionate as any woman in the land, which is commonly called the Fairy Queen, she gives a general satisfaction to all that has seen her, by diverting them with dancing, being big with child. Likewise their little Turkey horse, being but two foot odd inches high, and above twelve years of age, that shews several diverting and surprising actions at the word of command. The least man, woman, and horse, that ever was seen in the world alive, the horse being kept in a box."

Such are the objects which have ever been dear to the popular curiosity of England; and that the national taste has not declined in our own day, is abundantly proved by the prevailing show of the modern Bartholemew Fair.

In the lapse of time, we have altogether lost the secret of educating animals of a certain description, such as dogs, horses, monkeys, &c., in the manner that was carried into practice by our ancestors. For instance, we have not had, for many years, any thing like a canine exhibition to approach the perfect discipline of the dancing dogs in Queen Anne's reign, as it is described in the following bill:

'At Crawley's show, during the time of the Fair, you shall see the Ball of Little Dogs, come from Lovan's, which performs, by their cunning tricks, wonders in the world by dancing. You shall see one of them, named Marquis of Gaillardain, whose dexterity is not to be compared: he dances with Mrs. Poncette, his mistress, and the rest of the company, at the sound of instruments—observes so well the cadence that they amaze every body. They have danced in most of the Courts of Europe, especially before the Queen and most of the quality of England. They are carried to persons of quality's houses if required. They stay but a little while in this place. They give a general satisfaction to all people that see them.'

The House of Brunswick, on its accession to the throne of these realms, opened a way for the numerous giants and Sampsons of

Germany to this country; and they added considerably to our amusements. We had posture-masters in abundance at this time; we had them afterwards, but, compared with Joseph Clarke, of Pall-Mall, every man of them was a pretender. Clarke is the mysterious person that is alluded to in the Guardian, as having made merry with the tailors, for he could turn his body into any required shape: he placed a lump on his right shoulder to-day, and ordered a coat to be accommodated to the deformity: the tailor brought the garment, when, lo! the lump was on the left side. He sat with a friend of an evening, and, in the twinkling of an eye, was turned into a cripple. The surgeons had declared, that to unsettle the vertebræ would be death: Clarke pushed them to and fro. Molins, the surgeon, examined his back, and found the dislocation.

It is remarkable that those persons who have exceeded the usual size of mankind, are in general short lived. O Brien, the Irish giant, did not live to thirty years. Miller, the German, who measured eight feet in height, and had a hand twelve inches long, was an exception to the common fate of men of colossal stature, for his life extended to sixty years. On the contrary, dwarfs are remarkable for longevity. Jeffrey Hudson lived to be sixty years old, although his days were spent in prison: and Boruwlaski's age exceeded seventy years.

The race of *Balancers* is not yet extinct amongst us. There are two rival boys in the metropolis, who earn a comfortable livelihood by their admirable dexterity in managing balls, rings, and knives, which they alternately throw into the air and catch again, so as that two of each kind shall be constantly in the hand at the same time. This exhibition very little differs from the favourite one of the Saxon Gleemen.

We have a great variety of musical entertainments in the streets in our time. The picturesque Savoyards, that sang to the organ and affected the court-end of the town so proudly, have disappeared. But the tavern-door minstrels still flourish: they are, in general, decent young men, and they are very industrious in renewing their stock of tunes. They attend the gallery of the theatres, and carry off the new music in their memory with extraordinary facility.

A little boy, dressed in a cap and blue frock, with a violin in his hand, is now very much in vogue. He plays, sings, and dances at the same time: he contrives, by the most sportive gestures, and a harsh irregular drawl, to make people laugh even in songs that have no real connection with the comic impressions; but he changes not a muscle: he is rigid in exacting the "consideration:" and he treats with the most ludicrous air of contempt the circle of juvenile listeners that generally surround him. We have been informed that his average profits are about four pounds per week. The earnings of those street performers are incredible to ordinary minds. The little blind old man that plays the violin, continuously through the long day, outside the wall of the alms-houses opposite the Elephant and Castle, and which site he has occupied for upwards of thirty years, has been known to reject, with ridicule, the offer of a professional engagement, for a single evening, under a guinea. "Blind Hannah," of Bunhill-row, another performer on the violin, is known to be rich. She has found that it was no imprudent choice in her to select sacred music as a source of attraction. It is her custom to give out the Psalm as is done at church, by a couplet at a time, which she sings, accompanying her voice on the instrument.

We are altogether free from a multitude of spurious musicians, who used formerly to be very popular in London. Clinch of Barnet, was a celebrated performer of this sort in the reign of Queen Anne. If we are to believe his bill, he must have been a perfect lusus naturæ, for he says he imitated "the horn, huntsman and pack of hounds, the sham doctor, old woman, drunken man, the bells, flute, double curtell, the organ, with three voices by his own natural voice, to the greatest perfection (being the only man that ever could attain to so great an art)."

The only artist of this class whom we can boast of in these times, is a street mimic of song-birds, who, however, is indebted for the success of his imitations, to a piece of folded tin placed on his tongue. There have been, not many years since, ingenious persons, such as Skeggs, who used to play a concert on a broomstick: others knocked melody out of their chins by striking them with their knuckles. The modern whistlers are a very inconsiderable race.

We have scarcely an interesting crossing-sweeper left, since the little black apparition at the Obelisk in Bridge-street has been himself swept from this transitory scene. This well-remembered personage was a native of Jamaica; his name was M'Gee. He was a constant attendant on Rowland Hill's chapel, and was upwards of eighty years old when he died. Some notion might be formed of his success in life, by the uniform respectability of his Sunday suit.

But we shall not pursue this subject farther for the present. Little as has been our fund of street entertainment at any time, that little appears to be very much on the wane. We may be growing a wiser, perchance a better, people—but we are certainly not so merry as our fathers. It is a curious fact, that England is about the only country where a spread of knowledge, or as it is sometimes sneeringly called, "the march of intellect," has a tendency to restrain the operation of the animal spirits. The French of the present century possess more of the knowledge that education gives, than all the inhabitants of their kingdom for generations before; yet their amusements are as numerous as ever. Kotzebue, the celebrated dramatist, visited Paris shortly after the Revolution, and in some letters to be found in his writings, he left us a minute and singularly curious description of the street exhibitions of that capital. The lapse of thirty years has so little altered the taste of its populace, that the account given by the German writer, becomes a faithful record of the entertainments that are to be witnessed at this moment in Paris.

ART. XI.—*Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, with Memoirs of his late Father and Friends, including numerous original Anecdotes, and curious traits of the most celebrated Characters that have flourished during the last eighty years.* Vol i. 8vo. pp. 510. London: Colburn. 1828.

WE hope the age of "reminiscences" is drawing speedily to its termination. They have come upon us in almost as rapid succession, as novels and romances during the last three years, and for the most part they contain as much idle and perishable matter as the worst fictions of the very worst school. The specimen now before us is the work of a fencing master; it is a thick portly volume of more than five hundred pages, and is to be followed by another. We only wonder, seeing how Mr. Angelo has commenced his new labours, that he does not promise to be as endless as Madame de Genlis, since there is no reason whatever why he should not usher into the world ten or twelve tomes at the least. His materials are inexhaustible. He derives them from a most prolific memory, assisted not a little by the files of newspapers, and other periodical and ephemeral publications, which have preserved the chit-chat and scandal of the last century,

To such a work, the rules of rational criticism would be wholly misapplied. It is at too great a distance beneath them. But as our readers expect from us an insight into every new publication, we must, as briefly as possible, lay before them so much of Mr. Angelo's precious composition, as will enable them to estimate its importance.

He comes before us with as many bows and smiles, and really with so little pretension, that it is impossible to send him away without hearing what he has to say for himself. He has mixed, he declares, with princes and peers,—that is, he has taught some of them to fence, and we believe they found him a flattering, humouring, pleasant sort of fellow enough—with 'authors' also, (not many by the way) with 'composers, musicians, poets (are *they* not *authors?*) painters, players,' in abundance, he seems to have had ample intercourse. To crown his qualifications, he has been 'a member of many clubs and communities of highly-talented worthies of all professions,' and therefore he thinks that he may be said to have "seen life." But notwithstanding all these glories of his public career, he quitted it without ever dreaming of favouring the world with his reminiscences, until a circumstance occurred which we shall relate in his own words.

'Changing these habits, and retiring upon a small annuity, from a public and very active professional employment, to a sequestered village, like Robinson Crusoe, I had, to "solace my solitude," only my parrot and cat. He, however, the ingenious wight, possessed many resources; whilst I, excepting an old guitar, long thrummed, had none; and this was the changed life of the once well-known Angelo!

'One day, so the Fates decreed, I was invited to Bath, two miles distant from my humble cot, to dine at the table of a late noble patron; and chatting over his lordship's claret, of "by-gone days'," his lordship, who had often smiled at my "merry tale," was pleased to say, "Why, Angelo, do you not scribble *your* Reminiscences?"

'"The utterance of a single axiom," said a great moral philosopher, "has given a new direction to the tenor of a man's whole life." So, this single sentence of my patron, operated upon his auditor. I returned home, took pen, ink, and paper, and began these desultory sketches, which, growing to the thickness of a ream of foolscap, at length furnished materials for this volume, the precursor of another, now in the press.

'Should it serve to amuse an idle hour, the writer will feel happy. And, should it be read with but half that solace to the care-worn, that it has afforded the writer, under the pressure of protracted sorrow, then will it not have been entirely written in vain!'—*Preface*, pp. vii, viii.

Our reminiscent introduces his father to us under the astounding name of *Dominico Angelo Malevolti Tremamondo!* He was a native of Leghorn, and was famed in his time for his skill in fencing and equitation. He met the celebrated actress Margaret Woffington, in Paris, who prevailed on him to accompany her to England. Happening one night to visit Drury Lane theatre with her, she directed his attention to a beautiful young woman in an opposite box. He was struck with her great attractions, found out who she was, obtained an introduction to her family, and married her. Hence sprung Angelo the younger.

Tremamondo pursued his profession in London with great success. He had a house in Carlisle-street, which was the resort of Garrick, the Sheridans, and all that race of men who follow in the wake of these names, in speaking of whom at this late day, our author is astonished to find himself alive. He looks upon himself, and no wonder, like a young wandering Jew. Among his earliest recollections he cites the following practical joke, of and concerning one Smith.

'Smith was at my father's, when Mr. Wilkes served the office of lord-mayor of London. My father was in consequence invited to the feast at Guildhall on the ninth of November, 1775. The dinner on that memorable occasion was superlatively sumptuous, and the ball more splendid than usual; indeed, so gallant a mayor had rarely filled the civic chair: hence, he boasted that the *belles* at his ball would contend for the prize of beauty with those of the birth-day ball at St. James's. So much the worse for my friend Smith, as it will appear.

'He, too, was invited to the Guildhall feast, and seated as near to his relation, as the etiquette of the table would permit. "Take care and not make too free with the bottle," whispered the lord-mayor, who had beckoned Smith just before sitting down to the feast, " for I have provided a handsome partner for you at the ball." This was the daughter of an alderman, a maiden of great personal attraction, and a good fortune.

'Smith, who was a smart fellow, sat on thorns, not at the prohibition from wine, but because his feet were thrust into a bran span new pair of fashionable pumps.

'To relieve himself from torture, he unfortunately took the advice of another young spark, who was a wit, and as mischievous as a monkey, to whom he had related his misery. He had, moreover, communicated to him the promised honour of the fair partner. " O," said the other, " I'll tell you what I do on such occasions; slip your pumps down at heel, and gently shake them off under the table. Nobody will be the wiser."

'Smith did as he was as advised; but his feet swelling in proportion as he ate and drank, and the hall becoming hotter, when the period for dancing was announced, he could not, for the soul of him, get his shoes on again, and he had the mortification to sit behind, slip-shod, in the ball room, and see his friend tripping down the dance with the alderman's daughter.'—pp. 56, 57.

Of course, Angelo has something to say of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; as in his life-time, that ill-starred wit furnished abundant food for the jest books; so, now that he is no more, his fate seems to pursue him still, and to make him a sort of common-place, on which every memoir writer thinks himself at liberty to draw without stint. Yet we do not find a single new anecdote of him in this work; so thoroughly had all that relates to him been already exhausted.

The following little trait of the Marquis Wellesley (a contemporary of our reminiscent at Eton,) shews that even at school, the future statesman and scholar evinced superiority.

'It was but yesterday that a fortuitous circumstance led me to the *studio* of an eminent miniature painter, where I was struck with a small whole-length likeness of one of no less a personage than the present lord-lieutenant of that country (Ireland), which will derive immortal honour from having given birth to him and his illustrious brother. I need not name the Marquess Wellesley. This picture still bears the countenance of that *Westly* whose abilities shone conspicuously among his youthful colleagues, and brings to my recollection our worthy tutor the Reverend Mr. Davies, afterwards head master of the school. At this time from some necessity, what had been a wash-house was metamorphosed into his pupil room: the brick floor remained, yet no fire was allowed. Many a cold winter's evening have we sat there shivering, preparatory to sending our exercises across to his apartment at eight o'clock. According to his humour, as we thought, they were returned marked, more or less faulty. Westly being one of the least of our colleagues, and like most studious wights, not very robust, and being moreover a favourite, he was allowed to wait on the master at his room, being seldom detained long in the cold. On his return, one would beg his assistance for a word to complete a verse—another a line in his theme—most would have drawn upon the stock of his talent, but he was not always in the humour to lend, when he has often decamped with a flying lexicon or two at his head to quicken his speed. If my memory may serve whilst on this subject, I think Mr. Westly had the honour to make the first English speech to his late majesty, on the royal visit to Eton College.'—pp. 115, 116.

We have long thought, with our author, that the history of quackery, as it has been practised in England, if properly executed, would not only afford a liberal fund of amusement, but would also furnish a fine satire upon the habitual credulity of our countrymen, particularly when the impostor is a foreigner. Mr. Angelo does not profess to know how Englishmen, who have only their wits to live upon, make it out in other countries; 'but this,' he justly says, 'the experience of ages has abundantly proved, that foreign schemers, with even a moderate share of *nous*, and provided with a good address, are not long in obtaining public or private patronage here. If of the charlatan fraternity, so much the more speedily their success.' He alludes to some twenty of these heroes, who flourished in his own, or his father's time, most of whom kept their carriages, and gave splendid dinners.

Angelo gives some anecdotes of the late king, which though they want point, serve in trifling points to elucidate the character of the man.

'Garrick told my father that, once having the honour of conversing with his majesty on the state of the old English drama, he was astonished at the king's knowledge of the earliest plays, and more so at his memory of their respective authors, and the dates of their appearance. "A species of information," said Garrick, "of which few literary men knew any thing."

'I have been told, with what truth I know not, that his majesty, whilst in his minority, made for himself a common-place book, wherein he arranged subjects, upon all branches of science and important pursuits, to fit him for general conversation; and that his majesty recommended to all the preceptors, to store the minds of the royal children, with as much general information as the memory would bear. Owing to the early exercise of the faculties, we may presume it is, that there is no subject (and I speak from pretty extensive authority) upon which those who have had the honour of an interview with any member of the royal family have treated, but they have found them competent to enter into.

'Whilst Mr. West was painting the series of pictures, recording the history of the warlike Edward the Third, for his majesty's presence chamber at Windsor Castle, in an apartment of which the painter partly executed them, the king frequently honoured him with a visit, and talked upon the subject.

'Mr. West had made small studies of each, in every one of which he had been particular with the costume, ensigns, and armorial bearings. In some, Mr. West had found it necessary to depart from his first plans, as he obtained new historical facts, particularly in the armorial bearings.—"But, in no instance," said Mr. West, "not even the most minute alteration that I made, ever escaped the vigilant memory of his majesty." "I perceive, West," he would say, "that you have altered this—ay—and that. It stood so-and-so: I thought you were wrong." Indeed, the king was learned in heraldry, and often set the heralds themselves right, in certain questions upon their own science.'—pp. 197—199.

In taking passages from this work, almost at random, it were a pity to pass by that part of the author's life, which he seems to remember with a peculiar sense of pleasure.

'In the year 1802, having considerably increased my professional connections on the east of Temple bar, I was advised by my old and estimable friend, John Nixon, to hire an apartment in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House, where I could receive the sons of certain wealthy commercialists, who, reviving the customs of olden times, were desirous of bestowing that liberal and polite education on youth, which, among other gentlemanly accomplishments, included the art of attack and defence with the sword.

'In consequence of the flattering support which I was promised by many of the first merchants, and others, I opened a spacious apartment at the ancient Paul's-head Tavern, in Cateaton-street, a house, the curious history of which would fill a volume.

'At this time I had many gentlemen, pupils, who rode in the City of London Light Horse Volunteers, a corps, which for its general appointments, and particularly for the beauty and value of its horses, could not be surpassed in Europe; and for the wealth of its members, could not be matched by the whole world.

'The liberality and polite attentions which I experienced during my occasional residence under the roof of this formerly celebrated tavern, will be numbered, I hope, among the last circumstances of my life that may be obliterated from my frail memory. I may add, that many of the most joyous hours of my long and chequered career were those which I passed there.

'There is something wrapped in the single word *social*, that seems to be purely British. Be this as it may, I had a suite of rooms on the attic, at this well-appointed tavern, with such conveniences as a Benedict, occasionally driven by his professional engagements to play "a bachelor's merry life," might well envy. Harry Angelo, and I say it with no small satisfaction, who had long partaken of the elegant hospitalities at the first tables in the wealthy city of London, and under a thousand obligations to his superiors in fortune, could here return the compliment:—not with soups and ragoûts, served in plate, but in the more humble shape of a skilfully cooked cod's-head, with a well-roasted pork-griskin.

'Here my little table never exceeded plates for four, and the guests, of whom I might well be vain, were select: for the said inviting term, *social*, gave that zest to my humble board, that made it verily a feast. The lord-mayor, and the sheriffs, I say it with pride, have been minus many a guest—and their savoury turtle, inviting venison, and sparkling champaigne, have been often neglected, even for a broiled steak, and a bottle of old port, at my snuggery at the top of the house in Cateaton-street.—In looking retrospectively to the choice friends who had there placed their legs under my board, and kindly praised my cheer, I may apply the lines of the poet:

"I priz'd every hour that went by,
    Beyond all that pleased me before;
  But now they are pass'd—and I sigh,
    And I grieve, that I priz'd them no more."—pp. 267—269.

Our author appears to have been, as he phrases it, 'on the fr and easy list,' with the late Lord Barrymore, who was in son respects a worthy imitator of the celebrated Rochester. Numero were his inventions for amusing himself and his friends; and g nerally speaking, they were of a gross description. One or two his freaks, however, are laughable enough.

'Dining one day, *tête-a-tête* with his lordship, and partaking of l bottle of claret, for want of better amusement, he started up, and ringi the bell, ordered his carriage, saying, "Come Harry Angelo, you a I will go and see the gay doings at Jacob's-well."

'We drove off, and arrived there about half-past nine, his lordship, avoid being known as a *great man*, alighting at some distance. T long room, if I may depend upon my memory, was on the ground flo and all the benches were filled with motly groups, eating, drinking, a smoking. It appeared at once a scene of true conviviality. Lord Ba rymore whispered, "This clatter and clangor of knives, forks, glass and tankards, is quite exhilirating; I suppose we must do like our neig bours," when he vociferated, "Waiter, let us have something for suppe We were served with a Welsh rabbit, took our pipes, and were as no as the youngest, and as cosey as the oldest stagers in the smoki conclave.

'It would spin my narrative to an unreasonable length, were I to de cribe the various amusements of this evening. There was a preside who, from a rostrum, knocking with his ivory mallet, hoarsely bawl "Will any gentleman favour the company with a speech, a recitation, imitation, or a song?" Half-a-dozen candidates for fame, in each depa ment proposed, started up; when the moderator, from his lofty seat, d cided who was the first on his legs. The parties then retired, a bell w rung, the curtain was raised at the end of the room, and the spouter singer making his bow, commenced his part.

'Among other exhibitions of tom-foolery, two stock-broker's clerl the one six feet two in height; the other, a stunty Jew, performed t parts of Pierre and Jaffier. The laughter excited by these two swo friends, was only equalled by the representation of Othello, *solus*, by man of colour, the son of a West Indian planter, newly imported, who thick speech and phraseology might have better fitted him for *Ma Mungo*, in the Padlock. The singing was equally choice, and what w most admirable, as it is usual at such heterogeneous assemblies, th whom nature seemed to have qualified least, were those who voluntee to figure in the most difficult pieces. The entertainment, as Lord Barr more often said, was the most prolific of fun, that his lordship, who very being was to seek frolic, had ever witnessed in all his peregrination —pp. 285—287.

Another of his inventions was the 'Bothering Club.'

'This was instituted for the purpose of playing off a confederate anno ance upon some stranger guest, invited for the purpose: suppose a re dent at the house, for instance, sent an invitation, by the connivance his lordship, to some tavern companion, a grave, topping shopkeeper London, to come and pass a few days as a guest at his lordship's tab and to partake of the festivities at Wargrave. The person invited w received with great ceremony, and treated in the most courteous manner throughout the first day. On the second, some one, perhaps Anthony Pasquin, or the younger Edwin, two wicked, witty ministers of his lordship's waggeries, would hatch up some fallacious charge against him, to place him in a ridiculous point of view to the other guests, most of whom were confederates in the hoax. One present would begin, "Pray, Mr. Higginbottom, will you allow me to take wine with you?" "Sir, with great pleasure, but my name is Benson." "You are a wag, Sir," was the reply. "Come, let us hob and nob, Sir; but, 'pon my soul, you are so like Mr. Higginbottom, my neighbour, in Elbow-lane, that—excuse me—I could have almost sworn—" "No, Sir, I assure you I know no gentleman of that name."

'At this moment a confederate enters, and, after bowing, and apologizing for being so late at dinner, begins to tell his lordship the cause of his delay on the road, when he suddenly exclaims, "Ah, my old friend Higginbottom! Well, this is a pleasure, indeed!"

'"Indeed, Sir, you have the advantage of me; I am not Mr. Hig—big—what's his name?" Then a loud laugh at Mr. Benson's expense; when he appeals to his friend, who invited him thither: but he has purposely left the table. He then throws himself upon the protection of his lordship, who gravely observes, "Sir, appearances are against you; your friend has disappeared, and—I know not what to think." Benson, bewildered, begins to asseverate, that he is identically "John—Jabus—Ben—son;" when another adds to his embarrassment, by declaring, "Why, Higginbottom, you are smoked." "What do you mean, Sir?" "Why, Sir, ha, ha, ha—that you are Isaac Higginbottom, mousetrap and nutmeg-grater manufacturer in Elbow-lane, and the greatest wag in all London." And these confederate jokers continue their play upon the worthy cit, artfully plying him with wine, until the fumes of the grape, working with his confusion, bemuddles his brain, so that he ultimately forgets whether he is Benson—or Higginbottom.'—pp. 306, 307.

Endless are the memoranda which Angelo has preserved, concerning the most famous caricatures which appeared in his time. He attributes the original invention of the caricature style to the monks, who were fond of having grotesque figures sculptured on the stalls of their convents, and sometimes on the walls of the cathedrals built under their auspices, of which, indeed, many memorials remain at the present day. It is supposed, that most of these figures were intended to ridicule hypocrisy, or to correct, by satire, the prevailing vices of the age. Painted caricatures are said to have been first introduced in this country, at the time the famous South-Sea bubble exploded.

We have not thought it necessary to make any apology for the unconnected manner in which we have noticed this work. Order was out of the question. Never did the kaleidoscope, in its most capricious mood, produce a stranger medley of forms, than M. Angelo. It is laughable just to run over the head lines of a few of his pages. 'An old Spinster'—'Duchess of Queensbury'—'Pot and Kettle'—'Colman the Elder'—'The Three

Johns'—'Marrow Pudding'—'Joe Patter'—'Sir Dudley Bate'—'Gresse's Folly'—'Royal Visit'—'Romantic Student'—'Paul's Head Tavern'—'The Pic Nic'—'Lady Albina'—'The Brown Bear'—'Manners'—'What is he worth?'—'Marquess of Lansdowne.' If these indications do not instruct the reader sufficiently as to the contents and importance of this work, we despair of rendering him the least assistance.

Art. XII.—*Narrative of an Attempt to reach the North Pole, in Boats fitted for the Purpose, and attached to His Majesty's Ship Hecla, in the Year* 1827; *under the Command of* Captain William Edward Parry, R.N., F.R.S., &c. *Illustrated by Plates and Charts. Published by Authority of his Royal Highness, the Lord High Admiral.* 4to. pp. 228. London: Murray. 1828.

We have here a notable instance of the uncompromising audacity with which facts sometimes laugh at the systems and theories of erudite men, and even at the grave decrees of most royal and learned bodies. After every effort to win the North Pole by navigation had failed, it was surmised, with great appearance of probability, that if adventurers were found hardy enough, on reaching the nearest boundary of ice in the North Seas, to quit their ship, and to take with them a couple of boats, and plenty of provisions, they might, without much difficulty, accomplish the object which has been so long desired. The interval between the open sea and the Pole, was filled up, it was asserted, by a vast field or level plain of ice; the boats might be easily hauled up, placed on wheels, and drawn by rein deer or dogs to any distance; if perchance a lagoon of water should occur, the travellers had only to detach the wheels, launch the boats, and embarking with their dogs or deer, sail across it in a few minutes, haul up again, and proceed onward on their journey.

The practicability of this plan was grounded in the first place on the testimony of Captain Lutwidge, who was associated with Captain Phipps in the expedition towards the North Pole, in 1773; he described the ice as stretching to the north-eastward, of one of the Seven Islands (north of Spitzbergen), in "one continued plain," "smooth and unbroken," and "bounded only by the horizon." In Captain Phipps' chart of that voyage, the ice to the northward and the westward of the Seven Islands, is designated as "flat and unbroken," and "quite solid." That very intelligent Arctic voyager, Mr. Scoresby, jun., goes a little farther than this. He, it appears, once saw a field of ice so free from fissure or inequalities, that had it been clear of snow, "a coach might have been driven many leagues over it in a direct line, without obstruction or danger." Arguing from this solitary fact, he wrote a paper on the feasibility of the plan, which has been published in the Memoirs of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh. The reports of several experienced whalers, who were consulted by Captain Parry, went to the same effect; he himself appears to have entertained so little doubt of the plan, that he proposed it to the lords of the Admiralty; and they referred it to the president and council of the Royal Society, who 'strongly recommended its adoption.' Captain Parry states, however, that his strongest hopes of success depended on the fact, that a similar proposition had been formerly made by Captain Franklin; who not only drew up a plan for making the attempt, but also volunteered to conduct it.

Considering the circumstances here stated, the credibility of the witnesses whose evidence is relied upon, the undoubted intelligence of the persons to whose decision the subject was submitted, and the great experience both of the officer who first proposed, and of him who ultimately attempted to execute, this novel enterprise; we believe that there is not upon record a more signal instance of the fallibility of human testimony, and of theoretical speculation, than that which will be found in the narrative now before us.

Every thing was provided for the expedition, which ingenuity could devise for ensuring its success. Boats were constructed, which were found, upon trial, to answer, in the most admirable manner, all the purposes for which they were intended. On each side of the keel, and projecting considerably below it, was attached a strong "runner," shod with smooth steel, in the manner of a sledge, upon which the boat entirely rested while upon the ice. Wheels were also prepared for the purpose of being attached to the boats, but no opportunity offered for trying their utility. Resources were supplied in abundance: the boats, after leaving the Hecla in a safe harbour, were to leave Spitzbergen about the beginning of June, 1827, and to return to the ship about the end of August; it being supposed that all the meditated objects might have been accomplished within that interval.

The Hecla, accordingly, left the river on the 4th of April, and reached Hammerfest on the 19th, where eight Lapland rein-deer were provided for the purpose of drawing the boats. The Hecla weighed again on the 29th, and on the 16th of the following month was off *Red Beach*, the highest latitude to which it was intended to take the ship. Here, however, difficulties occurred in discovering a secure harbour where she might be left; and some circumstances took place which afforded the commander very little encouragement.

'The nature of the ice was, beyond all comparison, the most unfavourable for our purpose that I ever remember to have seen. It consisted only of loose pieces, scarcely any of them fifteen or twenty yards square, and when any so large did occur, their margins were surrounded by the smaller ones thrown up by the recent pressure into ten thousand various shapes, and presenting high and sharp angular masses at every other step. The men compared it to a stone-mason's yard, which, except that the stones were of ten times the usual dimensions, it indeed very much resembled. The only inducement to set out over such a road, was the certainty that floes and fields lay beyond it, and the hope that they were not *far* beyond it. In this respect, indeed, I considered our present easterly position as a probable advantage, since the ice was much less likely to have been disturbed to any great extent northwards in this meridian, than to the westward, clear of the land, where every southerly breeze was sure to be making havock among it. Another very important advantage in setting off on this meridian appeared to me to be, that, the land of Spitzbergen lying immediately over against the ice, the latter could never drift so much or so fast to the southward, as it might further to the westward.

'Upon these grounds it was that I was anxious to make an attempt, at least, as soon as our arrangements could be completed; and the officers being of the same opinion with myself, we hoisted out the boats early in the morning of the 27th, and having put the things into one of them, endeavoured, by way of experiment, to get her to a little distance from the ship. Such, however, were the irregularities of the ice that, even with the assistance of an additional party of men, it was obvious that we could not have gained a single mile in a day, and what was still more important, not without almost certain and serious injury to the boats by their striking against the angular masses. Under these circumstances, it was but too evident to every one that it would have been highly imprudent to persist in setting out, since, if the ice after all should clear away, even in a week, so as to allow us to get a few miles nearer the main body, time would be ultimately saved by our delay, to say nothing of the wear and tear, and expense of our provisions. I was, therefore, very reluctantly compelled to yield to this necessity, and to order the things to be got on board again.'—pp. 21, 22.

This was a bad beginning. The Hecla, mean time, was constantly beset with ice, and was considered to be in such a perilous situation, that Captain Parry deemed it his duty to remain on board until she could be worked into some place of safety. A great deal of time appears to have been expended in accomplishing this necessary object; every effort for the purpose failed until the 18th of June, when a bay was discovered, into which the ship was towed and warped on the 20th. Here she was to wait Captain Parry's return from the ice, under the care of Lieutenant Foster, who was instructed in the mean time to make a survey of the Eastern coast, if circumstances should permit.

The experiment already tried with the boats, determined Captain Parry on dispensing altogether with the rein deer, as he saw that if the ice were very rough, they would be rather an incumbrance than instruments of service. All his arrangements being concluded, he quitted the Hecla in the evening of the 21st of June, with the two boats. The weather was calm and beautiful, the sea open, and steering north, they were stopped by the ice on the 23rd, when in latitude 81° 12′ 51″. The boats were then hauled upon the ice, and the following plan of travelling was adopted.

'It was my intention to travel wholly at night, and to rest by day, there being, of course, constant daylight in these regions during the summer season. The advantages of this plan, which was occasionally deranged by circumstances, consisted first, in our avoiding the intense and oppressive glare from the snow during the time of the sun's greatest altitude, so as to prevent, in some degree, the painful inflammation in the eyes, called "snow-blindness," which is common in all snowy countries. We also thus enjoyed greater warmth during the hours of rest, and had a better chance of drying our clothes; besides which, no small advantage was derived from the snow being harder at night for travelling. The only disadvantage of this plan was, that the fogs were somewhat more frequent and more thick by night than by day, though even in this respect there was less difference than might have been supposed, the temperature during the twenty-four hours undergoing but little variation. This travelling by night and sleeping by day so completely inverted the natural order of things, that it was difficult to persuade ourselves of the reality. Even the officers and myself, who were all furnished with pocket chronometers, could not always bear in mind at what part of the twenty-four hours we had arrived; and there were several of the men who declared, and I believe truly, that they never knew night from day during the whole excursion *.

'When we rose in the evening, we commenced our day by prayers, after which we took off our fur sleeping-dresses, and put on those for travelling; the former being made of camblet, lined with racoon-skin, and the latter of strong blue box-cloth. We made a point of always putting on the same stockings and boots for travelling in, whether they had dried during the day or not; and I believe it was only in five or six instances, at the most, that they were not either still wet or hard-frozen. This, indeed, was of no consequence, beyond the discomfort of first putting them on in this state, as they were sure to be thoroughly wet in a quarter of an hour after commencing our journey; while, on the other hand, it was of vital importance to keep dry things for sleeping in. Being "rigged" for travelling, we breakfasted upon warm cocoa and biscuit, and after stowing the things in the boats and on the sledges, so as to secure them, as much as possible, from wet, we set off on our day's journey, and usually travelled from five to five and a half hours, then stopped an hour to dine, and again travelled four, five, or even six hours, according to circumstances. After this we halted for the night, as we called it, though it was usually early in the morning, selecting the largest surface of ice we happened to be near, for hauling the boats on, in order to avoid the danger of its breaking up by coming in contact with other masses, and also to prevent drift as much as possible. The boats were placed close alongside each other, with their sterns to the wind, the snow or wet cleared out of them, and the sails, supported by the bamboo masts and three paddles, placed over them as awnings, an entrance being left at the bow. Every man then immediately

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* 'Had we succeeded in reaching the higher latitudes, where the change of the sun's altitude during the twenty-four hours is still less perceptible, it would have been essentially necessary to possess the certain means of knowing this; since an error of twelve hours of time would have carried us, when we intended to return, on a meridian opposite to, or 180° from, the right one. To obviate the possibility of this, we had some chronometers constructed by Messrs. Parkinson and Frodsham, of which the hour-hand made only one revolution in the day, the twenty-four hours being marked round the dial-plate.'

put on dry stockings and fur boots, after which we set about the necessary repairs of boats, sledges, or cloths; and, after serving the provisions for the succeeding day, we went to supper. Most of the officers and men then smoked their pipes, which served to dry the boats and awnings very much, and usually raised the temperature of our lodgings 10° or 15°. This part of the twenty-four hours was often a time, and the only one, of real enjoyment to us; the men told their stories and "fought all their battles o'er again," and the labours of the day, unsuccessful as they too often were, were forgotten. A regular watch was set during our resting-time, to look out for bears or for the ice breaking up round us, as well as to attend to the drying of the clothes, each man alternately taking this duty for one hour. We then concluded our day with prayers, and having put on our fur-dresses, lay down to sleep with a degree of comfort, which perhaps few persons would imagine possible under such circumstances; our chief inconvenience being, that we were somewhat pinched for room, and therefore obliged to stow rather closer than was quite agreeable. The temperature, while we slept, was usually from 36° to 45°, according to the state of the external atmosphere; but on one or two occasions, in calm and warm weather, it rose as high as 60° to 66°, obliging us to throw off a part of our fur-dress. After we had slept seven hours, the man appointed to boil the cocoa roused us, when it was ready, by the sound of a bugle, when we commenced our day in the manner before described.

'Our allowance of provisions for each man per day was as follows:—

Biscuit - - - -	10 ounces.	
Pemmican - - - -	9 "	
Sweetened Cocoa Powder -	1 "	to make one pint.
Rum - - - -	1 gill.	
Tobacco - - - -	3 ounces per week.	

Our fuel consisted entirely of spirits of wine, of which two pints formed our daily allowance, the cocoa being cooked in an iron boiler over a shallow iron lamp, with seven wicks; a simple apparatus, which answered our purpose remarkably well. We usually found one pint of the spirits of wine sufficient for preparing our breakfast, that is, for heating twenty-eight pints of water, though it always commenced from the temperature of 32°. If the weather was calm and fair, this quantity of fuel brought it to the boiling point in about an hour and a quarter; but more generally the wicks began to go out before it had reached 200°. This, however, made a very comfortable meal to persons situated as we were. Such, with very little variation, was our regular routine during the whole of this excursion.'—pp. 55-59.

On the 24th the party set off on their first journey on the ice, at ten in the evening, in a thick fog that soon changed to rain. Difficulties, from which men of ordinary experience would have shrunk at once, attended them from the very beginning. 'The pieces of ice were of small extent and very rugged, obliging them to make three journeys and sometimes four with the baggage, and to launch several times across narrow pools of water.' By five o'clock the following morning they had made only about two miles and a half of northing by the log. In the evening they again set out. Similar difficulties encompassed them. Their way lay over nothing but 'small, loose, rugged masses of ice, separated by little pools of water, obliging them constantly to launch and haul up the boats, each of which operations required them to be unloaded, and occupied nearly a quarter of an hour.' The next day it rained very hard, which of course still further impeded their progress. Captain Parry states it as a remarkable fact that they had '*already* experienced, in the course of this summer, more rain than during the whole of the seven previous summers *taken together*, though passed in latitudes from 7° to 15° lower than this.' The effect of the rain upon the appearance of the ice, if indeed it be attributable to that cause, was quite novel.

'A great deal of the ice over which we passed to-day presented a very curious appearance and structure, being composed, on its upper surface, of numberless irregular needle-like crystals, placed vertically, and nearly close together; their length varying, in different pieces of ice from five to ten inches, and their breadth in the middle about half an inch, but pointed at both ends. The upper surface of ice having this structure sometimes looks like greenish velvet; a vertical section of it, which frequently occurs at the margin of floes, resembles, while it remains compact, the most beautiful satin-spar, and asbestos, when falling to pieces. At this early part of the season, this kind of ice afforded pretty firm footing, but as the summer advanced, the needles became more loose and moveable, rendering it extremely fatiguing to walk over them, besides cutting our boots and feet, on which account the men called them "penknives." It appeared probable to us that this peculiarity might be produced by the heavy drops of rain piercing their way downwards through the ice, and thus separating the latter into needles of the form above described, rather than to any regular crystallization when in the act of freezing; which supposition seemed the more reasonable, as the needles are always placed in a vertical position, and never occur except from the upper surface downwards.—pp. 61—62.

On the 27th our travellers reached the only tolerably heavy ice they had yet seen, but even this was 'all broken up into masses of small extent.' On the 28th they reached a floe* covered with high and rugged hummocks, which they passed with the greatest difficulty, being obliged to get the boats up and down in directions almost perpendicular. The severity of the labour which the officers and men must have undergone on these occasions, can hardly be imagined, particularly when the hummocks occurred, as they sometimes did, in two or three successive tiers. Thus they continued from day to day, sailing among loose drift ice, or endeavouring to drag their boats over floes rugged beyond anything that could have been supposed. In order to carry forward the boats and provisions, the men were frequently obliged to make three, four, five, and sometimes even seven journies, over the same distance. It is impossible not to feel for persons placed in such a situation. There is something pathetic in the degree of resignation and fortitude, with which Captain Parry and his companions pursued their way amid such formidable obstacles.

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* A floe means a field of ice, the limits of which are discernible from a ship-mast's head; hummocks are masses of ice rising to a considerable height above the level of the floe; they are formed by the pressure of floes against each other.

> ' As soon as we landed on a floe-piece, Lieutenant Ross and myself generally went on ahead, while the boats were unloading and hauling up, in order to select the easiest road for them. The sledges then followed in our track. Messrs. Beverly and Bird accompanying them; by which the snow was much trodden down, and the road thus improved for the boats. As soon as we arrived at the other end of the floe, or came to any difficult place, we mounted one of the highest hummocks of ice near at hand, (many of which are from fifteen to five-and-twenty feet above the sea) in order to obtain a better view around us; and nothing could well exceed the dreariness which such a view presented. The eye wearied itself in vain to find an object but ice and sky to rest upon; and even the latter was often hidden from our view by the dense and dismal fogs which so generally prevailed. For want of variety, the most trifling circumstances engaged a more than ordinary share of our attention; a passing gull, or a mass of ice of unusual form, became objects which our situation and circumstances magnified into ridiculous importance; and we have since often smiled to remember the eager interest with which we regarded many insignificant occurrences. It may well be imagined, then, how cheering it was to turn from this scene of inanimate desolation, to our two little boats in the distance, to see the moving figures of our men winding with their sledges among the hummocks, and to hear once more the sound of human voices breaking the stillness of this icy wilderness. In some cases Lieutenant Ross and myself took separate routes to try the ground, which kept us almost continually floundering among deep snow and water. The sledges having then been brought up as far as we had explored, we all went back for the boats; each boat's crew, when the road was tolerable, dragging their own, and the officers labouring equally hard with the men. It was thus we proceeded for nine miles out of every ten that we travelled over ice; for it was very rarely indeed that we met with a surface sufficiently level and hard to drag all our loads at one journey, and in a great many instances, during the first fortnight, we had to make three journies with the boats and baggage; that is, to traverse the same road five times over.—pp. 67 —68.

Notwithstanding these serious impediments, the party still proceeded, only to encounter fresh obstacles. On the 3rd of July they reached a floe, of about a mile in length, the average depth of the snow on which was about five inches; under the snow lay water four or five inches deep; ' but,' says Captain Parry, ' the moment we approached a hummock, the depth to which we sunk increased to three feet or more, rendering it difficult at times to obtain sufficient footing for one leg, to enable us to extricate the other.' This was not all.

> ' The pools of fresh water had now also become very large, some of

them being a quarter of a mile in length, and their depth above our knees. Through these we were prevented taking the sledges, for fear of wetting all our provisions; but we preferred transporting the boats across them, notwithstanding the severe cold of the snow water, the bottom being harder for the 'runners' to slide upon. On this kind of road we were, in one instance, above two hours in proceeding a distance of one hundred yards! —p. 70.

We imagine the hardships which these enterprising men endured, when we are informed that after emptying their boots of the water with which they were generally filled during the march, and after wringing their stockings, they felt almost as if they had put on dry ones. As if to increase their misfortunes, the weather became on the 14th of July so thick and inclement, with snow, sleet and wind, that they were obliged to remain under cover.— They had now nothing but loose drift-ice to haul over; they could not discern a floe, still less a field of ice, towards which they might shape their course. The snow was so much softened by the rain, that it was almost impossible to get through it. 'Lieutenant Ross and myself,' says the narrator, 'in performing our pioneering duty, were so frequently beset in it, that sometimes after trying in vain to extricate our legs, we were obliged to sit quietly down for a short time to rest ourselves, and then make another attempt; and the men, in dragging the sledges, were often under the necessity of crawling upon all-fours to make any progress at all.' Of that progress the reader may judge, when he is told that on one occasion, they were two hours in proceeding a distance of not more than one hundred and fifty yards.

'Notwithstanding these discouraging difficulties, the men laboured with great cheerfulness and good will, being animated with the hope of soon reaching the more continuous body which had been considered as composing the "main ice," to the northward of Spitzbergen, and which Captain Lutwidge, about the same meridian, and more than a degree to the southward of this, describes as "one continued plain of smooth unbroken ice, bounded only by the horizon."—p. 75.

Rain, fog, drift-ice, hummocks, and ponds of water in the ice still day after day form the burden not of our author's complaints, for he never utters one, but of his plain manly narrative, in which the obstacles he encountered are indeed minutely described, but not more fully than the subject required, in order that he might shew to the public in whose service he was engaged, that the failure which ultimately attended his efforts, was the inevitable result of circumstances, which could not be controlled.

Such, with little variation was the description of the evils which Captain Parry and his companions endured, in their fruitless attempt to reach the Pole. Towards the latter end of July, the weather indeed became more agreeable, and the floes larger and more practicable than those which they had already traversed.— But they found to their great mortification, that in addition to the other obstacles which retarded their progress, the ice, impelled by a strong southerly wind, was all drifting to the southward; so much so that although between noon on the 17th, and the morning of the 20th, they had travelled twelve miles in a N. N. W. direction, they found that in consequence of the drift of the ice to the southward, they had actually *advanced* less than *five* miles.

On the 22d they met some large floes, and deemed their travelling excellent; they traversed a distance of about seventeen miles, and concluded, that, allowing for the drift, they must have made at least ten or eleven miles in a N.N.E. direction. What, therefore, must have been their disappointment on discovering that instead of ten or eleven, they had actually not made quite four miles to the northward of the observation made the day before! At midnight, they found themselves in latitude 82° 43′ 32″. Between that period and noon on the 26th, they actually travelled between ten and eleven miles due north; yet, on taking an observation on the latter day, they found themselves *three miles* to the southward of the latitude which they had reached on the 22nd. They calculated the northerly drift at this time to exceed four miles a day: considering, therefore, the nature of the ice which they had to traverse, it was evident that they were likely to lose during their hours of rest almost all that they could gain during their hours of labour. For some days Captain Parry had given up all hope of penetrating beyond the eighty-third parallel; but he now conceived that even this was more than he could accomplish. The highest latitude which he thinks it probable he reached, was 82° 45′, on the 23rd. On the 26th, therefore, he resolved on returning, finding it useless to employ the men any longer in what he at length found to be an utterly impracticable attempt. He had, indeed, 'reached a parallel considerably beyond that mentioned in any other well-authenticated record;' but no substantial benefit had been gained except the experience, which has shewn the futility of Captain Franklin's original proposition, and of all the evidence and arguments by which it was supported.

In the course of their return (2d of August), the party met with 'a quantity of snow, tinged, to the depth of several inches, with some red colouring matter, of which a portion was preserved in a bottle for future examination.'

'This circumstance recalled to our mind our having frequently before remarked that the loaded sledges, in passing over hard snow, left upon it a light rose-coloured tint, which at the time we attributed to the colouring matter being pressed out of the birch of which they were made. To day, however, we observed that the runners of the boats, and even our own footsteps, exhibited the same appearance; and on watching it more narrowly afterwards, we found the same effect to be produced, in a greater or less degree, by heavy pressure, on almost all the ice over which we passed, though a magnifying-glass could detect nothing to give it this tinge.'—pp. 109, 110.

Professor Hooker, and other learned botanists seem to have determined that the red snow here mentioned is nothing more than a vegetable "living and vegetating in snow," and belonging to the order *Algæ.*

Captain Parry and his companions reached the open sea on the 11th of August, after having spent forty-eight days on the ice; and on the 21st they had the good fortune to reach the Hecla in perfect safety, though not altogether in the best health, as not only most of the men but the officers also, including the commander himself, had been sensibly weakened by the exertions which they had made.

'I cannot conclude,' observes our enterprising author, 'the account of our proceedings without endeavouring to do justice to the cheerful alacrity and unwearied zeal displayed by my companions, both officers and men, in the course of this excursion; and if steady perseverance and active exertion on their parts could have accomplished our object, success would undoubtedly have crowned our labours. I must also mention, to the credit of the officers of Woolwich dock-yard, who took so much pains in the construction of our boats, that notwithstanding the constant and severe trial to which their strength had been put—and a more severe trial could not well be devised—not a timber was sprung, a plank split, or the smallest injury sustained by them; they were, indeed, as tight and as fit for service when we reached the ship as when they were first received on board, and in every respect answered the intended purpose admirably.'—pp. 128, 129.

From the abstract of meteorological observations given in the Appendix, it is to be inferred that Captain Parry was peculiarly unfortunate in the time selected by him for undertaking this enterprise; as it would appear, that twenty times as much rain fell in the course of this one summer, as during any preceding one he had passed in the polar regions.

On the 28th of August the Hecla got under weigh on her return homeward: she made Shetland on the 17th of September, and on the 24th, Captain Parry left her, and proceeded to Inverness by a revenue-cutter, which he found lying at Long Hope, in the Orkney Islands. Hence he travelled to London by land, and arrived at the Admiralty on the 29th.

We subjoin Captain Parry's concluding observations:

'I cannot dismiss the subject of this enterprise, without attempting to explain, as far as I am able, how it may have happened that the ice over which we passed was found to answer so little to the description of that observed by the respectable authorities quoted in a former part of this volume.* It frequently occurred to us, in the course of our daily journies, that this may, in some degree, have arisen from our navigators having generally viewed the ice from a considerable height. The only clear and commanding view on board a ship is that from the crow's-nest; and Phipps's most important remarks concerning the nature of the ice to the north of Spitzbergen were made from a station several hundred feet above the sea; and, as it is well known how much the most experienced eye may thus be deceived, it is possible enough that the irregularities which cost us so much time and labour may, when viewed in this manner, have entirely escaped notice, and the whole surface have appeared one smooth and level plain.

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* Introduction.

'It is, moreover, possible that the broken state in which we unexpectedly found the ice may have arisen, at least in part, from an unusually wet season, preceded, perhaps, by a winter of less than ordinary severity. Of the latter we have no means of judging, there being no record, that I am aware of, of the temperature of that or any other winter passed in the higher latitudes; but, on comparing our Meteorological Register with some others, kept during the corresponding season, and about the same latitude*, it does appear that, though no material difference is observable in the mean temperature of the atmosphere, the quantity of rain which we experienced is considerably greater than usual; and it is well known how very rapidly ice is dissolved by a fall of rain. At all events, from whatever cause it may have arisen, it is certain that, about the meridian on which we proceeded northward in the boats, the sea was in a totally different state from what Phipps experienced, as may be seen from comparing our accounts; his ship being closely beset, near the Seven Islands, for several days, about the beginning of August; whereas the Hecla, in the beginning of June, sailed about in the same neighbourhood without obstruction, and, before the close of July, not a piece of ice could be seen from Little Table Island.

'I may add, in conclusion, that, before the middle of August, when we left the ice in our boats, a ship might have sailed to the latitude of 82°, almost without touching a piece of ice; and it was the general opinion among us that, by the end of that month, it would probably have been no very difficult matter to reach the parallel of 83°, about the meridian of the Seven Islands.'—pp. 146—148.

We cannot dismiss this volume better than by recording our high sense of the lofty spirit of enterprize and perseverance, displayed by Captain Parry and his companions during this very arduous service. The habits of subordination and regularity, and of attention to religious duties, which appear to have prevailed throughout the whole of the party employed on this occasion, reflect the greatest credit upon them. Although they failed in their object, we still consider them as having assisted to advance the character of our country, by shewing how well they were prepared to endure hardship, and how resolved to overcome it, if the elements had not opposed their intentions. Exertion in war, if ever that should come, will look like child's play to men who have, under such circumstances, visited the Polar regions; and their example will go far to keep alive amongst us the true indomitable spirit of the old honest TAR of England.

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* 'Particularly that of Mr. Scoresby during the month of July, from 1812 to 1818 inclusive, and Captain Franklin's for July and August, 1818.'

Art. XIII.—*Isographie des Hommes Celebres, ou Collections de fac simile de lettres autographes et de Signatures.* Grand 4to. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, et 8 livraisons. Paris, 1827, 1828: Firmin Didot. Londres: Roland.

A great deal of attention has been of late years directed to the letters of princes and celebrated men. Collections of them have been formed: they serve to ornament albums; and have been circulated by means of the lithographic press in a manner sufficiently cheap to be within the reach of all classes. Independently of the interest connected with the varied combination of the writings of men of all ages and countries, who have been stimulated to exertions, we conceive that such collections may become useful in an important degree. And whilst the disciple of Lavater refers to these writings as a means of furnishing philosophical inferences respecting the character, mind, and disposition of individuals, we can gather from them valuable historical facts; and, by their aid, can mark the progress of civilization amongst the various communities of the world.

It cannot be denied that writing, the invention of which is lost in obscurity, made the first advances in bringing about civilization, the progress of which was afterwards so rapidly promoted by the art of printing. Every country has a character in writing peculiar to itself, and not to be imitated by any other; and hence it has been argued by Lavater, that this undoubted variety of hand-writing, arises from a diversity of national character.

Before letters and phonetic syllables were formed, writing was entirely symbolical. Thus a sword imported a king, the tyrant of his subjects: and a vessel, with a pilot, designated the government of the universe. This ingenious method of expressing our thoughts by pictures and figures, was in use amongst the Mexicans before their empire had been destroyed by the Spaniards; and before them, by the Egyptians, in their mysterious hieroglyphics. The expedient, indeed, shewed a very slight advance towards civilization; but it was a much less rude one than that adopted by the ancient Romans, whose only records, at first, were nails, which they inserted in the wall of the Temple of Minerva. Neither was it so uncivilized as the method used by the Peruvians, who employed Quipos, a species of woollen knots, of various hues, to preserve the memory of those arts that were honourable to their country.

Cadmus was esteemed by the Greeks as the inventor of writing. An old French poet has said of him in very beautiful verses,

> C'est de lui que nous vient cet art ingenieux
> De peindre la parole et de parler aux yeux
> Et par les traits divers de figures tracées
> Donner de la couleur et du corps aux pensées.

But in the opinion of all learned men, Cadmus brought this art from Egypt or Phœnicia. In the beginning, the characters were engraved on stone, wood, lead, sometimes on marble or brass. These inconvenient articles were afterwards discarded for ivory or layers of light and portable substances; the leaves of trees, the bark, and next the supple and tenacious skin which lies beteen the bark and the wood, and which the Latins called *Liber*. These substances were successively superseded by tablets, papyrus, parchment, and finally by paper, which was discovered in the fourteenth century.

The most ancient method of writing was from the right to the left; the people of the east still preserve it; those of the west have been long since in the habit of writing from the left to the right. There was another method of writing, which combined the two; the first line commenced from the right to the left, the second began underneath the last word of the first, and proceeded from the left to the right.

It has been presumed that the Greeks originally used the oriental mode of writing; the most ancient inscriptions which have been discovered, proceed, however, from the right to the left, and retrace their steps. It is said that this custom was in use in the time of Solon. The Huns who, under the guidance of Atala, invaded Italy, wrote from the right to the left. The writing of the Chinese is perpendicular, as well as that of the ancient Celts, which has been found traced on rocks, and slabs, and pieces of wood, in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and in part of Tartary. The only monument that remains of the writing of the Gauls, is an inscription on stone at Saulieu in Burgundy. It has exercised in vain the sagacity of the learned. There are scarcely any Latin written monuments that go higher than three centuries before our era. The beautiful handwriting of the time of Agustus, degenerated by degrees, and was entirely corrupted under the Visigoths, the Franks, the Lombards, and the Saxons.

With Charlemagne a new era commenced for history and civilization; writing was revived; and a signature of Charlemagne copied in the work before us, proves that in his time, the fine Roman capitals were dispensed with. From the tenth to the fourteenth century, the art of writing was injured by a superfluity of ornaments, and by the introduction of the Gothic character, which rendered it unintelligible. The signatures of Talbot, who was born in 1373, of *Artur*, Duke of Brittany, who was born in 1393, of the beautiful Dunois, the natural son of Orleans, who was born in 1403, of the fair Agnes Sorel, who died in 1449, and above all, a letter from Louis XI. to Tristan,—all these documents, which are contained in the present collection, demonstrate the corrupt taste that prevailed in their time, and which did not cease until the fifteenth century, the epoch of the revival of the fine arts, under Lorenzo de Medici. We have in this work a letter written by that celebrated personage, in the Roman character, to the exclusion of the Gothic, which then prevailed in several courts of Europe, and which is even to this hour preserved in Germany, such is there the influence of routine.

It has sometimes been a practice with men to make trials of skill in writing: some have written in such a miniature hand, that they have copied the Pater and Credo in a space not larger than a shilling; others have drawn with the pen, figures of animals and portraits, the details of which are filled up with prayers and proverbs; the letters being more or less defined, and forming, by their fullness or delicacy, the shadows and lights. Among the modern nations, the Italians first, and next to those the French, write the finest hands; as is proved by the letters of Alfieri, Tiraboschi, of the unfortunate Bally, and the celebrated Talma, which appear in this collection. The English, of all the people in Europe, make the longest and the thickest characters, as appears from the letters of Queen Elizabeth, the Pretender, Garrick, and Sterne. There are, of course, exceptions to these remarks; and we might mention as such, the letters of Maria de Medici, of Louis XIII., and of the Poet Scarron; but these are only exceptions, which, as the grammarians say, confirm the general rule.

Before pens were generally adopted, the custom was to write with reeds and brushes. The Chinese, it is said, use brushes even to this day, as their paper, which is extremely fine, would not support the nib of the pen without being scratched. They attribute, says M. Abel Remusat, in the romance of Iu-Kiao-li, great importance to the beauty and fineness of the characters, the perfection of which, in their opinion, bespeaks a man of intelligence and merit; and, according to Lavater, a man of regulated ideas; whilst an unequal hand, filled with disconnected and wandering letters, denotes a confused and inattentive mind. Voltaire, Descartes, Richelieu, and, particularly, Lalande, wrote in very beautiful and regular characters; while Henry III. of France, and Charles XII. of Sweden, were remarkable for their irregularity in this respect. It is but a few years ago that persons of quality thought it fashionable to write badly. In order to distinguish themselves from the multitude, they would, perhaps, have led us back to the period when Europe was filled with the spirit of chivalry and war, and when a nobleman thought it beneath his quality, as a gentleman, to sign his name! But this caprice did not last long.

The editors of the work before us (the variety and interest of which we have already indicated by anticipation), have not affixed any commentary to their publication. They allow the personage whose fac-simile they exhibit to speak for himself, and in his own style; unattended as it is by notes or explanations, we frequently recognize the personal character of the writer. Thus the pro-consul Lebon, who, in the time of the Revolution, covered the northern provinces of France with scaffolds and victims, cannot restrain his sanguinary disposition, even while replying to the petition of an unfortunate nobleman who was committed to pri and who demanded his liberation on account of his patriotism, and of the benefit which the republic would derive from some excavations which he had been making with a view to the discovery of coal mines. "The national agent in the district of Boulogne," answers the pro-consul, "will take such measures as may be necessary with respect to the excavations to which the petitioner has alluded, and will make him see that no individual is indispensably necessary to a republic." In the subjoined letter also, we observe that Carnot continues a republican, even at the moment of offering his services to the head of an empire.

"SIRE,

"As long as success crowned your enterprises, I abstained from offering to your Majesty services which I did not think would be acceptable to you. Now, Sire, that misfortune has put your firmness to a severe trial, I do not hesitate to tender to you the feeble means which I can command. Doubtless of little consequence can be the effort of the arm of a Sexagenarian; but I think that the example of an old soldier, whose patriotic sentiments are well known, may rally round your eagles many persons who still waver as to the part which they ought to take, and who might be persuaded that by abandoning them, they would be serving their country.

"There is still an opportunity left you, Sire, to conquer a glorious peace, and to gather around you the affections of a great people.

"21 January, 1814. "CARNOT."

We have already said, that by means of autographs, it would not be difficult to trace the progress of civilization in modern nations, and to discover the moral and political condition of the people at different periods of their history. Let us take as an instance the following vulgar letter, written by Charles IX., king of France.

"Mon frère Dieu vous a fait la *grasse* que vous etes *ellu* roy de *Ponlogne* j'en suis si *ayse* que jè ne *scay* que vous *mender*; je loue Dieu de bon cœur *Pardonnes* moy *layze* megarde descrire Mon frere je *avons receu* vostre *lestre* je suis vostre bien bon frere et amy. "CHARLES."

This letter, which we have given in the original in order to show its faults in style and orthography, does it not prove the general ignorance which prevailed in France in the time of Mary of Medici, of infamous memory? We add another document which perfectly characterizes the time when it was written—the despotic reign of Louis XIV.; it is a note from the sub-intendant, Fouquet, to the governor of the Bastile.

"The Commander of the Bastile will receive four Gazetteers, who will be conducted by the Commissary Frian. "FOUQUET."

"Dec. 17, 1660."

We find in this collection a letter written by Louis himself, addressed to his minister Colbert. It does not, perhaps, indicate much character, but it pretty well shews the sort of occupation in which the royal circle was prone to indulge.

"Marley, 10 o'clock at Night.

"I have not been fortunate at play. To-morrow you must let me have 10,000 pistoles; and they must be sent to me to-morrow before six o'clock. Order them to be put aside for me, as soon as you shall receive this billet, to be brought to me, and see that they don't fail; for I wish to pay that which I owe, and to have wherewith to play. "LOUIS."

The following note affords a pretty good picture of the commencement of the revolution in France, when the legislative body manufactured constitutions with as much facility as a judge pronounced sentence. It bears the signature of "Heraul de Sechelles," and is dated "7th June, 1793," the second year of the republic.

"Dear fellow citizen,

"Commissioned, together with four of my colleagues, to prepare a plan of a constitution by Monday next, I have to request, in their name and my own, that you will immediately procure for us the laws of Minos, which are to be found in the collection of Greek laws. We are in the most urgent want of them.

"HERAUL DE SECHELLES.

"Health, friendship, brotherhood to the brave citizen Desaulnays."

The Autographs before us supply materials for history, and amusement for the mind. They interest us by the great number of distinguished personages whom they present to our view, and with whom we immediately become, as it were, intimately acquainted. We are entertained with the variety of their style, and the sort of private chit-chat which they allow us to hear. Different epochs and celebrity of every kind, are mingled together in gay confusion. Sterne is found by the side of Madame de Stael; a letter of Robespierre, which even yet makes us shudder, is preceded by one from the tender La Valliere; and an effusion of Madame de Warren's, is followed by a letter from the illustrious Washington. We have only to turn a page, and after a sonnet by Malherbe, on the absence of a mistress, we meet with an epistle from Metastasio, on the abuse of panegyric. It is curious enough to read, consecutively, the letter of Eugene Beauharnois refusing a throne; and that of d'Alembert, expressing his obligations to a journalist for an eulogium; or the letter of Benjamin West, returning thanks for being nominated a member of the Institute, and that of Collin Harleville, soliciting a similar honour in verse and prose. We subjoin that of West, as few of his literary compositions are before the public.

"To the President and the Members of the National Institute of France, in the department of the Fine Arts.

"Gentlemen,—Your perpetual Secretary, Joachim le Breton, has communicated to me the completion of my appointment, as a foreign associate, in the department of the Fine Arts, in the National Institute of France.

"I am the more sensible of the liberality with which you have assigned me this honourable seat amongst you, from the consideration that it was spontaneous, and unsolicited on my part: need I add, gentlemen, that this distinction will ever be considered, in my estemation, (sic in original), as one of the proudest occurrences of my life; that my respect for those who have bestowed it upon me will always be permanent and profound: in a word, that with whatever warmth of acknowledgment I may attempt to repay it, I shall still consider myself your debtor.

"Your most obedient and obliged servant,
BENJAMIN WEST,
"President of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts in London.
"London, Aug. 6, 1800."

In one page we have Flechier mourning over the massacre of Christians, and the destruction of churches: in the next we find Gluck complaining of something that disgusted him at the Opera; Louis XV. busily occupied in the mysterious details of the baptism of a natural son, and Clery asking for a great coat for the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI.; Garrick engaged in the publication of a play, and Moreau in the plan of a battle; Fouchet writing to the Moniteur to correct in a speech a slight fault of style, and Gaudet addressing the directory, after the fatal day of the 10th of August, to have the dead bodies taken away which remained in the neighbourhood of the Tuilleries. We must, however, pass over these and other interesting letters, in order to make room for one written by Garrick, which has hitherto, we believe, been unknown in this country.

'Tho' I wrote so lately to my dear friend, I must say three words to him by this post——The *Sick Monkey* is publish'd, and makes a noise—it was thought at first to be a terrible satire, and none of the papers (so much were their authors and publishers my friends) would advertise it—but at present they begin to find out the joke and the sale will be great one.—It is a most profound secret who is the author, and I beg that you will keep it so—the secret is of great consequence—

Your's for ever
May 7th, 1705. My dear Sicard
D. GARRICK."

Great men are not always the most careful in their orthography. The autographs here collected, furnish abundant proofs of this.—Voltaire, the law-giver of the French language, was remarkably negligent in this respect. Montesquieu almost invariably avoids double letters where they should be used, and sometimes, as if for the sake of contrariety, introduces double letters where a single one would have been conformable to custom. He writes *Abé* for Abbé, *viene* for vienne, *femes* for femmes, and he doubles the *t* in honette. Beaumarchais writes *inocent* with a single *n*, and our countryman, or rather the American, Benjamin West, as we have seen, writes the word estemation, with an *e* instead of an *i*. But, as somebody has observed, one may have a great genius, *and yet* be a very bad grammarian. So much the worse for orthography, answered a man of intelligence to a person who remarked to him the faults of Voltaire; and in our opinion the man of intelligence was right.

We are indepted for the collection of autographs before us, to the enterprize of M. Berard, a respectable bookseller in Paris, and a member of the Chamber of Deputies. Eight parts have already been printed, and the whole will be comprised in twenty. The letters are lithographed in so perfect a manner, that they are fac similes to a line, or even the turn of a point.

NOTICES.

Art. XIV.—*The Omnipresence of the Deity:* a Poem. By Robert Montgomery. 8vo. pp. 196. London: Maunder. 1828.

This is not the Sheffield Montgomery, as many of our readers would possibly suppose, upon seeing the name subscribed to a poem on a sacred subject. Yet is he not at all unworthy to be compared with that writer, in many of the attributes which constitute good verse. Indeed we think the work before us superior in every respect to any of the late productions of the more celebrated author. It is framed in vigorous lines, of the measure which was used by Pope, Goldsmith, and Thompson, and it abounds in thoughts aptly expressed, and in imagery well selected, and appropriately introduced. The subject is sufficiently indicated by the title; it is indeed a comprehensive one, for there is nothing that relates to man, to the world, or the universe, which may not be embraced in it. The author would appear to have had "The Pleasures of Hope," and "The Pleasures of Memory," chiefly in his view, when he was forming his plan, and even while embodying it in language. The march of his verse reminds us, however, oftener of Campbell than of Rogers.

The object of the poem is to display the presence of the Deity in every thing that we see around us, or feel within us. It is divided into three parts; from the first we shall select a passage or two.

'Lord of all being! where can Fancy fly,
To what far realms, unmeasured by Thine eye?
Where can we hide beneath thy blazing sun,
Where dwell'st Thou not—the boundless, viewless One?
Shall Guilt couch down within the cavern's gloom,
And quiv'ring, groaning, meditate her doom?
Or scale the mountain-tops, where eaglets rest,
And the chill snow-flakes thicken on their breast?—
Within the cavern'd gloom, Thine eye can see!
The sky-clad mountains lift their heads to Thee!
Thy Spirit rides upon the black-wav'd seas,
Roars in the blast, and whispers in the breeze—
In storm and calm, in earth and heaven Thou art,
Trace but Thy works—they bring Thee to the heart!'—p. 9.

The following lines have great strength and fluency conjoined.

'Hill, flood, and forest—mountain, rock, and sea,
All take their terrors and their charms from Thee,—

From thee, whose hidden but supreme control
Moves through the world, a universal soul!'—pp. 10, 11.

We come to another passage which appears to us eminently poetic. The metaphor in the two first lines is rather confused. What have 'cradled winds' to do, in point of imagery, with 'infant waves?' The remainder of the extract, however, is worthy of great praise.

'List! now the cradled winds have hush'd their roar,
And infant waves curl pouting to the shore,
While drench'd earth seems to wake up fresh and clear,
Like hope just risen from the gloom of fear,—
And the bright dew-bed on the bramble lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes,—
How heavenly 'tis to take the pensive range,
And mark 'tween storm and calm the lovely change!

'First comes the sun, unveiling half his face,
Like a coy virgin, with reluctant grace,
While dark clouds, skirted with his slanting ray,
Roll, one by one, in azure depths away,—
Till pearly shapes, like molten billows, lie
Along the tinted bosom of the sky:
Next, breezes swell forth with harmonious charm,
Panting and wild, like children of the storm!—
Now sipping flowers, now making blossoms shake,
Or waving ripples on the grass-green lake;
And thus the tempest dies—and bright and still,
The rainbow drops upon the distant hill!
And now while bloom and breeze their charm unite,
And all is glowing with a rich delight,
God! who can tread upon the breathing ground,
Nor feel Thee present, where Thy smiles abound!'—pp. 14—16.

It was a fine thought to look upon the mountains as 'earth's monuments to heaven.'—p. 19.

The stars are also happily described as 'untroubled sentries of the listening night!'—p. 22.

In the second part, Mr. Montgomery has drawn a striking picture of a captive: every reader of intelligence and feeling must be pleased with it.

'Within a dungeon mildew'd by the night,
Barr'd from salubrious air and cheering light,
Lo! the pale captive pines in hostile lands,
Chain'd to his doom by adamantine bands!
Oh! how he pants to face the fresh-wing'd breeze,
And list the voices of the summer trees;
To breathe, and live, and move, and be as free
As nature is, and man was made to be!
And when at night, upon his flinty bed,
Silent and sad he lays his grief-worn head,
There as the dungeon-bell with dreary sound
Tolls midnight through the sleeping air around,

Remembrance wafts him to congenial climes,
And frames a fairy world of happier times.
The woodland haunts around his native scene,
The village dance upon the festive green,
His thymy garden where he loved to ply,
And smiled as peeping flower-buds hail'd his eye,
His beauteous partner, and her blue-eyed boy,
Who prattled, played, and fed his soul with joy,—
All with immingling rapture fire his heart,
And force the stings of agony to start;
Till, like a bark by wrecking whirlwinds driven,
He rolls, and writhes, and groans despair to Heaven!
And Heaven is by! and with ethereal charm
Bids Hope to waken, and her smiles to warm;
Then, lull'd by her, his home-wed bosom teems
With holy raptures, and seraphic dreams.'

There are some peculiarities of expression, such as *tone* for voice, merely for the sake of rhyme, the 'riot of the blast,'—p. 14; the 'fierce hurrica*noes* have unfurled,'—p. 43; 'leaping hills of snow,'—p. 103; and some others which we might notice if we were disposed to be rigid. We think so well, however, of Mr. Montgomery's poetical talents, that we shall merely recommend him to take a little more care in these particulars. The minor poems in this volume, are also compositions of great promise.

ART. XV.—*Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India, from Calcutta to Bombay.* By the late Reginald Heber, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta. 2 vols. 4to. London: Murray, 1828.

THE irregular nature of this work, which though magnified into two pompous volumes in quarto, might easily have been compressed in as many octavos, consisting as it does chiefly of notes, must be our excuse for giving in this place no more than a short sketch of its contents. Besides, to say truth, we think that the public have been surfeited with the eulogies which were poured out by some of our contemporaries upon this production, long before it was even half printed. Like all the writings of Bishop Heber, it undoubtedly exhibits decided indications of a matured, masterly, and highly cultivated mind; but at the same time it is in many places written with carelessness and haste, faults which perhaps would have been removed, if the author had lived to finish his work, but which, nevertheless, as they now stand, contribute necessarily to impair its value.

In common with most of his countrymen, we regret that Bishop Heber had not been able to digest and fill up his notes before his death, as the provinces of India through which he travelled are but little known here. His happy talent for describing scenery, the poetical turn of his mind, and the fine moral tone which prevails through his observations, would have not only shed a grace over his composition, but would have given a classical impression to the countries of which he treated, that would make an acquaintance with them at once agreeable and popular. They are as yet the very reverse of attractive to general readers, on account of the harsh and awkward names by which they are distinguished, and the misty obscurity in which they are enveloped. The following picture of an Indian village, will serve as a specimen of the prelate's graphic powers.

'In the evening we again went on shore, to another village, resembling the first in its essential features, but placed in a yet more fertile soil. The houses stood literally in a thicket of fruit trees, plantains, and flowering shrubs; the muddy ponds were covered with the broad-leaved lotus, and the adjacent "paddy," or rice-fields, were terminated by a wood of tall coco-nut trees, between whose stems the light was visible, pretty much like a grove of Scotch firs. I here remarked the difference between the coco and the palmira: the latter with a narrower leaf than the former, and at this time of year without fruit, with which the other abounded. For a few pice one of the lads climbed up the tallest of these with great agility, notwithstanding the total want of boughs, and the slipperiness of the bark. My wife was anxious to look into one of their houses, but found its owners unwilling to allow her. At length one old fellow, I believe to get us away from his own threshold, said he would shew us a very fine house. We followed him to a cottage somewhat larger than those which we had yet seen; but on entering its little court-yard, the people came in much earnestness to prevent our proceeding farther. We had, however, a fair opportunity of seeing an Indian farm-yard and homestead. In front was a small mud building, with a thatched verandah looking towards the village, and behind was a court filled with coco-nut husk, and a little rice straw; in the centre of this was a round thatched building, raised on bamboos about a foot from the ground, which they said was a "Goliah," or granary; round it were small mud cottages, each to all appearance an apartment in the dwelling. In one corner was a little mill, something like a crab-mill, to be worked by a man, for separating the rice from the husk. By all which we could see through the open doors, the floor of the apartments was of clay, devoid of furniture and light, except what the door admitted.'—vol. i. pp. 14, 15.

On the banks of the Ganges, the prelate met an encampment of gypsies, who spoke the Hindoostanee as their native tongue. It is a curious fact, that they speak this language wherever they are found. 'On the other side of the river was a large encampment of wretched tents of mats, with a number of little hackeries, panniers, ponies, goats, &c. so like gypsies, that on asking what they were, I was not much surprised to hear Abdullah say they were gypsies; that they were numerous in the upper provinces, living exactly like the gypsies in England; that he had seen the same people both in Persia and Russia, and that in Persia they spoke Hindoostanee the same as here. In Russia he had had no opportunity of ascertaining this fact; but in Persia, by Sir Gore Ousley's desire, he had spoken with some of the wandering tribes, and found that they understood and could answer him. I told him of Lord Teignmouth's conversation in Hindoostanee with the old gypsey in Northwood, and he said that in Persia it was not every gypsey who spoke it, only old people. He said they were so like each other in all the countries where he had seen them, that they could not be mistaken, though in Persia they were of much better caste, and much richer than here, or than in England, or Russia. But he added, 'I suppose in Russia, before Peter the Great, all people were much like gypsies.' There were many curious circumstances which I deduced from his information: first, the identity of the gypsey race in Europe and India, and their connecting link seemed established by a very observant witness, and certainly one unprejudiced by system. Secondly, on further inquiry, I found the people whom he identified with our gypsies in Persia, were the wandering tribes of Louristan, Curdistan, &c., whom he described with truth as being of 'good caste,' valiant, and wealthy. It therefore follows, that these tribes, whose existence in Persia seems to be traced down from before the time of Cyrus, and whose language is generally understood to differ from the Persians of the plains and cities, resemble in countenance and person the gypsies, and that their ancient language has been a dialect of Hindostanee. The probability is indeed that Persia, not India, has been the original centre of this nomadic population.'—vol. i. p. 100, 101.

There is a strange inconsistency in the language and the manner of the tribes of central India; the former teeming with submissive expressions, while their demeanour is simple and natural.

'I was prepared to expect a much greater simplicity and homeliness of manner in the Rajpoots and tribes of central India, than in those who had been subjects of the Mogul empire, and, even at the court of Jyepoor, I was struck with the absence of that sort of polish which had been apparent at Lucknow and Delhi. The Hindoos seem everywhere, when left to themselves and under their own sovereigns, a people of simple tastes and tempers, inclined to frugality, and indifferent to show and form. The subjects of even the greatest Maharatta prince sit down without scruple in his presence; and no trace is to be found in their conversation of those adulatory terms which the Mussulmans introduced into the northern and eastern provinces. Europeans, too, are very little known here; and I heard the children calling out to us as we passsed through the villages, 'Feringee, ue Feringee!' It was whimsical, however, and in apparent contrast with this plainness of speech, that the term 'Maharaja,' or sovereign, is applied by them to almost every superior.'

These few extracts are all that our space will permit. Yet if we could multiply them, we should scarcely succeed in affording the reader any thing like a complete idea of a work which is necessarily disconnected and desultory, as it is published in fragments.

Art. XVI.—*Sermons and Miscellaneous Works of the Rev. Samuel Knight, A.M., late Vicar of Halifax.* 2 vols. 8vo. Halifax. 1828.

These volumes contain a selection from the papers of a late clergyman of the National Church, who appears to have been a person of much piety and singleness of heart, if not very remarkable for either brilliancy or vigour of intellect. They have been prepared for the press by two of the sons of the author, both of the same profession to which he himself belonged; who have executed their task in a manner extremely creditable, at least to their feelings of affection and reverence for their deceased parent. Had the publication been chiefly intended for general perusal, we should, perhaps, have felt ourselves called upon to object to the great length and prolixity of the introductory memoir, and the anxiety with which it details and dwells upon every trivial circumstance connected with the history of the very respectable, but still undistinguished individual to whom it relates. The writer, however, it is but fair to remark, disclaims with equal modesty and good sense, 'on behalf of himself and his family, any direct object beyond that of presenting to such as were personally acquainted with their deceased relative, a slight sketch of his life and character.'

Mr. Knight, as we have said, appears to have been rather a very good than a very able man, but especially, although respectably accomplished as a scholar, not gifted with much native power or comprehensiveness of understanding. The reader of these volumes, accordingly, will not meet with a great deal either to inform him or to set him a thinking—and will, indeed, not unfrequently detect something both of ignorance and of prejudice in the expositions of the worthy writer. Still the work, we have no doubt, will be an acceptable present to a considerable portion of the religious public. The several sermons and tracts of which it consists, are written at least with simplicity and neatness, if they display none of the higher beauties of composition—and present us with many sound and useful remarks, uniformly introduced with an absence of every thing like parade or pretension, that cannot fail to impress the reader with a very favourable opinion both of the sincerity and good sense by which they are detailed.

Mr. Knight belonged to what is called the evangelical party in the church, and was considered, indeed, as one of the most eminent members of that body. His sermons, accordingly, are throughout deeply imbued with the spirit of that theology to which he was attached; and will consequently be held in very different estimation by different classes of readers. The affection of the author, however, for the doctrinal part of Christianity, is very far from improving his sense of the importance of its moral precepts; and his discourses will be found to contain, in almost every page, directions for the regulation both of the heart and of the conduct, which men of all persuasions may peruse with satisfaction and profit.

ART. XVII.—*De Statu et conditione Paganorum sub Imperatoribus Romanis post Constantinum. Scripsit Samuel Theophilus Rüdiger Ph. D.* 8vo. pp. 85. Wrattislavii. 1825.

A SUCCINT historical account of one of the most important events in history,—the gradual abolition of Paganism in the Roman empire. The emperor Constantine repealed all the penal laws against the christians, and legalised the immoveable and moveable property of their churches, and other ecclesiastical establishments. He held the scales between his catholic and pagan subjects with complete impartiality: the same impartiality was continued by his immediate successors; they even went so far as to accept the robe and ensigns appropriated to the Pontifex Maximus. Gratian was the first emperor by whom they they were rejected; he also deprived the heathen clergy of many of their legal possessions, and all their legal immunities; and he assigned a great portion of their revenues to the Christian Church. Still, heathenism continued the religion of the state. The removal of the statue of victory from the senate-house was the first direct attack on the established church: it was followed by others; and finally, the edicts of Theodosius I. proscribed the ancient religion of Rome, and established Christianity in its stead. Heathenism, however, languished in the provinces: from these it was gradually removed; its last vestiges are discoverable among the philosophers and schools of Athens, in the reign of Justinian; and the diligence of some modern writers has traced marks of it, at a subsequent era, in some obscure villages: from these, it was totally extirpated by the barbarian invaders of the empire. In the work before us, all this is briefly and elegantly related.

It is curious that, soon after the revival of letters, attempts were made to restore paganism. At the synod of Florence, Gemisthus Pletho went so far as to express his expectations, that, before long, Jupiter would be restored to his former honours. Some of the principal members of the Royal Academy were severely punished by Pope Paul II., for Pagan practices. Some French wits celebrated the success of Jodelle's Sophonisba, by profane libations, and the sacrifice of a cock.

The heathenism of the barbarians of the north reached England at an earlier, and remained in it till a later period, than that of Rome: vestiges of it through the whole of the Saxon, and the early portion of the Norman era, are clearly discernable. It is generally supposed that the division of England into the Saxon and Norman classes of subjects, which the conquest of it by William I. introduced, terminated in the reign of Edward III. If any remnant of Saxon heathenism continued till that period, it certainly was the last moment of its existence.

ART. XVIII.—*De Scepticismo Commentatio in Academiâ Tridericianâ præmio regio ornata, auctore Adolpho Siedlero.* pp. 186. 8vo. 1827.

A SCEPTIC may, for the purpose of the present article, be described as one, who, to be convinced of any fact or proposition, requires stronger evidence or stronger proof, than the established order of things renders possible. The author of the work before us divides it into three parts.

The first is employed in defining scepticism, and describing its degrees: beginning with the lowest, he ascends to the highest. There, the sceptic is supposed to be persuaded, that, without absolute certainty, nothing should be believed; and that absolute certainty can, in no case, be obtained: this he calls Transcendental Sceptism. At this, in questions of jurisprudence, the late Lord Ashburton was supposed to have arrived. From seeing how much was to be said on each side of most questions, and the general uncertainty how a question would be decided, he reached a kind of legal Pyrrhonism, so that, when he came to act, in a judicial capacity, first as Recorder of Bristol, and afterwards as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he shewed a proneness to hesitation, which surprised, and we had almost said, scandalized every one. The Marquis of Argenson gives a similar description of the celebrated Chancellor d'Aguesseau.

In his second part, our author gives a chronological account of the most eminent Sceptics. *Pyrrho* is generally said to have been the founder of the sceptic school; but our author shews, that he had been preceded by several. It appears that he accompanied Alexander the Great in his eastern expeditions; and made himself master of all the learning of the Indian Gymnosophists. After the death of Alexander, he returned to Greece, and died at an advanced age: he left behind him no work: but it sufficiently appears, that all his philosophy of doubt was grounded on this principle,—that all our knowledge is derived from our senses; that our senses are liable to error, and consequently that in all our knowledge, error may, and most probably, does exist. Of his philosophic pause on all subjects,—never venturing either to assert or deny, our author gives an interesting account. He then introduces us to the *Ancient and Modern Academies*; to Plato, Arcesilaus, Carneades, Philo, and Antiochus, the five leaders of the principal sects, which germinated from them. It is the glory of the ancient academy, to reckon Plato; the glory of the modern, to reckon Cicero, among her disciples. The last of ancient Sceptics ends in *Sextus Empiricus;* he lived in the reigns of the Antonines; this is all we know of him; but two of his works reached us: it is acknowledged that they do honour to his memory. In one, he combats the supposed inerrancy of mathematical demonstration. His fundamental proposition is, that no reason can be urged in support of any position, to which a reason of equal force, that, proving the contrary, may not be opposed. This he urges against mathematicians, and dogmatists with surprising ingenuity and sometimes with surprising success.

The modern series of sceptics commences with *Cornelius Agrippa*, who flourished between the years 1486 and 1535. After bewildering himself for many years in the occult sciences of *Raymond Lully*, he became convinced of their vanity; and then, believing all other sciences to be equally vain, he attacked the certitude of them all. His "declamation on the vanity of the sciences," to use the words of Milton, "walked the world awhile, numbering good intellects, but now is seldom poured on."—*Montaigne* then arrived, and, flooded every rank of society with sceptic lore. The fascination of his talk opened to him every library, every parlour, and every toilet: the praise of being an easy friend, all will allow him; but neither virtue nor delicacy will consider him a safe companion. *Charron*, at first his pupil and then his critic, was, as Mr. Pope justly describes him in two words, "more wise."

Here the sceptics begun to divaricate: some thought to serve the cause of religion, by shewing the uncertainty of human reasoning, and the wisdom of submitting the understanding to faith. Among these virtues, *Hermayus* a premonstratensiate monk, and *Huetius* the celebrated bishop of Avranches, deserve particular mention. The latter was, unquestionably, one of the most learned men whom the world has seen. He was complete master of the learned languages, profoundly versed in theology, history, and philosophy; he wrote with taste, both in poetry and prose. When his work "On the Weakness of Human Reason," appeared, it raised universal astonishment: it contains all the arguments which can be offered in support of scepticism; and all, by which the objections to it can be answered. From them, he deduces three propositions;—1st, that faith, the pure gift of God, is, alone, infallible:—2d, that human reason has, of herself, no means of arriving at any truth:—3rd, that consequently, in those points when faith appears to be opposed to reason, it is proper not to defer to the pretended lights of reason, and is a duty to attach oneself entirely to the infallibility of faith.

It was the second of the three propositions which gave the alarm: it must be admitted that in an unqualified meaning of the words, in which it is expressed, it imports the purest scepticism. But no one would have protested against this consequence more warmly than himself. He had a sigular veneration for the Bible. The abbe d'Olivèt, his biographer, informed us, that in his latter years, Huetius read little else; and that he had perused twenty-four times the original Hebrew. The treatise we have mentioned was not published till after his death. Scared at the doctrines imputed to it, his friends denied for a time its authenticity; but it was proved beyond controversy, by his biographers. Huetius had preluded to this treatise by "Alnetanie," or "Conversations at Alnat," (the country seat belonging to his see), which evidently contains the germ of the sceptical notions, propounded in his treatise.

The infidel series of sceptics, unless we are to class Montaigne among them, commenced with *la Mothe le Vayér;* his works gave great scandal in France, and did much mischief in their days.—*Peter Bayle, and David Hume,* equally illustrious by the greatness of their talents and their misuse of them, are too generally known to require particular mention. A neat refutation of the most objectionable tenets, in the sceptical works of the latter, closes the second part of the work before us.

The third part contains a general refutation of the sceptic philosophy: it is expressed with clearness and method. The work is ably written throughout. It deserves an English translation. The parts of *Brucker's History of Philosophy,* which regard the sceptic systems, appear to have been always under our author's eye; if a translation of this work should be undertaken, they should be always under the eye of the translator.

ART. XIX.—*A Table of the Spanish Verbs, regular and irregular.* By Don A. Munoz de Sotomayor. London: J. Robinson and Boosey & Son. 1828.

THIS table is the first of the kind we have seen in Spanish: we look upon its plan as a considerable improvement on that of Zotti's table for the Italian, and Juigné's for the French verbs. Mr. Sotomayor has divided the irregular verbs into two classes; the first, including those which, differing from the regular verbs in some of their tenses, may yet be classed into conjugations, there being several in each having the same irregularities, of which lists are given in the notes. The irregulars of the second class, or anomalous, are those whose irregularities are peculiar to themselves, and do not extend further than to their compounds. Among the 'general remarks' with which the table is enriched, those concerning the manner of forming the tenses from each other, by altering the termination, may be considered as forming a most useful key to that intricate part of foreign grammar. A list is also given of the Spanish verbs which have two participles; one regular, which is used with the auxiliary *haber*, and the other irregular, which is used with *ser* or *estar*, a feature peculiar to the Castilian tongue. In that, we consider Mr. Sotomayor's table as a most useful, we might say indispensable, assistant to the Spanish learner, and even to the Spanish scholar.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Foreign and Domestic.

A subscription has been opened at Rome for the object of raising a monument to the great epic poet of Italy, Tasso. A professor of the academy of San Luca, has drawn the design of the mausoleum which is to be placed in the church of St. Onofrio, where the poet's remains lie in an humble sepulchre. The names of the contributors will be engraved on the sides of the monument. Monsignor Mai is one of the committee appointed for the execution of this work.

A posthumous work of the architect Ferrari, who was a friend of Milizia and of Agincourt, styled "a Treatise on the Manner of Building Villas and Country Houses," is now publishing at Rome. It will consist of twelve numbers with engravings.

A new Treatise called *Arte Seropedia*, or directions for rearing up Silk-Worms, and for extracting, spinning and winding silk according to the new methods, has been published at Milan by Silvestri, after it had obtained the prize from the imperial institute.

The first volume of the *Tuscan Ornithology*, by Professor Savi, has been lately published at Pisa. It is a work of great research, and written with accuracy and elegance at the same time.

The well known archæologist Ciampi in a dissertation which he communicated to the Italian Athæneum of Florence, maintains that the runic characters are but alterations of the Greek and Latin letters which were introduced by the Celts and Scandinavians returning from their wars with Rome.

The elaborate work on Tuscan Antiquities, published at Florence, by the learned Cavaliere Inghirami, styled, *Monumenti Etruschi*, is now complete in 58 Nos. with plates.

The History of the War in the island of Cyprus (*Storia della guerra di Cipro*), by Paruta, the Venetian historian, has been lately republished at Siena in one vol. 8vo. Paruta was a man of rank and office under the Venetian government, and contemporary with the events he describes. The valorous defence of the Venetians against the immense forces of Selim II., the murderous sieges of Nicosia and Famagosta, the cruelties of the Turks at the taking of the latter places, and the lamentable fate of the Venetian commander Bragadino, who after a capitulation signed by the Turkish Pacha, was by order of the latter *flayed alive* in the square of Famagosta, exhibit a frightful picture of Mahomedan ferocity, and a memorable instance of the little security afforded by the "Ottoman word of honor."

Nota, the celebrated comic poet of Italy, produced a new piece in April last at Turin. It is entitled La Novella Sposa, and although the author had concealed his name, he was generally recognized by the regularity of the plot, the truth of the characters, and the dialogue.

Nicoline has just published a small volume of poems, entitled "The Two Novembers; Meditations." It breathes a spirit of noble and affecting sentiment, far removed from the common places we are so often doomed to read, on the subjects of old age and winter.

A lady named Luise Augusta Walker has lately given a free version of "Marmion" into Danish prose, which is a capital illustration of the old simile of the wrong side of tapestry; for her prose rolls on as cumbrously as the original octosyllabics trip lightly and boundingly before the reader.

The celebrated M. de Pradt is engaged in forming an experimental farm, as a school of practical husbandry for a part of central France. It is situated about a league from Allanches, on the great road from that city to Bort, in the department of Corrège.

The memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo (Savary), Bonaparte's Minister of Police, are announced to appear immediately.

Bonpland, the celebrated French botanist, still remains a prisoner in Paraguay. Feeling the impossibility of his return to Europe during the life-time of Dr. Francia, he determined to make the best of it, and, it appears, has realized a considerable fortune by agriculture.

The prospectus has been circulated of a French Journal, to be published at Alexandria, and to be called "L' Echo des Pyramids." It seems, however, that some difficulty has been experienced in obtaining the pacha's consent to the undertaking.

Baron Cuvier has announced a Histoire Naturelle des Poissons, containing more than 5000 species, described from nature, and arranged according to the connection of their structure, with observations on their anatomy, &c. The work will be in 15 or 20 vols. in 8vo., or 8 or 10 vols. in 4to, with a part of plates along with each volume. The plates will be on vellum paper, and some will be coloured.

The Geographical Society of Paris are in expectation of receiving some very interesting details respecting the Upper Senegal, from M. Prosper Gérardin, who lately returned to Africa. M. Muller, who resided for a long time in Egypt, and who accompanied M. Pacho in his travels in Cyrenaica, is also gone to Senegal, to act as a secretary and an interpreter.

The Count de Segur, Peer of France, has just published a "New Ancient and Modern History of the Jews," from the origin of that people to our times.

At a recent sitting of the Académie des Sciences, the election took place of a corresponding member in the chemical department of the Academy. There were seven candidates; among whom were Mr. Thomson, of Glasgow, and Mr. William Brande, of London. Mr. Arfwedson, of Stockholm, had the majority of votes.

The first number of the "Revue Trimestrielle," published by M. Buchon, contains, among others, articles on Victor Hugo's Cromwell: on the Works of the Chinese Philosopher Confucius; and on the Constitutional History of England, by Hallam. The latter is attributed to M. Augustin Thierry, the author of the "History of the Conquest of England by the Normans.

Literature has its statistics. It has been calculated, that the purchasing material in France does not exceed eight thousand individuals. The receipts of the different theatres of Paris do not vary from one year to another more than two hundred thousand francs. The total is nearly the same; its partition alone is unequal. Hence it follows, that one theatre prospers only at the expense of its neighbour.

The Geographical Society, at Paris, consists of 348 members, and sends 22 travellers to Peru, Columbia, Chili, Persia, India, Thibet, Arabia, Georgia, Armenia, Nubia, Abyssinia, and Senegal, not to mention the Antilles, or a voyage round the world. It is now proposed to grant one or two annual prizes for geographical discoveries, and to receive, at the meetings, papers written in English, Spanish, and Latin.

Mr. Hurwitz has presented to the University of London, a very valuable ancient Hebrew manuscript of the Pentateuch. It contains 220 columns written upon 47 skins. It was purchased about a year ago from the heirs of a Mr. Samuel Chai Ricco, a descendant of a Jewish family, which flourished in Italy some centuries ago, and gave birth to several learned men, whose works are still esteemed amongst the Jews. The form of the letters is evidently in the African and Spanish style, and the material upon which it is written is African skin, peculiarly prepared, being the substance denominated *gevil* in Rabbinical Hebrew, and on which only, according to the Talmud and Maimomides, was the law allowed to be written in ancient times. This circumstance proves the high antiquity of this manuscript, for almost all modern copies are written on *kelaf*, parchment. Mr. Hurwitz is of opinion, that it was writen in the 11th or 12th century.

The posthumous work of Dr. Spix, on the shells of Brazil, has just appeared, edited by Drs. Schrank and Martius. It forms one of the volumes of the interesting series of works on the natural history of Brazil, undertaken at the expense of the late King of Bavaria, by Drs. Spix and Martius, who travelled for several years over these magnificent regions.

Dr. Bischof, of Eisenach, has just published a dictionary of nearly 3,500 words and expressions used by the gipsies, with a German translation. These he collected with uncommon labour, from a number of gipsies who were confined in prison at Eisenach.

M. Jahn, of Copenhagen, has published a view of the military system of the northern nations, particularly the Danes, during the middle ages, till the invention of gunpowder; his work, however, is deficient in information respecting naval affairs.

The best of the Danish annuals appears to be the Gefion, edited by a lady named Eliza Beyer, an actress on the Copenhagen boards. She is ably supported by some of the first names in Danish literature, and she also judiciously adorns her pages with unpublished pieces of the older poets of Denmark.

There issue from the presses of Denmark about 30 works every month, during the season, comprising theology, medicine, botany, history, antiquities, poetry, commerce, and various other subjects. They also include translations from the ancient and modern languages:—among the latest of these are Danish versions of "Waverley," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Old Mortality;" Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and Lord Byron's "Heaven and Earth."

The Norwegian press, is one of the least prolific in Europe. It does not send forth more works in a year than that of Denmark in a month.—Its productions are for the greater part mere pamphlets.

The death-song of the Danish king Regnar Ladbrook, who, having been taken prisoner by the English, was thrown into a tower filled with serpents and venomous animals, and is supposed to have expired in the year 817, in the most dreadful torments, singing this wild and funeral song, has been published at Copenhagen, by M. Rafn—who has collated his copy with various manuscripts, added French and Latin translations, and accompanied the work with philological notes. This song is considered one of the most ancient productions of Icelandic literature.

The price of the translation of the history of Napoleon, by Sir Walter Scott, which was originally 54 francs at Paris, has fallen to 30 francs.

The same work has been re-printed in New York, in six volumes, and is sold for about half-a-guinea!

It appears that the Cherokee Indians have formed a popular government, and adopted a constitution similar in its principles to the constitutions of the American Union.

A new edition of the "Adventures of Naufragus," is in the press, and will be ready in a few weeks.

There will shortly appear a novel, in three volumes, entitled "The Croppies," the scene of which is of course laid in Ireland.

Mr. Gray, of the British Museum, has in the press Spicelegia Zoologica, consisting of coloured figures and short systematic descriptions of new and hitherto unfigured animals, with occasional synoptical monographs.—The first number will very soon appear.

M. Frederick Degeorge has nearly ready for publication a work, in one volume 8vo, to be entitled, "Du Journalisme en Angleterre," with the following motto from Voltaire:

'Nourri dans le Serail, J'en connois les detours.'

This work will be published simultaneously in London and Paris.

The second series of Chronicles of the Canongate, in three volumes, is nearly ready.

Sir Walter Scott has also a volume of Practical Essays on Gardening and Planting, which will be published by Murray, next winter.

The first number of a literary work, entitled the Harrovian, and edited by a Harrow boy, is announced.—Among other articles, it promises Sketches of Contemporaries in the years 1825—6—7.

Mr. Moore has it seems entered into an arrangement with Mr. Murray for the publication of a Life of Lord Byron, in consideration of the sum of 4,000 guineas. It may therefore be expected in the course of next season.

The celebrated Politz, assisted by many of the most eminent literati in the department of history, intends publishing an annual register for history and statistics for 1828.

A history of Bohemia, Hungary, and Austria is expected, from the pen of professor Schneller, of Freyburg.

Miss Edgeworth has far advanced in a novel called, "Taking for Granted."

It is intendeed to publish, at Halle, a Corpus Reformatorum, o complete collection of the Works of the Reformers; commencing with Melancthon, and continuing with Luther, Calvin, Zuinglius, and the minor Reformers. The celebrated Dr. Bretschneider is to be the editor. The works of every Reformer will be accompanied with a portrait, a fac-simile of his handwriting, and a short account of his life, together with a supplement of literary matter, and a copious index.

Several of the minor German states have recently united in taking measures to prevent the piratical invasions of the rights of authors. Goethe, indeed, by the unanimous vote of the German people, is secured from all such invasions of his property; and the heirs of Schiller also enjoy a similar privilege for his works.

An interesting pamphlet has just been published, in the Russian and German languages, under the title of "The Last Days of the Life of his late Majesty, Alexander I." ornamented by a pretty view of the Port of Taganrog, and a plan of the Palace which the late Emperor Alexander and the Empress Elizabeth inhabited in that town. It contains many affecting particulars, derived from sources, the authenticity of which appears to be unquestionable.

M. Kutschinskji, of Moscow, has published in Russian, a small work, entitled, "A Village in Little Russia," which exhibits a romantic picture of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of that district, compared with those of Great Russia. The author has annexed some popular songs and pastoral poems.

An interesting work has recently been published at Berlin, from the pen of M. Heyse, in which several disputed questions, respecting the life and travels of Herodotus are very ably and modestly treated. M. Heyse considers the period of the birth of the great historian to have occurred in the 74th Olympiad, 484 years before Christ, and six years after the battle of Marathon. He gives it as his opinion that Herodotus read his history at the Olympic games, in the 81st Olympiad; but that at that time it consisted merely of fragments. Twelve years afterwards, in the 84th Olympiad, Herodotus went to Thurium with a colony. He was then forty years old; and he completed his history, in that town, in the first year of the 63d Olympiad. He must, therefore, have been more than eighty when he died, at Thurium. M. Heyse thinks that Herodotus was never married. As for his travels, he visited Asia, Crete, Cyprus, Phœnicia, Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Assyria, and Media. In Africa, he went over Egypt; but did not penetrate into the interior of Lybia. The author affirms that he was at Cyrene, but doubts his having been at Carthage. Finally, in Europe, Herodotus travelled in Thrace, Macedonia, Italy, and, probably Sicily; but the precise epoch of any of his journeys and voyages cannot be ascertained.

The Manual of Rank and Nobility, or Key to the Peerage; containing the origin and history of the various Titles, Orders and Dignities, Armorial Bearings, Heraldic Emblems, Knights of Inheritance, Degrees of Precedence, Court etiquette, &c., &c., of the British Nobility, is now nearly ready for publication.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1828.

Art. I.—*A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus.* By Washington Irving. 4 vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1828.

The name of Washington Irving, prefixed to any work, is in itself a sufficient earnest of liberal sentiment and graceful composition. With generous principles and pure intellectual tastes, he unquestionably unites literary talents of no common order. The subject, also, which he has here chosen for the exercise of his powers, is one, if not of any real novelty, at least abounding both in romantic excitement and philosophical interest. It is a subject in many respects, congenial to his own poetical cast of feeling, his imaginative temperament, his amiable and enlightened spirit, and, above all, to his national enthusiasm as a citizen of that continent, of which the discovery has immortalised the fame of his hero. Endowed with such qualifications, and thus inspired by characteristic fondness for his design, it was easy to anticipate the degree of his success in its accomplishment; and it is needless to say, that he has produced a very amusing and elegant book.

But beyond this sincere tribute to Mr. Irving's general merits and ability as a writer, and to the felicitous display of his style in the particular instance before us, we have no higher praise to bestow upon the results of his labour. We cannot either recognise their pretensions to any remarkable historical value, or discern much proof of clear judgment in the use of the materials recently published in Spain, which seem to have prompted the idea of the present undertaking. One glaring defect which pervades the whole work, is the author's extravagant partiality for his hero. Hence, he has imbued his pages with far more of the colouring of mere romance, than of authentic narration. Hence he has rendered his book little superior to an historical novel: beautifully composed indeed, and full of animated and picturesque delineation; but in which, the real character of events is obscured in close subjection to the achievements and virtues of a favourite hero. Thus all the enemies of Columbus are here painted black: all the most suspicious, or at least, questionable actions of his life, extenuated, glossed over, or even represented as positive virtues. Not contented with exhibiting the real greatness of that extraordinary man, who, lowly in origin, and lofty in speculation,

> " Nudo nocchier, promettitor di regno,"

pierced the darkness of ocean, gave a new hemisphere to civilization, and filled the whole universe with his enduring glory, Mr. Irving has loved to invest even his weaknesses with the brilliant hues of his own pictorial fancy; to imagine the genius of the great mariner as something almost more than mortal; to clothe the very hallucinations of his intellect with a dreamy magnificence; and to signalize his ambition and enterprises—qualities, however honourable in themselves—with exemption from all human alloy of self-interested motives and worldly passions. This indulgence of the imagination is here, we must take leave to say, at best very foolish: overcharged in conception, untrue to nature, and injurious alike to sound reason and historical fidelity.

Another weighty objection to Mr. Irving's magnum opus, is its needless, and even wearisome prolixity: needless, because out of all due proportion, if we are to regard it seriously as an historical record, to the number of facts of any importance with which it presents us; and wearisome, even as a mere tale, because the slow progress of the story frequently keeps no pace with the well-informed reader's expectation of its striking vicissitudes. These, indeed, are only to be sought at immense intervals, " few and far between," among a huge mass of trivial details and common place reflections. There never was a more finished example of 'wire-drawing.' The thread of the narrative is spun out to its utmost capability of extension; and Mr. Irving has forced the few brilliant grains among his materials, to assume all the ductility of the most precious metals. His purpose is easily discoverable, from the beginning, to expand the attenuated subject into a given number of tomes. Nothing is more apparent, than that the book has, in the mercantile phrase, been " prepared to order at per volume;" or, in other words, that its value was to be estimated, *a priori*, by its length. By an error equally common and mischievous among the popular writers of our time, Mr. Irving has diluted the strength of his matter to increase its measure; and like his brethren he will find, we suspect, that he has weakened his reputation in the same ratio.

This premeditated resolution to be 'lengthy,' is palpably betrayed in almost every part of the work. In the first volume, a whole book of near a hundred pages, is occupied with the repeated proposals of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, which preceded his discoveries. We are detained with grievous precision over the particulars of all the abortive negociations, which for six long years mocked the hopes of the ardent adventurer; and it must be confessed, that the tediousness of the relation enables us feelingly to sympathise with his suspense and impatience. At the minuteness with which Mr. Irving next proceeds to narrate the circumstances of the first voyage of Columbus, we have no disposition to cavil. The grandeur of the whole enterprise, the heroism of the attempt, the constancy and courage of the great navigator in its prosecution, the difficulties of his situation, with a pusillanimous, ignorant, and mutinous crew; the awful solitude of a handful of men, first launched on the unexplored and trackless ocean, and the beauty with which a new world suddenly burst upon their enraptured gaze—all these are things to be read and contemplated again and again, with fresh and inexhaustible emotions of admiration and pleasure. These are subjects, moreover, around which the romance-loving pencil of Washington Irving is peculiarly adapted to throw a new, and yet more lively attraction than they have received from any previous artist; and accordingly the story of the first voyage of Columbus, and of the splendid scene of his subsequent reception by the consort monarchs to whom he had given a new empire, is not only by far the most fascinating, but the best executed portion of these volumes.

But the circumstances of Columbus's remaining voyages and life, are by no means possessed of nearly the same degree of interest. The great problem of maritime discovery had been solved by the master mind of the age: the subsequent adventures of the hero, were obscured by reverses, failures, and calamity; his enterprises, but repetitions of the first; his fortunes associated with the mismanagement and troubles of his ill-omened colony of Hispaniola. Yet, on these over-clouded portions of his career, our author has dilated with increased particularity, and still more elaborated length. The narrative of his second and third voyages is protracted through a whole volume; and another is filled with the misfortunes or errors of his colonial government, his return to Spain a prisoner and in chains, and the fruitless disasters of his last voyage. The verbosity with which the smallest and most trivial details of these events are treated, can be appreciated only after perusal of the book. The concluding volume is eked out in illustrations, of which we shall only say, that the greater part are absolutely devoid of novelty or importance; and that those which are most "german to the matter" of Columbus's life, are full of unnecessary repetitions. Thus, for one example only, we have four successive articles on the 'descendants of Columbus,' and on his son Fernando, on the 'lineage of Columbus,' and on his 'birthplace.' The whole of these might easily have been compressed into a single dissertation on the family of the illustrious navigator. But compression, it seems, was not the object: and in these several places (at pp. 106, 121 and 124), we have actually a thrice-told tale of the attempt of Balthasar Colombo, Lord of Cuccaro, in Piedmont, to establish his apocryphal claim of consanguinity with the discoverer. The plain fact is, that by pruning these various redundancies, and by cancelling the useless matter which is spread over the whole surface of the work, the contents of the four volumes might easily be embraced in two, without the omission of a single transaction of importance or interest, and without, in any respect, injuring the force or completeness of the narrative; which would, on the contrary, be proportionately improved in vigour and spirit by so salutary a revision and abridgment.

For swelling this history of Columbus to so unusual a size, the importance and novelty of the recently recovered documents relative to his life and enterprises, appear to have been assumed as a sufficient reason or excuse. But in truth, the value of these treasures themselves have been very much overrated. The principal part of them is contained in a collection of the voyages and discoveries of the Spaniards (Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos que hicieron por mar los Espanoles desde fines del Siglo XV., con varios documentos ineditos, &c.), by Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, Secretary of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid—a gentleman justly eulogised by Mr. Irving, as 'one of the last veterans of Spanish literature, who is almost alone, yet indefatigable in his labours, in a country where at present literary exertion meets with but little excitement or reward.' Of this work of Navarette, which has been before the world about two years, some account has already been given in our pages*. It was published by the royal authority, and contained, among other extracts from the national archives, many documents relating to the voyages of Columbus, such as his journals, letters, &c., which had until then remained wholly or partially unedited. Several of these pieces are certainly of considerable curiosity, as illustrating the personal character of the admiral; but they have really thrown very little new light on the important circumstances either of his life or discoveries.

Besides the contents of Navarrette's publication, Mr. Irving has enjoyed peculiar facilities for his undertaking during a residence at Madrid, in which the historical stores of the royal library, and of the library in the Jesuit's college of San Isidro, have been liberally opened to him. In the possession also of Mr. Rich, the American consul, 'one of the most indefatigable bibliographers in Europe,' under whose roof he was resident, he found an admirable collection of Spanish colonial history, which he declares was his main resource throughout the whole of his labours; and he also acknowledges 'the liberality of the Duke of Veraguas, the descendant and representative of Columbus, who submitted the archives of his family to his inspection, and took a personal interest in exhibiting the treasures they contained.' Mr. Irving adds, and it is impossible not to render the most unlimited confidence to his assurance, that he 'has diligently collated all the works which he could find relative to his subject, in print and manuscript: comparing them with original documents, those sure lights of historic research.' Yet, with all these advantages and industry, it is worthy of remark, as proving how little real addition has been made by the latest researches, to our acquaintance with the essential particulars of Columbus's life and discoveries, that the chief sources to which Mr. Irving has been compelled to refer for the compilation of his narrative, are still the old and familiar authorities, which were equally open to Robertson, and all former historians: such as the life of the admiral by his son Fernando; the relation of his contemporary and friend, the curate of Los Palacios; and the great works of Las Casas and Herrera.

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* Monthly Review, vol. v., pp. 167—175.

But the degree of value and novelty which attaches to the documents published by Don M. F. de Navarrete, or to any MSS. since accessible to Mr. Irving himself, will be best illustrated by such a cursory reference to the contents of the volumes before us, as our limits will permit. Of the early life of Columbus, not one additional fact has been established with tolerable certainty, except that he was born in the city of Genoa itself: a question which had long been disputed with ludicrous virulence, by several of the *eruditissimi* and academics of Italy, who have variously contended for the claims of Piedmont, Lombardy, and Liguria; and the squabble has even been subdivided among the few towns in the narrow territory of Genoa. This solemn trifling of the Italian antiquaries has been imitated by Mr. Irving: for he, too, devotes a separate dissertation to a point, which might have been settled in half a dozen lines, in the outset, as easily as it is done at the conclusion. Columbus himself twice declares in his will, that he *was born in the city of Genoa.* The fact only, and not the mere wrangling which its discovery has set at rest, *is* interesting: for it ascertains one more of those spots which genius has hallowed. The exact time of his birth, as well as the condition of his parentage, still remains in its original obscurity. He was born, according to Mr. Irving, about the year 1435, or 1436; and his father was a tradesman of Genoa, either a dealer in woollen cloths, or simply a wool-comber: for the matter is variously stated, and the proof uncertain, though Mr. Irving positively assigns to him the latter occupation. That the great navigator sprang immediately from a line of very humble citizens, appears, however, certain. But his Italian name of Colombo—which he always latinised into Columbus, and to suit the Castilian ear, changed, on his arrival in Spain, to Colon—was common to several noble families of his native country; who, after his elevation and death, were glad to claim consanguinity with so illustrious a person; and it is not improbable, though the pretension is totally unsupported by evidence, and the point in itself very immaterial, that he may remotely have descended from the same stock with some or all of them.

Of the early life of Columbus absolutely nothing is known except by casual statements in his letters, that he first went to sea at the early age of fourteen, and that he was at some subsequent period, in the naval service of Reinier, of Anjou, the titular king of Naples. His son and biographer, Fernando, evidently had either no authentic information to afford, or none which he cared to disclose, of his early adventures; and modern inquirers have not succeeded in removing any part of the obscurity in which his youthful fortunes were veiled. No sure reliance is to be placed on the vague stories, of his having sailed and fought in the Mediterranean under two rather distinguished Genoese commanders, uncle and nephew, of his own name; and of his having, in a sea fight with some Venetian galleys off the Portuguese coast, escaped from the conflagration of his vessel by swimming on shore. The tale of his first arrival in Portugal, which Robertson and other historians have implicitly repeated after Fernando Columbus, Mr. Irving has had the good sense to reject as 'somewhat romantic and apocryphal' from its incompatibility with the real date of the sea fight to which it refers. With some tenderness, however, for the veracity of Fernando, our author proceeds to suppose his hero may still have been in the action: but it certainly did not occur till the summer of 1485, a year after Columbus had finally quitted Portugal with his son Diego; and we are surprised Mr. Irving has failed to remark that, at the same epoch, Columbus must, according to all calculation, already have arrived in Spain. He is known to have remained some considerable time at the Franciscan convent near Palos, from whence he set out, early in the spring of 1486, for the Spanish court. At all events so material an error in the work of Fernando, whether undesigned or wilful, is quite sufficient to throw discredit on his whole relation of the first part of his father's life.

To revert to the order of time in the biography of Columbus, in whatever manner or for whatever purpose, he first arrived in Portugal, the authentic history of his adventures commences only with his residence in that country. The encouragement given by the Portuguese court in that age, to the rising spirit of national discovery, rendered Lisbon a sufficient centre of attraction for every professional adventurer of courage and skill; and Columbus probably repaired thither, as a throng of his countrymen from the maritime republics are known to have done, because it had become the most promising scene of naval enterprise. He is supposed to have arrived at Lisbon about the year 1470; and he there contracted the well-known marriage which seems to have determined the future occupation of his speculative mind, and to have suggested his magnificent projects of discovery. His wife was the orphan daughter of Bartolomeo Palestrello, himself an Italian navigator in the service of Portugal, who had colonized and governed the island of Porto Santo; and the possession of his charts and papers, is said to have familiarised Columbus with the course of the Portuguese in their discoveries, and to have inflamed his passions for such enterprises. He himself sailed occasionally in the Portuguese expeditions to the coast of Guinea; and his wife's inheritance of some property in Porto Santo, inducing him to go to that island to settle, his residence there brought him, as Mr. Irving has well observed, 'on the very frontier of discovery.'

In this manner, his frequent intercourse with the Portuguese navigators, the warmly agitated problem of a maritime route to India, and the revival of the wild dreams of the ancients regarding the fabulous Atalantis, and other "islands beyond the western main," all wrought together upon a susceptible and heated imagination, and fixed the ardent purpose of his resolute spirit.—Joining to much practical experience as a seaman, a thorough acquaintance with all the nautical science (such as it was) of his age, and all the speculations of the ancient geographers, he was easily led to conclude, from the earth's spherical figure, that by sailing continually westward, he must at last arrive at the eastermost parts of India. Nor was such an hypothesis without support from recent indications. From various persons Columbus learned that, during westerly winds, pieces of carved wood, and trunks of trees torn up by the roots had both been discovered, far out on the Atlantic, floating from that quarter, and were frequently thrown up upon the coasts of the Azores; and upon one occasion, that the dead bodies of two men, whose singular features resembled neither those of the inhabitants of Europe or Africa, were cast ashore on those islands.

In all this account of the process of professional observation, study and reflection, through which Columbus arrived at the maturity of his hopes, there is of course nothing new; and Mr. Irving has merely had to repeat it for the hundreth time from the pages of Fernando. But he deserves some credit for the ability and success with which he has finally cleared away the absurd doubts, that have at times been opposed to the original merit of Columbus, as the real discoverer of the New World. Such are the idle tales of the tempest-tossed pilot, who is reported to have died in his house, and bequeathed to him written accounts of an unknown country in the west, upon which he had been driven; the assertion that the German cosmographer Martin Behem, while in the Portuguese service, had preceded him in the discovery of the American Continent, and the contradictory legends of the Scandinavian voyages, with which Columbus *might* have become acquainted during his visit to the north seas in 1477. Without following Mr. Irving through the evidence and arguments which he adduces on all these pretensions, he has, it is sufficient to say, satisfactorily shewn, that the story of the pilot is as destitute of authentic foundation as of probability; that the often quoted globe, constructed by Behem while Columbus was absent on his first voyage, in fact proves a total ignorance of any western continent; that the relations of the Scandinavian discoveries abound in contradictions;—and that even, if Columbus could have derived any hints from them in 1477, he had already, three years earlier, in his well known correspondence with Paolo Toscanelli, broached his project of a western passage to India.

We cordially join with Mr. Irving, in his reprobation of 'that meddlesome spirit which, in the garb of learned research, goes prying about the traces of history, casting down its monuments, and marring and mutilating its fairest trophies.' To the genius of Columbus belongs, beyond all reasonable doubt, the full merit of having originated, in its daring conception, the grand idea of attempting the western passage across the mysterious Atlantic. But equally wanton and extravagant, with such injustice to his real fame, is the effort to invest the character of his mind with any superior illumination to that of the times which produced him. The age was ripe for the event. The inquisitive and restless spirit of discovery which was already prevalent, the persevering enterprise of the Portuguese, their rapid advances in maritime science, the diffusion of their intelligence by the invention of printing, and, especially, the timely application of the astrolabe to navigation, the incalculable advantages of which, at such a juncture, have seldom been sufficiently dwelt upon,—all promised the sudden and immense enlargement of geographical knowledge. At the hazard of being encountered by the favourite but puerile illustration of the egg, of which Mr. Irving is, we perceive, a notable admirer, we shall have little hesitation in concluding, when we attentively observe the signs of that age, that, if Columbus had not shewn the way to the western continent, its discovery must still have been the achievement of his century. Nay, eight years only later than his first voyage, accident had almost given that honour to the Portuguese in an expedition, neither suggested by, nor connected with, his enterprises; and the fortuitous arrival of Cabral on the coast of Brazil, during his voyage to India, justifies the reflection of Robertson, that "chance might have accomplished that great design, which it is now the pride of human reason to have formed and perfected."

Mr. Irving is, therefore, right, when he limits the true intellectual glory of Columbus in his discovery, (how vast and brilliant even in its limitation!) to the conceptions of a vigorous genius, 'quickened by the impulse of his age, and aided by those scattered gleams of knowledge which fall ineffectually upon ordinary minds.' But he is less reasonable and philosophical upon other points, in the contemplation of his hero's mental character and favourite pursuits. The moral intelligence of Columbus had, in no respect, advanced beyond his times. That he was habitually pious and devout, according to the feelings of his age, is undoubted. He was animated, further, we are told, by a deep religious conviction, that he was a chosen instrument in the hands of Heaven for the accomplishment of its high purposes; and several of his letters do certainly breathe this enthusiastic and elevated sentiment. But it was an enthusiasm akin to that which inspired the sanguinary heroes of the crusades, in the darkest centuries; and whatever visionary aspirations Columbus indulged, for the conversion of the western heathen, and the benefit of mankind, by his discoveries, were mingled with vows of extermination against the infidels of the old world. A new crusade to Palestine was the favourite dream of his imagination; and if he designed to carry the gospel of peace among the pagans of his imaginary Cathay and Cipango, it was only that the wealth of the gorgeous regions which Marco Polo had taught him to expect, might be employed in renewing the horrors of the extinguished crusades on the opposite shores of Asia. This was an inconsistency not unnatural, indeed, in a bigotted age, but which proved that the mind of Columbus was not raised, in any degree, above its intolerance and fierceness. But whatever was the ultimate project which warmed the fanaticism of Columbus, it is evident, from the whole strain of his letters, and from the tenor of the conditions which he imposed upon the Spanish monarchs, that the wealth of the further India was the immediate charm which lured him to attempt the western deep. The spices and other precious commodities of the east, were the objects which animated the enterprise and cupidity of the Portuguese, in their search for the maritime passage to the shores of Arabia and Hindostan: in the same spirit only with his contemporaries, the imagination of Columbus revelled in the anticipated spoils of Cathay and Cipango. Those hidden empires of exhaustless treasure were the alchymy of his hopes; and it is curious to observe, that even the real wonders of his discovery had no power to remove the delusion, with which the splendid dreams of travellers, respecting those countries, had inveterately occupied his mind. It is little to the credit of his boasted sagacity and judgment that, to his latest hour, despite of evidence and experience, he was still beguiled and blindly misled by the same visionary speculations which had prompted his earliest efforts; and it is not too much to say, that he died in a strange and wilful ignorance of the real extent and grandeur of his discovery; imagining not that he had given a new hemisphere to commerce and civilization, but that he had merely opened another route to the opulent regions of the old world.

It has always been known, that the project of Columbus was developed and matured in his own mind, during his residence in, or connection with, Portugal, and for full ten or even fifteen years before he procured the requisite patronage for its accomplishment. But Mr. Irving has not succeeded in removing any part of the obscurity in which all the portion of his life, between the formation of his plan and his first appearance in Spain, has still remained shrouded. Columbus is said to have made the first and ineffectual offer of undertaking a western voyage of discovery, to his native country, Genoa; but there is no evidence of the fact. His earliest negociation, of which there is an authentic record, is his well-known proposal to the Portuguese court, which met with a final rejection; and he left Portugal in the year 1484. From this period, until his application to Ferdinand and Isabella, of Spain, two years later, no trace has been preserved of his movements, except the isolated fact of his arrival on the coast of Andalusia, which was given on the testimony of a physician of Palos, in the famous lawsuit, after his death, between the crown and his heir, Don Diego Columbus. Whence he had come, this evidence does not clearly shew; but this first notice of his appearance, in Spain, has something of mystery in it, which is at once romantic and touching. That he had struggled hard with poverty since his departure from Portugal, says Mr. Irving, 'would appear from the destitute condition in which we first meet with him in Spain; nor is it the least extraordinary circumstance of his eventful life, that he had in a manner to beg his way from court to court, to offer to princes the discovery of a world.' The spirited passage in which our author has related this first appearance of his hero in Spain, is worth copying:

> 'About half a league from the little sea-port of Palos de Moguer stood, and stands at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria de Rabida. According to the testimony of the physician, a stranger, on foot, accompanied by a young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, Fray Juan Perez de Marchena, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger; and, observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learned the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus, accompanied by his young son Diego. Whence he had come from does not clearly appear; that he was in destitute circumstances is evident from the mode of his way-faring; he was on his way to the neighbouring town of Huelra, to seek his brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.
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> 'The prior was a man of extensive information. His attention had been turned, in some measure, to geographical and nautical sciences, probably from his vicinity to Palos, the inhabitants of which were among the most enterprising navigators of Spain, and made frequent voyages to the recently discovered islands and countries on the African coast. He was greatly interested by the conversation of Columbus, and struck with the grandeur of his views. It was a remarkable occurrence in the monotonous life of the cloistered monk, that a man of such singular character, intent on so extraordinary an enterprise, should apply for bread and water at the gate of his convent. He detained him as his guest, and diffident of his own judgment, sent for a scientific friend to converse with him:—that friend was Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, the same who furnishes this interesting testimony. Fernandez was equally struck with the appearance and conversation of the stranger. Several conferences

took place at the old convent, and the project of Columbus was treated with a deference in the quiet cloisters of La Rabida, which it had in vain sought amidst the bustle and pretensions of court-sages and philosophers. Hints, too, were gathered among the veteran mariners of Palos, which seemed to corroborate his theory. One Pedro de Velasco, an old experienced pilot of the place, affirmed, that, nearly thirty years before, in the course of a voyage, he was carried by stress of weather so far to the north-west, that Cape Clear, in Ireland, lay to the east of him. Here, though there was a strong wind blowing from the west, the sea was perfectly smooth, a remarkable circumstance, which he supposed to be produced by land lying in that direction. It being late in August, however, he was fearful of the approach of winter, and did not venture to proceed on the discovery.

'Fray Juan Perez possessed that hearty zeal in friendship, which carries good wishes into good deeds. Being fully persuaded that the proposed enterprise would be of the utmost importance to the country, he offered to give Columbus a favourable introduction at court, and he advised him by all means to repair thither, and make his propositions to the Spanish sovereigns. Juan Perez was on intimate terms with Fernando de Talavera, prior of the monastery of Prado, and confessor to the queen, a man high in royal confidence, and possessing great weight in public affairs. To him he gave Columbus a letter, strongly recommending the adventurer and his enterprise to the patronage of Talavera, and requesting his friendly intercession with the king and queen. As the influence of the church was paramount in the court of Castile, and as Talavera, from his situation as confessor, had the most direct and confidential communication with the queen, every thing was expected from his mediation. In the meantime, Fray Juan Perez took charge of the youthful son of Columbus, to maintain and educate him at his convent. The zeal of this worthy man, thus early enkindled, never cooled; and many years afterwards, in the day of his success, Columbus looks back through the brilliant crowd of courtiers, prelates and philosophers, who claimed the honour of having patronised his enterprise, and points to this modest friar, as one who had been most effectually its friend."—vol. i. pp. 95, 100.

From the convent of La Rabida it was that Columbus, thus furnished with introductions to the court, proceeded in the spring of 1486, to Cordova, where Ferdinand and Isabella then kept their state during the Moorish war. With his arrival at that city, the doubtful portion of his adventures may be held to terminate altogether; and every material event in his subsequent fortunes is too familiarly recorded in the common histories of his life, to leave us any temptation for following Mr. Irving through the beaten track of his subject. His whole elaborate account of the long protracted attendance of Columbus at the Spanish court, and of the final acceptance of his proposals, positively does not contain a syllable that was not equally well known before. But the narrative of his first voyage, has never been given with so much animation and elegance, as in Mr. Irving's pages; and for our single further specimen of the style of his volumes, we cannot omit to offer the climax of beautiful composition, in which is related the magnificent event of the discovery of the new world.

'For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colours; some of them, such us sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the south-west, and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny-fish played about the smooth sea; and a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by the ships was fresh and green, as if recently from land; and the air, Columbus observes, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

'All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when, on the evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into clamorous turbulence. They exclaimed against the obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon returning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavoured to pacify them by gentle words, and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamour, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indias, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

'Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighbouring land were such, on the following day, as no longer to admit a doubt. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish, of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn, with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to expectation; and, throughout the day, each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

'In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the marines had sung the *salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God, in thus conducting them, by such soft and favouring breezes, across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs; increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorised such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant look-out to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

'The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the Pinta keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high-poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety, and now when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and enquired whether he saw a light in that direction; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same enquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards, in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or if in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

'They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the Pinta gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

'The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

'It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The morning light which he had beheld, had proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination, in those times, was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendour of oriental civilization.'—vol. i. pp. 227—235.

This triumphant result of the first voyage of Columbus, or at least the honourable reception which it obtained for him at the

Spanish court on his return, was the brightest moment of his life. The inauspicious formation of the colony of Hispaniola in his second voyage, which linked his destiny thenceforth with the fortunes of that turbulent settlement, narrowed the range of his subsequent discoveries, dimmed the meridian of his glory, and darkened all his latter years with sorrow, disappointment and humiliation. Until the achievement of his first enterprise, Columbus appears on the theatre of history, characterized to us only by the grandeur of his projects, his constancy in urging them, and his magnanimous fortitude and perseverance in their accomplishment. If he had then died, before his second expedition, he would have left behind him a sublimity of renown, almost unparalleled by the most wonderful individuals of the human race. But his petty broils with inferiors, his struggles for defence and recrimination, which occupy all the last pages of his story, sadly disfigure his earlier dignity; and whether the result be attributable to his misfortune or error, it equally exhibits him as an ordinary man, plunged in the low vexations of colonial squabbles, and mixed up with the mean intrigues and caprices of courtly service.

The immediate cause of the great admiral's reverses, was, as is well known, the disorder and confusion into which he found, on his landing at Hispaniola in his third voyage, that the affairs of that island had fallen, during his absence, under his brother's administration. These troubles were aggravated, rather than appeased, by the measures which he pursued after his arrival. The precise merits of his conduct in so difficult a command it is now impossible to determine: it is only clear that he was either unable or unfit to restore order. Yet Mr. Irving has unhesitatingly pronounced a verdict of guilt against the whole host of enemies, collectively and individually, whom his proceedings had created. He seems to have had no suspicion that the rule of the admiral and his brother may really have been arbitrary, unjust, ill-judged, or passionate. That a great deal of the opposition to him originated in envy and malignant cabal, is indeed highly probable: but the universal discontent of the colonists at his government, could scarcely have been without some foundation; and the fact of the general existence of such a feeling, affords a strong presumption against his entire innocence. Nor is there wanting some more direct evidence, which proves his defect either of judgment or conduct. He is acknowledged to have contravened the positive commands and benevolent intentions of queen Isabella, by selling some of the Indians of Hispaniola for slaves; and again, as another trait of character, we find him in one of his letters to his sovereigns urging them, with inexcusable treachery, not to ratify the solemn capitulation which he had concluded with the malcontents of the colony. Even Mr. Irving (vol. iii. p. 51,) is here reduced to denounce the reasoning, with which his hero attempted to enforce this infamous counsel, as 'rather sophistical.'

We have before, in our notice of Navarette's work, expressed our conviction that that writer succeeds in exculpating Ferdinand and Isabella, from at least some part of the popular charge of ingratitude to Columbus. Mr. Irving's opinion on this point is of course at issue with our own. Yet it is evident from his own admissions (vol. iii. pp. 84—93,) that the sovereigns are not only overwhelmed with complaints against the admiral, but slow to receive and reluctant to credit them, until the arrival in the Spanish ports of vessels with enslaved Indians on board, gave practical proof of the improper conduct and pertinacious disobedience of Columbus, in one material point at least of their express commands. Even then, they evidently proceeded with the intention of great forbearance and respect towards him, in merely sending out a commissioner to investigate the causes of the prevailing discontents at Hispaniola. Unhappily their choice fell on a person (Bobadilla), who, although until then bearing a high reputation, evinced himself in every way ill-qualified for his delicate office; and to whom, with singular imprudence, they gave authority to supersede Columbus only on proof of his culpability; thus rendering it the interest of the judge to convict the man whose fall was to prepare his own elevation. By far the more judicious course would have been to adopt the resolution, from which their very tenderness for Columbus perhaps recoiled; to have summoned him to Spain at once to answer the accusation against him. It would have preserved their own fame from the reproach which has naturally, but as it should seem unfairly, been heaped upon them by the iniquitous violence of their agent, in sending the illustrious discoverer, a captive and in chains, to that country whose dominion and glory he had enriched with a new ocean empire.

It has never been denied that Ferdinand and Isabella hastened to make a signal reparation to Columbus for the shameful indignity to which he had so unworthily, and so contrary to their intentions, been subjected. Bobadilla was immediately recalled, and the admiral was restored to all his honours and emoluments, except the viceroyalty of the Indies. But in thus withholding the restitution of the absolute authority over the newly-discovered countries, for which Columbus had originally stipulated, Ferdinand was assuredly guilty of a gross breach of contract. Far too great as were the powers claimed by Columbus, to be delegated with safety to any subject, they had not the less been deliberately conceded to his demands in the outset; and though political expediency has often been pleaded with less weighty excuse, for the violation of treaties, the chicanery of Ferdinand in this transaction, so consonant with his wily and perfidious character, must be condemned upon every true principle of morality and honour.

In calmly surveying all the latter part of the life of Columbus, it is curious to consider how largely his memory has been indebted for the affectionate veneration of later times, to the wrongs which he suffered in his own:—to the brutal severity of Bobadilla, and the selfish injustice of Ferdinand. The chains with which the discoverer of the New World was ignominiously loaded like a felon, the disappointment and difficulties in which his latter days were consumed, have done more for his fame than all the splendour of his original success. In their indignation and sympathy for his injuries and destitution, posterity have forgotten to enquire how far the former were provoked by his own errors—how much of the latter was temporary and accidental. The complaints with which his letters are filled in a strain so simple, so affecting, and breathing, so forcibly the anguish of a proud and wounded spirit, are read in forgetfulness that the writer was no dispassionate judge in his own cause, and that, whatever the real amount of his errors may have been, he was not likely to compare the less bitterly the magnitude of the services, which he had rendered, with the imperfect measure of their reward. It is a natural and generous prejudice which blinds the enthusiastic observer to the imperfections and failings of genius; which, in contemplating one of the most melancholy reverses of human grandeur, is impatient of analyzing too minutely the retributive causes of its declension. Into such a prejudice almost all the biographers of Columbus have fallen; and the opinion of the world has too readily consecrated its adoption. In this illusion also, it will be gathered from our strictures, that Mr. Irving, with the imagination and fervour of a poet, has largely participated. Dazzled by the brilliant achievments, and deeply affected by the subsequent calamities of his hero, he has viewed his whole career under the excitement of his own warm and enthusiastic feeling: but his present work is a proof, that romantic feeling is not the safest quality for the historian to indulge; and Mr. Irving has not always been sufficiently alive to the recollection, that his task demanded rather the severe,—the less grateful—scrutiny of a cool and impartial judgment.

ART. II.—*Symbolik und Mythologie der Alten Völker besonders der Griecken*, von Dr. Fr. Creuzer, Professor der Alten Literatur zu Heidelberg. Zweite völlig umgearbeitete Ausgabe. Leipzig und Darmstadt, 1er Theil, 1819. 2er Theil, 1820. 3er und 4er Their, 1821.

Anti-Symbolik, von J. H. Voss. 1er Theil, 1823. 2er Theil, 1827.

Religions de l'Antiquité, &c. &c., par J. D. Guignaut, ancien professeur d'histoire, &c. Paris, 1825. Treuttel & Würtz. 3 vols. 8vo.

Mythologische Briefe, von J. H. Voss. 8vo. 1827.

IN a former volume of this Journal, we gave some account of the first volume of the learned Creuzer's work on the Religions of Antiquity, considered chiefly as to their symbolical and mythological forms. The subject is one that affords ample room for philosophic speculation, and the German scholars have recently applied to it with their characteristic industry. It is certainly a remarkable circumstance, that in all the religious observances of the nations of antiquity, a uniform and extended connection has been found to exist. The inference naturally is, that there must have been some common source from which these different streams emanated, and to the discovery of that source have the learned directed their laborious investigations. Revelation, tradition, and the universal testimony of history, pointed to the East as the cradle of the world; and from the recent light thrown upon Oriental literature and hieroglyphics, by Von Hammer,[*] Silvestre de Sacy, the Von Schlegels, and other distinguished Orientalists, (the extraordinary discoveries of our illustrious countryman, Dr. Young, were not published at the commencement of the present controversy), the mythologists came to the subject with increased advantages.

Former writers had erred in placing implicit reliance upon the Greek authors, who were either ignorant of the Eastern philosophy, or the dupes of artful priests. The practice, too, which those authors adopted, of translating into their own language the proper names of the cities, &c., in the East, presented additional difficulties. Yet with all the facilities of which writers of the present day are possessed, they have only obtained some faint traces of the great world—spirit—the ethereal breath of life which was to animate these *disjecta membra* into one harmonious whole, was yet wanting. Among those who aspired to the powers of Prometheus, Professor Creuzer was one of the most distinguished. He had penetrated into the different recesses of mythology, and studied the theories of the ancients until he became imbued with their spirit. But the poetic richness of his fancy sometimes seduced him from the sober limits of calm inquiry into the devious paths of imagination, and hence he mystified himself and his readers. If the soundness of his judgment had equalled his gigantic erudition, his readers would have had little more to desire. Of the plans to be pursued in tracing the origin of symbolical language, he writes justly and eloquently. Every hill and valley, wood and stream, should be explored, and the national or local traditions of which it had been the scene, should be investigated. But it is by diligently comparing the variations, which however arbitrary they may appear on a superficial view, will most frequently be found to have originated in natural causes, that the truth will be ascertained. Animals transplanted from one climate to another, in a few generations lose many of the distinguishing marks of their peculiar species, and assimilate in habits and constitution to their fellow-animals in their new abode.

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[*] We shall take an early opportunity of making our readers acquainted with the History of the Ottoman Empire, by this eminent scholar.—Rev.

So also it is with the body and the mind of man. But when Creuzer, in his enthusiasm, talks of mythology as the language of nature conveyed in symbols, and rolls on impetuously with high-sounding words and vague phrases, supporting his theories by arguments etymological, analogical, psychological, until profusion becomes confusion, he bewilders and perplexes his readers without convincing them. His love of system has led him, like most learned men, to view things through the medium of his preconceived opinions. Mythology is defined by Hermann, the opponent of Creuzer, as teaching us what ideas the ancients represented by means of symbols. This Grecian severity of outline exhibits in a remarkable manner the difference of these two scholars. But the most unrelenting antagonist of the author of the *Symbolick*, was Voss, the celebrated translator of Homer. Of him we shall now say no more, than that it is fortunate that his reputation rests on a more solid basis than the intemperate reprints from the Jena Gazette. It is but justice to add, that the second volume of the Anti-Symbolick, which was published after the death of the author, is more free from the personalities which disgraced the first; and that it contains many interesting particulars respecting the German literati. Mr. Guignaut has not confined himself to a mere translation of Creuzer's work, but has remodelled and improved the subject by many judicious alterations and additions; we think, however, that in removing into the notes, the Essay on the Sources of the Religion and Mythology of the Hindoos, which formed part of the text in the original, he has diminished the value of the succeeding chapters. It would have been easy to have extended the lists of writers on this subject; but as our readers probably think that we have kept them long enough on the threshold, we shall proceed without further preface to make such remarks as our limited space will allow.

Symbols and symbolical language are the natural consequences of the division of human nature into its two constituent parts, matter and spirit. Ideas are conveyed to the mind by sensation and reflection. But as man is under the influence of sensation long before we have reason to think him capable of reflection, he transfers the feelings and impressions of sense to those of mind. Hence, by a reference to objects of sense, the poet, the philosopher, or the priest, renders that intuitively intelligible, which before such allusion, was utterly incomprehensible. The symbol, then, is an appeal to the immutable laws of nature; not the result of priestcraft or artifice. It has its foundation in the mystery of life itself, in the mutual connexion which exists between all the different branches of creation.

Amongst the phenomena which would attract the notice of mankind in the earliest stages of society, the central motion could not have been overlooked; and accordingly we find, that one of the earliest symbolic representations appears to have been that of the circular distribution. Proofs of this are seen in the vestiges of primitive temples, which yet exist in many places. In the centre was most probably the symbol of the Deity. Such were the Pyrætheia of the Persians, the Celtic temples of the North, and the most ancient temples mentioned by the Greeks, one of which, built by Adrastus, a generation before the Trojan war, remained at Sicyon in the time of Pausanias.

Descending from general observations to the symbols in use among single nations, it follows as a matter of course, that we should begin with those whose existence can be traced to the remotest antiquity. The Greeks and Romans confessedly received much from other nations which they interwove with their own religious ceremonies. The people, therefore, to whom we must first direct our attention, are either the Egyptians or the Indians. These two nations exhibit many extraordinary resemblances in doctrine, constitution, and culture, but their means of connection are unknown to us. India is divided from Egypt by a large tract of land, and who is able "to build the bridge* over this abyss?"

Although the boasted antiquity of the Egyptians must be in a great measure fabulous, yet we know of no nation that could trace their history back to so remote a period. The inhabitants boasted that they derived their doctrines from themselves alone. So early as the time of the patriarch Abraham, Egypt was celebrated for its luxury; and the collossal works which, five hundred years before the Christian era, excited the astonishment and admiration of the Greeks, are proofs of their progress in civilization. In Egypt the priesthood instructed the people *en masse*, but never cultivated to any high pitch *individual* powers; hence their culture was stationary. In considering the origin and nature of the Egyptian religion, the Nile arrests our attention. To him who attentively considers the regular rise and fall of this river, its attendants, the ibis and the crocodile, the influence of the sun and moon upon its inundations, and the contrast presented by the burning sands of the Libyan and Arabian desert; much that at first sight appears difficult to be accounted for, admits of an easy solution. Two principal ideas are discernible throughout the Egyptian system —Osiris and Hermes. To transcribe the story connected with them, would occupy more space than we can devote to the whole of this article; it is sufficient to observe, that we can trace the influence of situation and climate in both of them. Every thing springs form water; and the marriage of the great deities, their love, their separation, the death of the husband, and the subsequent events, from the popular legend of the natural and annual history of Egypt. Every where we behold the allegorical interpretation of the solar and lunar year. Thus, the sun in the Ram, the first sign of the spring-year, is Amun; in the Bull, the second sign, Osiris. Hence the fable makes Osiris the adopted son of Jupiter Amun. Osiris and Isis are here general natural deities, and indicate the powers of nature, as Eswara and Isi among the Hindoos. According to the theological opinions of the ancient Egyptians, as well as throughout the East, an emanation-system prevails, so that every attribute of God is either wholly God, or identical with the whole God; so Osiris, in his highest potentiality, becomes the highest being himself, or one of his revelations. But these revelations are,—1st, as Amun, (Ammon Jupiter), inasmuch as he brings to light the unrevealed originals of things, the prototypes, the ideas—Omnipotence.

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* A. W. Von Schlegel.

2dly, as Phthas, in his demiurgic perfection, inasmuch as he brings into reality that ideal world, and arranges every thing truly and faultlessly—Wisdom.

3dly, as Osiris, inasmuch as he is the original of good, the source of all life and happiness—Goodness.

This highest being, whose evolutions we have mentioned, was called, in the *popular* system, Osiris; but metaphysically, in the *sacerdotal* system, sometimes Ammon, sometimes Kneph; (by the Greeks usually 'Αγαθον δαίμων). According to this legend, Osiris, as Kneph, would be the highest being himself. In the second instance, he is the Sun; here he is the adopted son of Amun; i. e. this physical sun is only an emanation of that metaphysical light, which we call Amun. This entrance of the highest το αγαθον into all the spheres of the world, forms the fundamental idea of all the higher religious systems of the East. Both Diodorus and Manetho name eight primary Gods, as the first race; among these is Pan (Mendes). These Gods indicate the real origin of things; they are the gods of reason (θεοι νοζτοι). In them the physical has no part. But as this first order of the gods contains the ground of the real world, from it, as from the original light, and more or less similar to it, proceed other powers. Next follows the second race, of twelve Gods; but to proceed in the different ramifications would be endless.

When we behold the highest being revealing himself as goodness and love (Osiris), in combat with the bad (Typhon); (for love can only be exhibited by means of its opposite;) obliged to suffer as a man, and enduring even death to become the Saviour of his people; (for Osiris must die, that from the dry desert, the rich land of the mighty Pharaohs might arise) we easily recognise emanation and evolution as the leading idea of this system, which exhibits much that is diametrically opposite to the notions of the Greeks. According to these, only mortals or demigods could suffer mortality: hence, the Greek Osiris, Dionysus, must be born of a mortal virgin. This great difference between Hellenism and Orientalism, rendered the Greek writers but uncertain guides on subjects connected with eastern religions. For the theories of Plutarch and Herodotus, we must refer our readers to the original works. The whole of the *history of* the ancient Egyptian opinions, during the reigns of the kings, (after the departure of the gods) is curious and interesting. On attentively examining the Egyptian mythology, we behold much that was afterwards embodied in the religion of the Greeks. But we cannot bestow more time on the consideration of the Egyptian religion as Naturalism; we must now consider it in an ideal sense; for all the religions of the east exhibit, when viewed on one side, Naturalism; and on the other, more or less of Idealism. If Osiris be considered as the symbol of natural life, Hermes represents the embodied spiritual life. This deity, to whom Egyptian and Phœnician tradition attributes the origin of all knowledge, appears under different names, as Anubis, Thoth, and Hermes. As Anubis, he is termed golden, because he is the inhabitant of the brightest of the stars,—the genius of Sirius, or the dog-star, the saving star of the year. It was considered the precursor of the Nile; and, from its rising in the summer solstice, the priests presaged the height of the stream, and consequently the fertility of the year, which took its beginning from the rising of this star. In the summer solstice, the Stolist took the horoscope of the year; hence this star directed the hopes and fears of the people. Blessings and joy, or poverty and care, were, in the opinion of the Egyptians, contained in that important hour. As forming part of the Sothic period, its influence, on the religious observances of the country, is equally discernible.

Hermes, who is wisdom, order, light, and intelligence, is also the pillar inscribed with holy animal characters; he is hieroglyphic writing itself. The pillar is, in Egypt, the bearer of all science; Hermes is the speaking pillar. As Hermes is the tracking, watchful animal, the dog, and also teacher, prophet, and holy scribe; so is likewise Hom among the Persians. Buddha likewise unites these two qualities. From this two-fold character of Hermes, may be deduced the *esoteric* and *exoteric* doctrines; his identity with Sirius, and connection with the Sothic period, enable us to trace his innumerable other offices. Having thus given some idea, however briefly, of the Egyptian religions, we shall next proceed to the Hindoos.

In Egypt we behold a single river, and no mountains but those which form its limits; a single stream, from which all salvation flowed, formed the chief part of the mythology. In India we behold high-lands, and four large rivers flowing from them; every one of which receives countless tributary streams. A ridge of mountains stretches from west to east, and bounds this noble country. At the foot of these are vast plains, which, like Egypt, would be a desert, but for the beneficial influence of the waters.

The country of which we are now speaking is larger than Europe from its northern limits, the present Bucharia, to the southern promontory. In our examination, the north-west corner claims our attention, and the confines, now called Caschemir, the Indian Thessaly, are included in this. It presents a valley formed by a chain of mountains which extend east and west, named by the ancients Paropamisus and Imaus; but by the Indians, the Hemalaya mountains. Here is the cradle of India. From this spot proceed the four great streams of the country, Burrampooter (the boy Brahma) which, uniting with the Ganges, formed the largest mass of water known to the ancients—the Ganges itself, which flows through the plains of Bengal; the third, the Indus or Synd, (the blue or black), and the Oxus. In Mount Meru, the original power of the God is concealed, and there the God himself lies buried. On this mountain dwell the horse, the cow, the camel, and the stag, from whose mouths the four rivers, that we have just enumerated, are poured. This spot is the more interesting to us, as here, many of the learned are of opinion, the Garden of Eden was situated.

The river Indus flows to the south; and whilst, like the Nile, it forms a Delta, like the Nile too, by means of its inundations it irrigates the country that adjoins it, which is thereby rendered of incredible fertility. The country, abounding in every species of wealth, could not fail, in its mythology, to exhibit a corresponding richness with that of the soil on which it grew. Hence exuberance and expansion characterize the religious belief of the Hindoos. Depth and monotony, on the contrary, that of the Egyptians.

We cannot trace the commencement of the religion of India within the limits of authentic history; but, in general, three systems present themselves, which we shall briefly notice. The oldest form is that which was revealed by Brahma. This Brahma, (the first person of the Hindoo trinity) had been, for *thousands of years!* adored with simple piety. Men offered to him bloodless sacrifices; the first fruits and the milk of tame animals, &c. This golden age soon passed away; so complete was the change, that no trace now remains of the temples in which Brahma was adored. He became incarnate, that he might communicate to man the doctrine which the eternal God had revealed to him, some ages before our era of the world. This doctrine was divided into four books, to correspond with the number of the castes. Some thousand years after the promulgation of this doctrine, religious wars took place. Then came Shiva, the second incarnation, bringing with him the Lingam, emblem of life and death. The pure and simple solemnities gave way to the orgies and wild feasts of fanatics; and bloody sacrifices were offered on the altars of the terrible Cali. Brahma's temples were overthrown; and, only in the secret writings in the temples of Tcheringam was it known, that Brahma formerly had had temples and altars like Sheva. Love and life, anger and death, were the elements of the new god, and of his service.

Vishnu, the third incarnation, followed. He extinguished the devouring fire of Shivaism, and purified the worship of the Lingam by spiritualizing it. The reformation was continued by Buddha, who appeared in the 9th Avatar, thirty-six years after Krishna's death. This last, Krishna, wished to extirpate the worship of the

Lingam, but could not succeed. We shall not attempt to enter into any of the details of Buddhaism, for, numerous as are the accounts which we possess respecting it, we have not yet met with any writer, whose statement was free from vagueness.

The fourth and last period is the approaching period of judgment. In the tenth Avatar, at the end of the Calyug, in which we now live, Calenk (the judge of the world) will descend to judge both the living and the dead. These observations on the periods will suffice for a general view of the Hindoo religion; but for the student who would wander into the innumerable wildernesses of the Hindoo mythology, its metamorphoses and theophanies, a knowledge of the different system of Hindooo chronology and astronomy is absolutely necessary.

Into this we cannot be expected to enter. We may, however, remark generally, that there is one highest being, who, unrevealed, was called Parabrahma, Brehm, Paratma, Ram, who created the world by self contemplation. He first revealed himself as Brahma, Birma, the Creator of the world; as Shiva, Mahadeva, Madajo, destroyed it; and as Vishnu, again sustains it. Earth is the symbol of Brahma, fire of Shiva, and water of Vishnu. These are the great deities of the Hindoos; their mother was Bhavani, of whom many fables are told. According to the most current, Bhavani expressed her joy at being created by jumping and leaping. Whilst she was doing this, three eggs dropped from her bosom, from which proceeded the three deities. Herein consists the Hindoo trinity, the Trimurti. Of the remarkable coincidence of this doctrine with the leading doctrine of Christianity, many writers of eminence have treated. In the deities of the Hindoo Trinity, we behold the fundamental ideas of creation, destruction, and restoration. This mode of contemplating them, however, has long passed away. The Hindoos firmly believe in the existence of innumerable gods and goddesses, to whom they allow unlimited power, each in his or her own department. To conciliate these, and not the true God, are temples erected and service performed. There can be no doubt that every religious custom arose from an emblematical view of the true God; but all this is now forgotten, and it would to many appear heresy. This was the opinion of a Brahmin himself (Rammohun Roy,) and is in consonance with universal experience. The history of all nations teaches us, that those deities which were at first only a symbolical representation of some particular attribute of the supreme being, have, in progress of time, been considered and worshipped as distinct and independent divinities. The monstrous and multiform deities, whose horrid rites degrade the Hindoo religion, are but the reverse which superabundance and exuberance every where exhibit. The richest soil bears likewise the rankest weeds. Yet their origin, too, might be traced to the gradual corruption and intermixture of ideas and doctrines, bearing powerful marks of the influence of the climate and the country to which they owe their birth.

But we cannot now prosecute the subject. An attentive observation of the different religions of Persia, ancient Italy, Greece, and of the North of Europe, will lead us to similar results. It may be thought that we should have taken some notice of Professor Mone's work on the Ancient Religion of Northern Europe, which was published in continuation of Creuzer's Symbolick; but we could not allude to it, however briefly, without a superabundance of etymological disquisition.

We are too firmly convinced of the frequency of similarity of sound, without a coincidence of meaning, to place implicit reliance on such investigations, unless borne out by collateral evidence: we imagined that Creuzer had carried this system of proof much further than he was justified, according to the laws of sound criticism; but Mone goes far beyond him; nor has he the ingenuity or imagination of his precursor, whose eloquence frequently bears us along with him, even when we suspect that he is not in the right path.

ART. III.—*Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Buonaparte, occasioned by the publication of Scott's Life of Napoleon.* By W. E. Channing, L. L. D. 8vo. pp. 48. Boston, printed. London, re-printed by Hunter and Miller, 1828.

THIS interesting essay contains a short but distinct view of the conduct of Napoleon, in the principal events of his extraordinary career, and excellent observations upon them. The author is evidently possessed of great political wisdom, and the soundest moral principles. This work is replete with the most useful lessons of virtue, honour, and public duty. It is comprised in a few pages; but every one who reads them will wish they had been much more numerous.

They begin with the first campaign of Napoleon in Italy. The writer describes in glowing and energetic, but well selected terms, the trascendant powers of mind, which a great and successful military chief must possess. He then proceeds as follows:—

'If we may be allowed a short digression, which however bears directly on our main subject—the merits of Napoleon, we would observe, that military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. We grant that a mind which takes in a wide country at a glance, and understands almost, by intuition, the positions it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general who disposes his forces, so as to counteract a greater force; who supplies by skill, science, and genius, the want of numbers; who dives into the counsels of his enemy, and who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast sphere of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, manifests great power. But still the chief work of the general is to apply physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order; and accordingly nothing is more common than to find men eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul, in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, in large views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis, and generalization to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adopt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly great generals, away from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanician taken from his workshop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking, and general topics, they cannot comprehend. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents; but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world, without adding one new thought on the great themes, on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men as Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult to these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose, the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford; who can think of the forms of transcendant beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom and fervid impetuous imagination which they conjoined; of the dominion which they have exerted over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure; of the voice of power, in which, though dead, they still speak to nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres; who can think of such men, and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces, and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects, on which a powerful mind can be employed?

From Italy, the writer accompanies Napoleon to Egypt: he makes, on Napoleon's conduct on that expedition, the following observations:—

'It would seem, that this expedition was Buonaparte's own project. His motives are not very distinctly stated by his biographer. We doubt not that his great aim was conspicuousness. He chose a theatre where all eyes could be turned upon him; he saw that the time for usurpation had not yet come in France. To use his own language, "the fruit was not yet ripe." He wanted a field of action which would draw upon him the gaze of the world, and from which he might return at the favourable moment for the prosecution of his enterprises at home. At the same time he undoubtedly admitted into his mind, which success had already intoxicated, some vague, wild hope of making an impression on the eastern world, which might place its destinies at his command, and give him a throne more enviable than Europe could bestow. His course in the east exhibited the same lawlessness, the same contempt of all restraints on his power, which we have already noted. No means, which promised success, were thought the worse for their guilt. It was not enough for him to boast of his triumphs over the Cross, or to profess Mahometanism. He claimed inspiration, and a commission from God, and was anxious to join the character of prophet to that of hero. This was the beginning of the great weakness and errors into which he was betrayed, by that spirit of self-exaggeration, which, under the influence of past success, and of unbounded flattery, was already growing into a kind of insanity.'

We agree with our author, in the views which he assigns to Napoleon, for the invasion of Egypt; but we must observe, that the possession of it has long been an object of the French government. Repeated attempts were made by Louis XIV. to induce the Grand-signior to consent to the transference of it to France.—He offered to the Ottoman Emperor the equivalent of large territories adjoining his European possessions, and to assist him with a large army, and ample subsidies for the conquest of Persia. The project was more than once revived during the inglorious reign of Louis XV: it was advocated during the reign of that monarch's successor, by Monsieur de Vergennes. That able minister considered it as the most probable means of wresting our Indian possessions from us; and entirely ruining our ulterior commerce in the East. Until the scheme shall be accomplished, it will probably be found in the drawer of every French minister. When Pyrrhus, the king of Epirus, was driven from Sicily by the arms of Rome, he exclaimed, "What a fine field of battle we leave for the Romans and Carthaginians!" It is not improbable that some, who are now living, will see Egypt a battle-field between the English, and the Russians, or the French, or both.

The next great event in Buonaparte's history, is his usurpation of the supreme power of the state, and the establishment of military despotism over France. On the particulars of this criminal act, we have, says our author, ' no desire to enlarge, nor are we anxious to ascertain, whether our hero, on this occasion, lost his courage and self-possession, as he is reported to have done.—We are more anxious to express our convictions of the turpitude of this outrage on liberty and justice. We are aware that the indignation with which we regard this crime of Napoleon, will find a response in few breasts: for to the multitude a throne is a temptation which no virtue can be expected to withstand. But moral truth is immovable amidst the sophistry, ridicule, and abject easonings of men, and the time will come, when it will find a neet voice to give it utterance. Of all crimes against society, surpation is the blackest. He who lifts a parricidal hand against is country's rights and freedom; who plants his foot on the necks f thirty millions of his own fellow-creatures; who concentrates n his single hand the powers of a mighty empire, and who wields ts powers, squanders its treasures, and pours forth its blood ike water, to make other nations slaves, and the world his prey; his man as he unites all crimes in his sanguinary career, so he hould be set apart by the human race, for their unmingled and nmeasured abhorrence, and should bear on his guilty head a nark, as opprobrious as that which the first murderer wore. We annot think with patience of one man, fastening chains on a vhole people, and subjecting millions to his single will; of whole egions overshadowed by the tyranny of a frail being like ourelves. In anguish of spirit we exclaim, How long will an abject vorld kiss the foot which tramples it? How long shall crime find helter in its very aggravation and excess ?'

Our author then notices Napoleon's measures for the establishnent of his power, his attracting the leading men of all parties to im, his brilliant campaigns, his creation of a new nobility, his spionage. Here, he observes that Napoleon, at the head of an rmy, is a noble spectacle; but Napoleon leading a horde of spies, compelled to doubt and fear these base instruments of his power, compelled to divide them into bands, and to receive daily reports from each, that by balancing them against each other, and sifting their testimony, he might gather the truth,—Napoleon thus employed, is any thing else than imposing. 'It requires,' says our author, 'no elevation of thought to look down on such an occupation with scorn; and we see in the anxiety and degradation which it involves, the beginning of that retribution which tyranny cannot escape.' Our author then notices Napoleon's endeavours to silence the presses of France and other countries, and to strike terror by his severities; his negotiations with the pope, the grandeur and utility of his public works, and his new code of laws; this, our author justly observes, entitles Napoleon to the gratitude of posterity, and honourable renown.

He then presents his readers with a clear view of the dazzling splendour and gigantic power of Napoleon, when he first conceived the project of the Russian war: he accompanies it with the following reflections:—

> 'The condition of Europe forbade, as we believe, the establishment of universal monarchy by mere physical force. The sword, however important, was now to play but a secondary part. The true course for Napoleon seems to us to have been indicated, not only by the state of Europe, but by the means which France, in the beginning of her revolution, had found most effectual. He should have identified himself with some great interests, opinions, or institutions, by which he might have bound to himself

a large party in every nation. He should have contrived to make at least a specious cause against all old establishments. To contrast himself most strikingly and most advantageously with former governments, should have been the key of his policy. He should have placed himself at the head of a new order of things, which should have worn the face of an improvement of the social state. Nor did the subversion of republican forms prevent his adoption of this course, or of some other which would have secured to him the sympathy of multitudes. He might still have drawn some broad lines between his own administration and that of other states, tending to throw the whole of their dynasties into the shade. He might have cast away all the pageantry and forms of courts, distinguished himself by the simplicity of his establishments, and exaggerated the relief which he gave to his people, by saving them the burdens of a wasteful and luxurious court. He might have insisted on the great benefits that had accrued to France from the establishment of uniform laws, which protected alike all classes of men; and he might have virtually pledged himself to the subversion of the feudal inequalities, which still disfigured Europe. He might have insisted on the favourable changes to be introduced into property, by abolishing the entails which fettered it, the rights of primogeniture, and the exclusive privileges of a haughty aristocracy. He might have found abuses enough against which to array himself as a champion. By becoming the head of new institutions, which would have involved the transfer of power into new hands, and would have offered to the people a real improvement, he might have every where summoned to his standard the bold and enterprising, and might have disarmed the national prejudices to which he fell a prey. Revolution was still the true instrument of power. In a word, Napoleon lived at a period, when he could only establish a durable and universal control, through principles and institutions of some kind or other, to which he would seem to be devoted.'

Our author proceeds to notice in terms of singular energy, and with remarks of admirable justice, the disasters of the Russian campaign, and Napoleon's ultimate fall. He then sums up with the greatest distinctness and precision, the principal features of Napoleon's moral and intellectual character; these pages are excellent—we can only afford room for the following passages.

'One of the most striking properties of Buonaparte's character was decision, and this, as we have already seen, was perverted, by the spirit of self-exaggeration, into an inflexible stubbornness, which counsel could not enlighten, nor circumstances bend. Having taken the first step, he pressed onward. This purpose he wished others to regard, as a law of nature, or a decree of destiny. It *must* be accomplished. Resistance but strengthened it; and so often had resistance been overborne, that he felt as if his unconquerable will, joined to his matchless intellect, could vanquish all things. On such a mind the warnings of human wisdom and of providence were spent in vain; and the man of destiny lived to teach others, if not himself, the weakness and folly of that all-defying decision, which arrays the purposes of a mortal with the immutableness of the counsels of the Most High.'

Our author approves of the confinement of Napoleon at St. Helena: but he thinks he should have been allowed to retain, as he valued it so much, the title of emperor. To the following reflections we universally subscribe.

'We observed that the moral indignation of many towards Buonaparte, had been impaired or turned away, not only by his supposed wrongs, but by the unworthy use which his conquerors made of their triumph. We are told that, bad as was his despotism, the Holy Alliance is a worse one; and that Napoleon was less a scourge, than the present coalition of the continental monarchs, framed for the systematic suppression of freedom. By such reasoning, the crimes are cloaked, and his fall made a theme of lamentation. It is not one of the smallest errors and sins of the allied sovereigns, that they have contrived, by their base policy, to turn the resentments and moral displeasure of men from the usurper upon themselves. For these sovereigns we have no defence to offer. We yield to none in detestation of the Holy Alliance, profanely so called. To us its doctrines are as false and pestilent, as any broached by Jacobinism. The allied monarchs are adding, to the other wrongs of despots, that of flagrant ingratitude; of ingratitude to the generous and brave nations, to whom they owe their thrones, whose spirit of independence and patriotism, and whose hatred of the oppressors, contributed more than standing armies to raise up the fallen, and to strengthen the falling monarchies of Europe. Be it never forgotten in the records of despotism, let history record it on her most durable tablet, that the first use made by the principal continental sovereigns, of their regained or confirmed power, was, to conspire against the hopes and rights of the nations by whom they have been saved; and to combine the military power of Europe against free institutions, against the press, against the spirit of liberty and patriotism, which had sprung up in the glorious struggle with Napoleon against the right of the people to exert an influence on the governments by which their dearest interests were to be controlled. Never be it forgotten, that such was the honour of the sovereigns, such their requital for the blood which had been shed freely in their defence.—Freedom and humanity send up a solemn and prevailing cry against them to that tribunal, where kings and subjects are soon to stand as equals.'

Although the extracts we have made from the work before us, may be thought too long, we cannot, in justice to our author, refrain from transcribing the following passage. It is evidently written *con amore*, and does both the heart and the talents of the writer great honour.

'The great cause of the discomfiture of the late European struggle for liberty, is easily understood by an American, who recurs to the history of his own revolution. This issued prosperously, because it was begun and was conducted under the auspices of private and public virtue. Our liberty did not come to us by accident, nor was it the gift of a few leaders; but its seeds were sown plentifully in the minds of the whole people. It was rooted in the conscience and reason of the nation. It was the growth of deliberate conviction, and generous principles liberally diffused. We had no Paris, no metropolis, which a few leaders swayed, and which sent forth its influence, like "a mighty heart," through dependent and subservient provinces. The country was all heart. The living principle pervaded the community, and every village added strength to the solemn purpose of being free. We have here an explanation of a striking fact in the history of our revolution; we mean the want of absence of that description of great men, whom we meet in other countries; men, who, by their distinct and single agency, and by their splendid deeds, determine a nation's fate. There was too much greatness in the American people, to admit this overshadowing greatness of leaders. Accordingly, the United States had no liberator, no political saviour. Washington, indeed, conferred on us great blessings; but Washington was not a hero, in the common sense of that word. We never spoke of him as the French spoke of Buonaparte, never talked of his eagle-eyed, irresistible genius, as if this were to work out our safety. We never lost our self-respect. We felt that, under God, we were to be free through our own courage, energy, and wisdom, under the animating and guiding influences of this great and good mind. Washington served us chiefly by his sublime moral qualities, and not by transcendant talent, which, we apprehend, he did not possess. To him belonged the proud distinction of being a leader in the revolution, without awakening one doubt or solicitude, as to the spotless purity of his purpose. His was the glory of being the brightest manifestation of the spirit which reigned in his country; and in this way he became a source of energy, a bond of union, the centre of an enlightened people's confidence. In such a revolution as that of France, Washington would have been nothing; for that sympathy which subsisted between him and his fellow-citizens, which was the secret of his power, would have been wanting.—By an instinct, which is unerring, we call Washington, with grateful reverence, the father of his country, but not its saviour. A people, which wants a saviour, which does not possess an earnest pledge of freedom in its own heart, is not yet ready to be free.'

In the first lines of the present article, we have expressed our opinion of it; and in this opinion, we believe all who read, either the whole work, or even our extracts from it, will unanimously coincide. In another part of this number, we shall produce to our readers remarks by the same writer on a much more pleasing, and to an Englishman, scarcely a less interesting subject, the life and character of JOHN MILTON. Of course it is a work of a different stamp: but it displays the same originality of thought, profoundness of observation, honourable feeling, and just taste.

ART. IV.—*The Americans as they are; described in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi.* By the Author of "Austria as it is." 12mo. pp. 218. London. Hurst, Chance & Co. 1828.

THOSE who have read our account of the former work of this author, will be much disappointed in turning over the pages of the volume which now lies before us. It is in every respect an inferior production; it has nothing like the variety of subject, the statesmanlike comprehensiveness and sagacity of observation, the acquaintance with men and manners, by which his view of Austria was distinguished. There is a petulant, cynical, dissatisfied tone about his details of American life, which creates a suspicion that he does not mean to deal fairly by them. If he thinks that his book is likely to be more popular in England on that account, we apprehend that he will find himself mistaken. We do not like to see Jonathan rudely run down after all. Speaking our language, participating in our blood, sharing with us in the enjoyments of our literature, and wedded to institutions which are in a great measure but improvements on our own, the North Americans have much more of our sympathies than any other people not living under our jurisdiction. If we abuse them now and then ourselves, we still do not like to see others follow our example. The Americans, to be sure, have a fashion of exalting themselves and their country to the clouds, and it may do them no harm to hear that they are not yet arrived at the vast perfection, to which they imagine they have long since attained. But they will derive little benefit from a censorious and fastidious monitor, who, like the author of the present work, indiscriminately lashes them all, and sometimes very coarsely too, from the highest to the lowest ranks of their society.

We know not whether our author had any share in the composition of a work which we lately reviewed, entitled, “ The United States as they are.” We remark a similar anti-American spirit in the two publications; and very frequently in both we encounter observations, which look as if they proceeded from the same source. We are surprised, if our author has written the latter volume, that he has not avowed it, particularly as he has borrowed from it, almost word for word, the interesting and able preface by which it is introduced. We subjoin a few passages from each, which will justify this assertion.

“ THE UNITED STATES AS THEY ARE.”	‘ THE AMERICANS AS THEY ARE.’
“ Fifty years have passed since the emancipation of the United States. This lapse of time has solved two great questions. It has exposed the fallacy of human calculations, which anticipated only present anarchy and ultimate dissolution for the new Republics, and it has established the possibility of a people governing themselves, and being prosperous and happy. “ Their political infancy is over, they have approached to manhood; and fully sensible of their strength their first magistrate has ventured to utter the important words in his message of 1823, “ That notwithstanding their neutrality they would consider any attempt on the part of European powers to extend their system to any portion of the transatlantic hemisphere as dangerous to	‘ Upwards of half a century has now elapsed since the independence of the United States became firmly established. During this period two great questions have been solved, exposing the fallacies of human calculations, which anticipated only present anarchy and ultimate dissolution as the fate of the new Republics. The possibility of a people governing themselves, and being prosperous and happy, time, the sure ordeal of all projects, has at length demonstrated. Their political infancy is over, they are approaching towards manhood, and fully sensible of their strength, their first magistrate has ventured to utter those important words contained in his address of eighteen hundred and *twenty*: that “ notwithstanding their neutrality, they would consider any

attempt on the part of its peace and safety, and that they could not admit of any attempt at colonization on the part of Europe." "Thus for the first time they have advanced, taking a part *de facto* in the great political transactions of Europe, and pronouncing their declaration in a tone which has certainly contributed to the abandonment of most of those intentions which were fast ripening into execution."	the European Powers, to extend their system to any portion of THEIR hemisphere, as dangerous to their peace and safety; and that they could not admit of any projects of colonization on the part of Europe.' Thus, for the first time, they have asserted their right of taking a part DE FACTO in the great transactions of European Powers, and pronounced their declaration in a tone, which has certainly contributed to the abandonment of those intentions which were fast ripening into execution.'
"The object proposed in the following pages, has been to exhibit to the eyes of the world the state of American affairs, without prejudice, and without party spirit. Adams is a favourite with Great Britain."	'The object proposed in the following pages, has been to exhibit to the eyes of the European world, the real state of American affairs, divested of all prejudice, and all party spirit. Adams on the whole is a favourite with Great Britain.'
"To show the state of society in general, and the relative bearings of the different classes to each other, and thereby to afford a clear idea of what the United States now really are, is the second object attempted in these pages. "To represent social intercourse and prevailing habits in such a manner as to enable the future emigrant to follow the prescribed track, and to settle with security and advantage to himself and to his new country; to afford him the means of judging for himself by giving him a complete view of public and private life in general, as well as of each profession or business in particular, is a third object contemplated."—Preface, pp. v., vi., vii., ix.	'To show the state of society in general, and the relative bearings of the different classes to each other, and thus to afford a clear idea of what the United States really are, is the second object attempted in this work.' 'To represent social intercourse and prevailing habits in such a manner as to enable the future emigrant to follow the prescribed track, and to settle with security and advantage to himself and to his new country; to afford him the means of judging for himself, by giving him a complete view of public and private life in general, as well as of each profession or business in particular, is the third object here contemplated.'—Preface, pp. i.—iv.

But strange to say, though this preface very appropriately served to indicate the nature of the first work, it has nothing whatever to do with the contents of the second. There is not a word in this volume about 'the real state of American affairs, divested of all prejudice and all party spirit:' not a syllable about Adams; about 'society in general, and the relative bearings of the different classes to each other;' or of 'public and private life in general, as well as each profession or business in particular,' although these *subjects* are expressly said to comprehend the main design of this publication! To what strange stupidity is one to attribute this blunder?

The work before us is, in fact, confined to the states of Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Tennessee, Missouri, and Louisiana—particularly the latter, which occupies eight of the nineteen chapters into which the volume is divided. Hostile as our author generally is to the Americans, he seems, for some reason or other, very anxious to represent Louisiana as very little, if at all, inferior to El Dorado of the Buccaneers. There is, perhaps, no inconsistency in this, as he maintains that the inhabitants of that state are much estranged from the northern members of the Union, and differ from them materially in many points of character and manners. But we suspect that there may be some personal interest lurking under these alluring descriptions, particularly as we find the author strongly recommending Louisiana as holding out 'not only to British emigrants, but also to *capitalists* of that country, advantages far surpassing those of their own vast dominions in any quarter of the globe.' Here, he adds, 'they should embark a part of their capital, not in land speculations, or in buying extensive tracts, which they have to sell in the course of time in small parcels, but in plantations. These are sources of wealth far superior to the gold mines of Mexico.' This language puts us in mind of the fine eulogies in the printed projects of the Bubble associations, which flourished two or three years ago. Has our author any plantations to sell? or has he a design of setting up a plantation company, that should make Louisiana the field upon which its capital should be expended? He is too late at the Exchange. The age of "companies" has passed away in that quarter, for at least another century.

In proportion as our author praises Louisiana, certainly the least salubrious, though one of the most productive, of all the states, he takes care to insist that none of the others is worth living in. He is particularly inimical to Kentucky, the inhabitants of which seem in all cases to have the power of exciting his indignation to the highest pitch. They are 'a proud, fierce, and overbearing set of people!' They are marked by 'a cruel and implacable spirit.' 'A Kentuckian will wait three or four weeks in the woods, for the moment of satiating his revenge; and he seldom or never forgives.'

> 'Kentucky is not a country that could be recommended to new settlers; slavery, insecure titles to land, the division of the courts of justice into two parts, furiously opposed to each other, an executive, whose present chief is a disgrace to his station, and whose son would be hung in chains, had he been in Great Britain; the worst paper currency, &c. are serious warnings to every lover of peace and tranquillity.'—p. 51.

The author concludes his summary view of Kentucky with a great appearance of candour.—'We abstain from farther particulars,' he says, 'as our purpose is to give a characteristic description of the Union.' We should have thought, that if this had been his real purpose, he would *not* have abstained from 'farther particulars,' as they would, to our mind, have afforded the most 'characteristic description,' of which any country is susceptible. In point of fact, however, the author does not perform either his promise or his purpose; in the very next sentence, instead of 'abstaining from farther particulars,' he recalls a series of occurrences which 'belong rather to the history of the tomahawk savages, than to that of a civilised state,' and cannot with any degree of firmness be considered as presenting a 'characteristic description' of Kentucky.

Two visionary theorists seldom agree; on the contrary, they meet only to enter into conflict. Our author, looking upon his favourite Louisiana as the spot to which all emigration and capital should be directed, has no patience with Mr. Owen's settlement at New Harmony. It must be owned, that our cynic was for once on the right side of the question. Never was an insane conception pursued with so much perseverance, and worked up into more systematic forms, than that which has engrossed the greater portion of Mr. Owen's life, and a very large share of his fortune. Having expended 150,000 dollars in purchasing the establishment of the well known fanatic Rapp, in Indiana, about thirty miles above the mouth of the big Wabash, he meditated in the first instance, the erection of an immense pile of building, capable of receiving a numerous community, destined to form 'a society unshackled by all those fetters which religion, education, prejudices, and manners, had imposed upon the human species.' His followers were to exhibit to the world, the novel and interesting example of a community, which, laying aside every form of worship, and all religious belief in a Supreme Being, should be capable of enjoying the highest social happiness, by no other means than the impulse of innate egotism.

> 'Mechanics of every description—people who had learned any useful art—were to be admitted into this community. Those who paid 500 dollars, were to be free from any obligation to work. The time of the members was to be divided between working, reading, and dancing. A ball was to be given every day, and was to be regularly attended by the community. Divine service, or worship of any kind, was entirely excluded; in lieu of it, moreover, a ball was to be given every Sunday. The children were to be summoned to school by beat of drum. A newspaper was to be published, chiefly treating of their own affairs, and of the entertainments and the regulations of the community, amounting to about 500 members, of both sexes, composed almost exclusively of adventurers of every nation, who expected joyful days.'—p. 70.

This mad and wicked project, soon vanished into air upon an attempt being made to reduce it to practice. A large community was, we believe, assembled together, but disorder, the natural offspring of impiety, followed, and the settlement was, we are told, ultimately abandoned. This failure, however, only seems to have confirmed Mr. Owen in his insanity, for he still dreams of new nations which are to receive him for their patriarch and lawgiver.

Our author's description of Illinois, Tennessee, and Natchez, offers nothing that need detain us. His account of New Orleans is striking.

'It is certainly mournful for a traveller to dwell among the monuments of Pompeii, of Herculaneum, and of Rome. There, if he feels at all, he feels among these wrecks of past grandeur, that he is nothing. A totally different sensation possesses the mind on entering an American city. In these man beholds what he can contend with, and what he can accomplish, when his strength is not checked by the arbitrary will of a despot. New Orleans, the wet grave*, where the hopes of thousands are buried; for eighty years the wretched asylum for the outcasts of France and Spain, who could not venture 100 paces beyond its gates without utterly sinking to the breast in mud, or being attacked by alligators; has become in the space of twenty-three years, one of the most beautiful cities of the Union, inhabited by 40,000 persons, who trade with half the world. The view is splendid beyond description, when you pass down the stream, which is here a mile broad, rolls its immense volume of waters in a bed above 200 feet deep, and as if conscious of its strength, appears to look quietly on the bustle of the habitations of man. Both its banks are lined with charming sugar plantations, from the midst of which rises the airy mansion of the wealthy planter, surrounded with orange, banana, lime, and fig trees, the growth of a climate approaching to the torrid zone. In the rear you discover the cabins of the negroes and the sugar houses, and just at the entrance of the port, groups of smaller houses, as if erected for the purpose of concealing the prospect of the town. As soon as the steam-boats pass these out posts, New Orleans, in the form of a half moon, appears in all its splendour. The river runs for a distance of four or five miles in a southern direction; here it suddenly takes an eastern course, which it pursues for the space of two miles, thus forming a semicircular bend. A single glance exhibits to view the harbour, the vessels at anchor, together with the city, situated as it were at the feet of the passenger. The first object that presents itself, is the dirty and uncouth backwoods flat boat. Hams, ears of corn, apples, whiskey barrels, are strewed upon it, or are affixed to poles to direct the attention of the buyers. Close by are the rather more decent keel-boats, with cotton, furs, whiskey, flour; next the elegant steam-boat, which by its hissing and repeated sounds, announces either its arrival or departure, and sends forth immense columns of black smoke, that form into long clouds above the city. Farther on are the smaller merchant vessels, the sloops and schooners from the Havannah, Vera Cruz, Tampico; then the brigs; and lastly, the elegant ships appearing like a forest of masts†.'—pp. 144—146.

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* 'In New Orleans, water is found two feet below the surface. Those who cannot afford to procure a vault for their dead, are literally compelled to deposit them in the water.'

† 'The whole number of vessels then in port, was 100 schooners, brigs and ships.'

Considered in a commercial point of view, the situation of New Orleans is, perhaps, without a rival on the face of the globe. Although 109 miles from the sea, its position is peculiarly favourable for an immense, and indeed, unparalleled trade, which in due course of time it will most probably enjoy.

> 'Standing on the extreme point of the longest river in the world, New Orleans commands all the commerce of the immense territory of the Mississippi, being the staple pointed out by nature for the countries watered by this stream, or by its tributaries—a territory exceeding a million of square miles. You may travel on board a steam-boat of 300 tons and upwards, for an extent of 1000 miles from New Orleans up the Red river; 1500 miles up the Arkansas river; 3000 miles up the Missouri and its branches; 1700 miles on the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony; the same distance from New Orleans up the Illinois; 1200 miles to the north-east from New Orleans on the big Wabash; 1300 on the Tennessee; 1300 on the Cumberland, and 2300 miles on the Ohio up to Pittsburgh. Thus New Orleans has in its rear this immense territory, with a river 4200 miles long (including the Missouri)*; besides the water communication which is about to be completed between New York and the river Ohio. The coast of Mexico, the West India islands, and the half of America to the south, the rest of America on its left, and the continent of Europe beyond the Atlantic.'—pp. 165, 166.

It is only necessary to cast one's eyes over the map, to perceive that this magnificent picture is by no means exaggerated. But we suspect that as much cannot be said—at least not as yet—for the golden visions which follow. 'The wealth,' adds our author, 'accruing to the country and to the city from this commerce, is out of proportion with the number of inhabitants. There are many families who, in the course of a few years, have accumulated a property [properties], yielding an income of 50,000 dollars, and 25,000 is the usual income of respectable planters. *No other place offers such chances for making a fortune in so easy a way.* Plantations and commerce, if properly attended to, are the surest means of succeeding in the favourite object of man's great pursuit—"money-making."'

The author accounts, probably enough, for the antipathy which prevails between the inhabitants of Louisiana, and those of the northern states of the Union. His description of the general character of the former is worth extracting.

> 'At the time of the cession of Louisiana to the United States (1803), this country with its capital was inhabited by Creoles—descendants of French settlers. Many reasons as they may have to congratulate themselves upon their admission into the great political Union, whether considered in a religious or political point of view, there were, however, several

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* 'The whole course of the Mississippi exceeds, the Missouri included, 4200 miles. This latter is its principal tributary stream, and superior in magnitude even to the Mississippi.'

causes which contributed to render them disaffected to the measure. This repugnance is far from being removed. The advantages on both sides were equal, or perhaps greater, on the part of the United States. The central government and the generality of Americans behaved towards Louisiana in a becoming manner. But there is in the character of American freedom, especially in the deportment of an American towards foreigners and strangers in his own country, something repulsive. It is not the pride of a nobleman accustomed to be obeyed, nor the natural pride of an Englishman, who carries his sulky temper along with him, and finds fault with every thing: it is rather the pride of an adventurer—of an upstart, who exults at his not being a runaway himself, although the descendant of one. Louisiana immediately after its cession, was admitted to the full enjoyment of all the advantages connected with its prerogative, as one of the states of the Union, and its white natives, the Creoles, were considered as citizens born of the United States. But the moment the cession was made, crowds of needy Yankees, and what was worse, Kentuckians, spread all over the country, attracted by the hope of gain; the latter treating the inhabitants as little better than a purchased property. Full of prejudice towards the descendants of a nation, of which they knew little more than the proverb, "French dog," they, without knowing or condescending to learn their language, behaved towards these people as if the lands, as well as the inhabitants, could be seized without ceremony. This was certainly not the way of thinking, or the conduct of all the northern new comers, there being amongst them many a useful mechanic, merchant, planter, or lawyer; but the greater number came with a degree of presumption, which was in an inverse ratio with their unbounded and absolute ignorance. The creoles, with a proper sense of their own independence, naturally retreated from the intercourse of these intruders. On the other hand, the consequences of an oppressive colonial government, the natural effects of an enervating and sultry climate, could not fail giving to the character of the creoles, a certain tone of passiveness, which makes them an object of interest. They are not capable either of violent passions, or of strong exertions. Gentle and frugal, they abhor drunkenness and gluttony. Their eyes are generally black; but without fire or expression. Their countenances evince neither spirit nor animation; they can boast of very few men of superior talents. Their gait and figure are easy, and their colour generally pale. Though unable to endure great hardships, they are far from being cowards, as the events of the year 1815, and the numerous duels, sufficiently attest. The drawbacks from their character are, an overruling passion for frivolous amusements, an impatience of habit, a tendency for the luxurious enjoyment of the other sex, without being very scrupulous in their choice of either the black or the white race. Their greatest defect, however, is their indifference towards the poor and towards their own slaves. They treat the former with cold contempt, and cannot easily be induced to assist their fellow-creatures. In this respect they are far inferior to their fellow-citizens of the north, whose example they may follow with much advantage in many things. The Union has already changed much, and the restless and active spirit of their northern fellow-citizens, has altered their character, which now partakes much less of the Sybarite, than it formerly did; still, they can never be brought to exercise a mechanical trade, which they consider as below their dignity. The female sex of Louisiana, (the Creoles), have in general an interesting appearance. A black languishing eye, colour rather too pale, figure of middle size, which partakes of *en bon point*, and does not exhibit any waist, are the characteristics of the fair sex. With a great deal of vivacity, they show, however, a proper sense of decorum. Adultery is seldom known among the better classes, notwithstanding the many grounds afforded to them by the infidelity of their husbands.'—pp. 168—172.

But the pervading taint of this, and of several of the southern states, is the continuance among them of the old system of negro slavery. We regret to see our author defend its perpetuation, who has had so much experience in the habits of civilised life, both in Europe and America. 'In the present state of things,' he maintains, 'if the general cultivation of Louisiana, and the southern states, is to proceed successfully, emancipation is impossible. In this climate no white person could stand the labour; the act of emancipation itself, treacherous and barbarous as the slaves are, would subject their former masters to certain destruction and death. We are, indeed, very far behind hand in the study of the human character, and of the different gradations of the human species. Unjust, as it assuredly was, to traffic in fellow-creatures, as though they were so many heads of cattle, it is equally unjust now to infringe upon a property which has been transmitted from generation to generation, and which time has sanctioned, without adopting some method of public compensation.' Here is the old series of arguments pressed into the service of the slaveholders, with as much confidence as if it had not been a thousand times refuted. Well may this author say that 'we are very far behind hand in the study of the human character.' We know of no superior insight with which he has been gifted, as to the 'different gradations of the human species,' which should authorize him to argue that one race ought to be bowed down in everlasting servitude by the other. He admits, indeed, the original injustice of trafficking in our fellow-creatures; and yet he would continue it to the end of time, because it has been practised for some generations, as if any course of usage, however lengthened, or however well ascertained, were sufficient to exclude the immutable rights of nature! With respect to the topic of compensation, we have only to observe that if compensation be done at all, it is due *from* the planters, not *to* them. They owe a formidable debt to the Author of all justice, as well as to their country, for the system of oppression and robbery which they have so long exercised towards the people of Africa, and they must one day pay it. Who can read, for instance, of the following description of the treatment of slaves in Kentucky, without feeling his blood boil with indignation?

'The family had thirty-five slaves, both young and old, forming a capital of at least 10,000 dollars. "Was not I a fool?" asked the openhearted landlady, "to marry Mr. Forth, who had but twelve slaves, and a *plantation*, with seven children; but they are provided for;—whereas I had fourteen slaves, and a plantation too, after my first husband's decease, and no children at all."—"I don't know," was my reply, afraid of engaging the old lady in further discussion. While descanting upon this theme, and on the advantages resulting to her happy husband from a match so disparaging on her part, I was allowed to take my breakfast, when some yells and hallooing called us to the door. A troop of horsemen were passing. Two of the party had each a negro slave running before him, secured by a rope fastened to an iron collar. A tremendous horsewhip reminded them at intervals to quicken their pace. The bloody backs and necks of these wretches, bespoke a too frequent application of the lash. The third negro had, however, the hardest lot. The rope of his collar was fastened to the saddle-string of the third horseman, and the miserable creature had thus no alternative left, but to keep an equal pace with the trotting horse, or to be dragged through ditches, thorns, and copsewood. His feet and legs, all covered with blood, exhibited a dreadful spectacle. The three slaves had run away two days before, dreading transportation to Mississippi or Louisiana. "Look here," said Mrs. Forth, calling her black girls, "what is done with the bad negroes, who run away from their good masters!" With an indifference, and a laughing countenance, which clearly shewed how accustomed these poor children were to the like scenes, they expressed their sentiments at this disgusting conduct.'—pp. 28, 29.

The alleged right of property, which is to be upheld by such atrocities as these, can have no foundation in justice. It is unnatural, it is antisocial, it is criminal in the sight of heaven and earth, and ought to be destroyed with unflinching firmness on the part of those who have the power to do it. The example of the British Parliament must sooner or later find advocates and supporters in the United States. We hope the time is not distant when slavery shall disappear in all parts of the world.

Art. V.—*Causes Politiques Cèlebres du Dix Neuvieme Siècle, Redigées par une Sociètè d'Avocats et de Publicistes.* 4 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1827.

Causes Criminelles Cèlebres du dix Neuvieme Siecle, par une Societé, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1827. Londres: Dulau & Co.

It is now nearly a century since Guyot de Pitaval, advocate to the Parliament of Paris, published his *Causes Cèlebres,* or collection of famous and important trials, which had taken place in the courts of France, principally under the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV. The idea was new, and a bold one for the times, to bring to light, and submit to public scrutiny, the administration of justice by the privileged oracles and ministers of the law, under an absolute system of government. Pitaval was an author, and a man of the world, as well as an advocate; and he wished, as he says in his preface, to please various classes of readers. In this he succeeded; the natural, though precise style of his narrative, his professional learning, united to extensive general information; his sound sense and equitable feelings: all combined to render his work both entertaining and instructive. We obtain, through its contents, an acquaintance, not only with the practice of the former system of judicature in France, but also with the social and domestic manners of the people of the old monarchy. We are led back to the times of parliaments and presidents á mortièr; of royal ordonnances and lettres de cachet; of gentilshommes and roturiers; of torture ordinary and extraordinary; we have trials and executions for sorcery; in short, we have ample specimens of all the blessings of the "good old times."

The work now before us, has been called 'Nouvelles Causes Celebres,' in contradistinction to Pitaval's collection. It consists of two separate series, one of political, the other of criminal trials, which have occurred since the beginning of the present century, and, with only two or three exceptions, in France. The editors give first a notice on the previous life of the accused, on the circumstances which preceded or accompanied the crime, and then proceed to the report of his examination, his trial, the judgment, and execution of the sentence. The style is that of modern French narrative, somewhat declamatory; the oratory of the clubs, and the eloquence of the bulletins, have made a sad havoc among the elegant sentences and finished periods of the "Siècle de Louis XIV." The political trials are those of General Moreau and of the Duke d'Enghien, which took place under Buonaparte's consulate; of General Mallet, who conspired against the Imperial Government during Napoleon's absence in Russia; of the ex-king Murat; of Lavalette; of the Spanish General Riego, of General Berton, who conspired against the Bourbons; of Louvel, the murderer of the Duke of Berry; all of which were objects of general interest at the time. In the fourth volume we meet with several trials, the particulars of which are less notorious, and of these we intend to give an abstract to our readers.

The first is that of Guindon, alias Roquefort, a common porter at Avignon, who murdered in cold blood, the French Marshal Brune, on his passage through that city, the 2d of August, 1815. The circumstances of this crime were peculiarly atrocious; but the impression was lost in the political turmoil of that epoch, and among the many other horrors of which the south of France was then the theatre.

During the hundred days, Brune, one of Buonaparte's old generals, held the command of the troops in Provence, and was especially entrusted with the defence of Toulon, into which place he refused to admit the allies, after the battle of Waterloo. He continued to keep quiet possession of that important town, without, however, opposing the second restoration; and when Louis XVIII., once more in his capital, recalled Marshal Brune from his government, appointing the Marquis de Riviere to be his successor, the former submitted without a murmur; and having received his passports from the Marquis, set off on his return to Paris. But Brune's firm conduct had excited much political animosity against him, among the fiery and fanatical population of the south. Being warned of the danger he incurred on his journey, he made light of it, and having arrived on the banks of the Durance without any accident, he even dismissed his escort of cavalry, and proceeded in his carriage attended by his aides de camp. After breakfasting at the inn of the Palais Royal, in Avignon, Brune stepped again into his carriage, but a mob had assembled by this time, which followed the Marshal with hootings and threats. Arrived at the gate, the carriage was stopped by the national guard; the Marshal showed his passport in due form, but the officer on guard required that it should be countersigned by the commandant. During this fatal delay, the mob having increased in number and audacity, began to throw stones into the carriage, and at last, unchecked by the national guards, they seized the horses' bridle, and brought the Marshal back to the inn. The doors were closed, and Brune returned to the same room where he had breakfasted, but was soon followed by armed ruffians, who poured in through the windows of the house. He stood calmly by the fire-place, in the midst of the taunts and insults of his assailants, who stripped him of his arms, and dragged his aides de camp away from him. In the midst of this tumult, the Prefect of Vaucluse, the Maire of Avignon, and *a few of the national guards*, exerted themselves but in vain, to appease the people. They evidently sought the Marshal's life; and one of the villains who surrounded him, charged him with having murdered the Princess of Lamballe, in 1792. '" I have shed my blood for my country in the fields of honour," replied the veteran, "and I was sixty leagues from Paris on the day of the horrible crime you accuse me of." "Thou must die now!" replied one of the banditti. "I have learnt not to fear death; but I would wish to spare you a crime—give me a weapon, and allow me five minutes to write my last will." "*Die!*" was the answer, and at the same time the assassin fired his pistol: the shot grazed the Marshal's forehead, carrying off a lock of his hair. Brune crossed his arms on his breast, and waited for the second fire. Another of the ruffians took aim; but the powder flashed in the pan. It was then that Guindon exclaimed to his companions, *get away thence, it is my turn!* and firing his carbine, brought the Marshal to the ground. The wretches then plundered the body, dragged it to the bridge on the Rhone, and threw it into the river. Thus perished one of the most distinguished officers of the French army, at the age of fifty-two, in the midst of a considerable town, in a time of peace, under the royal government, and before the eyes of the public authorities and of an armed national guard, who did not prevent the crime. The assassins then returned to the public square, where men and women assembled, not all of them, it appears, belonging to the lower classes; they sang and danced, and exulted over the barbarous deed.

Four years elapsed without any notice being taken of the murder. A mysterious system of impunity seemed to cover with its veil, this as well as other crimes committed in the south of France after the second restoration. About the same time, the notorious Trestaillon*, the terror of Nimes, was brought before the assize court; but no one daring to appear against him, he was discharged for want of evidence. The general commanding at Toulouse, in endeavouring to appease a riot, was severely wounded: he was carried to his house, but the assassins forced the entrance, and dispatched him with a thousand blows. Some of them were arrested and tried, but under the plea that the general *was already struck with a mortal blow before they finished him*, two of the said murderers were sentenced merely to confinement. The general commanding at Nismes, under similar circumstances, was shot in the crowd. The assassin was taken, and the crime proved; he even confessed it. The judge put the following question to the jury: *Has the homicide been committed by the accused in his own defence*? The jury replied in the affirmative, and the accused was acquitted."—vol. iv., p. 16.

At last, in 1819, the widow of the Marshal presented a memorial to the king, demanding that justice should be done on the murderers, and that the memory of her husband should be redeemed from the accusation which had been purposely spread at Avignon, that the Marshal had destroyed himself. The crimes in the south, were at the same time strongly denounced in the House of Deputies, and justice appealed to against the guilty. After two years more delay, the trial at last took place at Riem, in 1821. Guindon was tried *par contumace*, although the criminal had been living at Avignon ever since, and only absented himself when warned of the impending proceedings. Mr. Dupin conducted the prosecution, and the widow of the Marshal was present in court. The crime of Guindon was proved by the depositions of witnesses, and he was condemned to death, *par contumace*, and thus he has escaped his punishment. From the particulars that transpired during the trial, there was a strong presumption raised, that Guindon and his associates were only the immediate instruments of the crime, and that political hatred, and personal vengeance, were the true causes of Brune's assassination, of which the real instigators remained concealed.

But while justice remained thus inactive in the south, over the crimes of the pretended royalists, it used all its utmost vigilance and vigour in the west, against those who were accused of Buonapartism. The twin brothers, Faucher, who had favoured Napoleon's cause, during the hundred days, were tried by a court martial, and ot at the castle of Ha, near Bordeaux. On this occasion, the ing's commissioner, the local authorities, and the editors of several ewspapers, displayed a spirit of violence which was considered eal at the time, but which cannot be too severely reprobated.

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* 'This man's surname is allusive to the manner in which he dispatched his victims. He cut them in three, *tres-taillon*, in the *patois* of the south.'

The absurd conspiracy of some obscure individuals at Paris, de- gnated, oddly enough, as “ the patriots of 1816,” figures also in e collection. A boot-maker, a writing master, and an engraver, ere the heads of this plot, which tended to nothing less than to estroy the present dynasty, by blowing up the Tuilleries by eans of twenty barrels of powder, which were to be introduced hrough an aqueduct that lies under the terrace, towards the ardens. The police had early information of the project, but it llowed the conspirators to meet repeatedly, when a man of the ame of Scheltein, who appears to have been a spy, joined them. his man was not brought forward during the trial. The means f the conspirators seem to have been most contemptible, and their lans utterly visionary and impracticable. The three principal onspirators, however, being found guilty of having plotted against he king's person and government, were sentenced to death; being aken to the place of execution *en chemise*, barefooted, their heads overed with a black crape: they had first their right hands cut ff, and were immediately after guillotined. Such is the punish- ent of parricide and of high treason. Their accomplices were entenced, some to transportation, and others to imprisonment, for arious terms.

The next trial is of a higher character. Admiral Linois, go- ernor of Guadaloupe, and Colonel Boyer, commander of the troops n that island, were accused of having, on the reception of the ews of Buonaparte's return from Elba, hoisted the tri-coloured lag, issued proclamations in the name of Napoleon, and disobeyed he orders of the governor-general of the French Antilles, Count augirard. The accused were tried at Paris by a council of war, n March, 1817. Boyer, who began the revolt, was found guilty, ut Admiral Linois appeared to have acceded, after some hesitation, o Boyer's movement, merely to save the colony from further anger, and with the intention of preserving it for the legitimate overnment: he was therefore acquitted. Boyer was condemned o death, but pardoned by Louis XVIII. In the course of the in- estigation, it appeared that Linois refused the proffered assistance f the English admiral, because the inhabitants of Guadaloupe ere exasperated at the appearance of the English. It is stated, hat whilst the colonists of Martinique were friendly to the British, ho had saved them from the horrors of the revolution, in 1793, nd kept quiet possession of the island until 1814; those of Guada- oupe, on the contrary, passed through all the vicissitudes of the other-country till 1810, when the English took possession of the sland, and exercised acts of severity on the inhabitants, of which he latter have preserved a rancorous recollection.'—p. 49.

We come now to the trial, or rather the summary execution, of a man, who for a moment acted a brilliant part in the destinies of the new world—Agustin de Iturbide, the founder of Mexican independence, afterwards emperor of that country, and at last executed as a traitor to the Mexican republic.

Don Agustin de Iturbide was born at Valladolid, in New Spain, in 1785. His father, also a Creole, was possessed of some property; and Agustin, after receiving a good education, applied himself to the military profession. He was a lieutenant in 1809, when the first insurrection broke out in Mexico, encouraged by the distracted state of the mother-country. The cura, or parish priest, of Dolores, Hidalgo, at the head of bands of guerillas, ravaged the country under the pretence of establishing its independence. At last all those who had any thing to lose, saw the necessity of uniting with the vice-regal troops, against the marauders, and young Iturbide distinguished himself in the service of the government. He was consequently promoted, by the viceroy, to the command of the army of the north, but the envy of his enemies, and their insinuations against him, induced him to resign his command. After an examination before magistrates, Iturbide was honourably acquitted of all suspicion against him, but he preferred living in retirement. Mexico continued under the rule of Spain until 1820, when the news of the revolt in the Isla de Leon, and of its results, reached the colonies. Now the time was come for general emancipation, and the impolicy of the Spanish Cortes hastened the explosion.

Iturbide, at the head of a handful of men, proclaimed the independence of Mexico, in February, 1821. He drew, at the same time, the plan of a constitution, called *Iguala*, from the name of the town where it was framed. By this constitution, the constitutional crown of Mexico was offered to a Bourbon prince, the distinction of castes was abolished, and the trade of the country thrown open to foreigners. Wishing to submit this plan to the approbation of King Ferdinand, Iturbide concluded, at Cordova, a convention with the Spanish general, O'Donojou, which opened the gates of the capital to the patriots. Iturbide entered the city of Mexico in triumph, on the 27th September, and established a Junta of government. Two parties, however, felt dissatisfied with him—the democrats, and the ultra-Spanish royalists, known by the name of Bourbonists. Meantime the answer from Madrid arrived: the Cortes, in their sitting of 13th February, 1822, had declared 'the treaty of Cordova, and every other stipulation in favour of Mexican independence, to be null and void.' Iturbide then being president of the regency, pro tempore, issued the necessary orders for the election of deputies to a general congress. This congress, once assembled, manifested a spirit of jealousy and hostility against Iturbide; they deposed three members of the regency, and wished to deprive Iturbide himself of the command of the troops, but the garrison, joined by the people of the capital, opposed this, and proclaimed their leader Emperor of Mexico, on the 18th May. Iturbide, however, referred the matter to Congress: that assembly met on the 20th; and, in deference to the general wish of the people, sent a deputation to Iturbide, inviting him to come to Congress, where he was elected emperor, by a majority of twenty-seven against fifteen. During the debate, several deputies very naturally expressed their doubts, whether the powers they had received from their constituents, extended to this unforeseen case, and wished to take time to apply to their respective provinces for further instructions; Iturbide ascended, three times, the tribune, to support the amendment, for he knew very well that the number, already formidable, of his enemies, would be increased by his accepting the proffered dignity. There was no violence, no intimidation, exercised on the deputies, unless the well-known wish of the military and of the people be called by those names.

Agustin I. ascended the throne of Mexico. Five months passed, during which the Congress and the sovereign, both probably inexperienced in their new attributes, were often at variance on the extent of their respective functions. At last, on the 30th October, Iturbide dissolved the Congress; he then appointed a new temporary assembly, under the name of *Junta Instituente*, to deliberate on urgent matters. It was composed of forty-five members, and was to form the *nucleus* of a larger representative body, to be elected by the nation.

The Spaniards were still in possession of the castle of St. Juan d'Ulloa, from which General Santane, the governor of Vera Cruz, was making preparations to drive them away. A dispute having taken place, however, between Santana and another officer, Iturbide recalled the former; but Santana had with him troops on whom he could depend, and far from obeying the emperor's orders, he proclaimed the republic. Iturbide, instead of marching in person, sent some troops against Santana, who shut himself up in Vera Cruz, but the besiegers soon made common cause with the besieged; and the convention of Casamata was entered into beween them, the 2d of February, 1823, for the downfall of Iturbide. By this convention, which formed the basis of the present constitutional government of Mexico, a new congress was summoned, the electors being recommended to choose liberal men, and *authorised* to re-elect those of the former congress who had shown themselves friends of the people. Iturbide, after endeavouring to arrest the progress of the insurrection, convinced of the weakness of his position, abdicated the crown, and asked leave to exile himself from the country. He retired to Italy with his family, and a liberal pension was allowed him by the Mexican treasury.

'He had not enjoyed many months the tranquillity of his Italian residence, near Leghorn, when numerous letters reached him from his friends in Mexico, soliciting his return; he was also informed that he had drawn upon himself the attention of the holy alliance, and that there was some danger of his being given up to Ferdinand, either to be punished for his successful revolt, or to be made an instrument for the re-conquest of Mexico. Iturbide, somewhat alarmed, repaired to Florence, and then resolved to remove to England as the only place of security. When his departure was rumoured, the French minister in Tuscany, it is said, sent his secretary after him, with orders to have him arrested, but Iturbide evaded pursuit by the rapidity of his journey. He crossed Piedmont, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, and arrived in England at the end of December, 1823.'—p. 46.

Had Iturbide been a traitor in his heart, he would have entered into negociations with the court of Spain, or with some of its allies, instead of repairing to England. But he knew that Ferdinand had various views on Mexico at that epoch, and that the holy alliance seemed disposed to interfere in the affairs of America; on the other side, the letters he continued to receive while in England from his own country, were full of lamentations on the factions which distracted Mexico. Iturbide, overrating his means and his influence, thought he would save his country from external danger and internal broils, and in an unlucky hour he resolved to return. He took passage on board the English vessel *the Spring*, accompanied by his wife, two young children, a clergyman, and his aid de camp Colonel Beneski, a Pole. They arrived at Soto la Marina, on the 14th of July, 1824. Iturbide sent Beneski on shore with a letter to La Garza, commander of the province of Tamaulipas. Garza sent immediately an answer, giving Iturbide the title of *Majesty*, and intreating him to land, and calm the range of parties, and thus prevent the nation from falling a victim to the unskilfulness of its rulers, offering him for the purpose his influence, and the troops he had at his disposal. On reading this letter, Iturbide landed with Beneski, and soon met Garza, whom he addressed familiarly as *brother*, but the latter respectfully bowed and called him emperor! Iturbide observed that he did not claim the title, that he had come as a Mexican, to offer his services, in order to restore peace and security to his country. They walked together to Soto la Marina, and Garza quartered Iturbide in a separate house, promising to return speedily. In an hour's time, however, one of his subalterns came, who announced to Iturbide without any preamble, that in compliance with the resolution of Congress of the 28th of April, which outlawed him, he was to be shot within an hour! This resolution had been passed apparently under the impression produced by reports from Europe, that Iturbide had become an agent of Ferdinand. Iturbide could not know any thing of this decree at the time of his departure from England, and Garza did not acquaint him with it at the time of his landing. 'This Garza, it appears, had been one of the first to revolt against Iturbide towards the end of 1822, but being abandoned by his men, he was taken prisoner by the emperor's troops, Iturbide, however, pardoned him, and reinstated him in his rank.'

The unfortunate Iturbide, stunned by the blow, did not however lose his presence of mind; he remonstrated with Garza, and succeeded in getting the execution of his sentence deferred, until he appealed to the assembly of the state of Tamaulipas, which was then sitting in the town of Padilla. Thither both Garza and Iturbide proceeded, escorted by sixty men. After three leagues march, Garza halted his men and having formed a circle, he harangued them in favour of Iturbide, and ordered them to acknowledge the latter as their general, and he returned him his sword at the same time. Garza then said affairs required his presence at Soto, but before leaving Iturbide, he asked him to return him the letter in which Garza had invited him to land. Iturbide complied with his usual facility, and continued his way to Padilla. This tragical farce in the New World, as here related, is equal to any thing we have read or heard of the Machiavelian manœuvre of old Europe.

Arrived near Padilla, Iturbide sent an officer to the assembly, requesting to be heard. But at the news of his approach, the members had dispersed, except seven, who remained at their post; these discussed the propriety of acceding to Iturbide's request, four negatived it, and the other three protested that they took no part in the business. Garza meantime returned, and persuaded Iturbide to enter the town, constituting himself prisoner at the disposal of the assembly. Garza then proceeded to the place of the sittings, and had a long conference with the deputies, in which it is said he pleaded for Iturbide's life, but one of the deputies cut short the debate by exclaiming: *better one should die than we all perish!* Iturbide was ordered to be shot in three hours time, and Garza was entrusted with the execution of the sentence. Iturbide heard the news with calmness; he employed the remaining time in writing to the sovereign or federal congress of Mexico, in which after recapitulating his services, he asked for what crime he had been outlawed? He ended by recommending his wife and children, and Beneski, to the compassion of his countrymen. He then told the officer of the party that he was ready; he walked to the place of execution, (19th July, 1824), harangued the people, protesting his innocence, and recommending them to obey the laws of their country; gave the clergyman who attended him his watch, and a letter to his wife, then knelt down, and was immediately shot.

Such was the melancholy end of Iturbide, which reminds us strongly of that of Murat. But the career of the former had been comparatively guiltless; he had rendered signal services to his country; he evidently committed no act of treason or revolt on his return, and his death, if ever it can be palliated by the dubious plea of dire necessity, cannot be looked upon otherwise than as an act of extreme and ungenerous severity.

The last in the collection of political trials, is that of the well known poet Berenger, who was charged with having written and published certain seditious and immoral songs. The work styled "Chansons de Berenger," was printed in two volumes, by Didot, in 1821, to the number of ten thousand copies, out of which the police was only able to seize four, the author having sold or distributed all the rest. This trial is so well known, that we need not give any account of it.

The trial of the famous robber, Schinderhannes, and of his associates, fills a conspicuous place among the *causes criminelles.* This man was, at the beginning of the present century, the terror of the palatinate, and of the other provinces on both sides of the Lower Rhine. He carried on his depredations with, a boldness unexampled in modern times; his band was numerous and well organised; he passed with such rapidity from the German to the French side of the Rhine, and *vice versa,* as to seem as if he were endowed with the gift of ubiquity. Of this man some acts of generosity were related; to murder he was said to be averse; he was known to exert a commanding influence over his more abandoned associates: his real name was John Buckler, but the surname by which he was known and feared by the people of the country, was *Schinder-hannes, i. e.* Jack the Flayer.

The circumstances of the times contributed to the formation of these predatory bands. The wars of the revolution had raged for years, during which time the states bordering on the Rhine were continually overrun by troops, French and German; the fields had been ravaged, the cottages pillaged and burnt, the cattle carried away, forced contributions in money and kind exacted; most of the land-owners and farmers became ruined, and the poorer class of labourers and artizans were absolutely starving. The latter, as a last desperate resource, began thieving—some for the mere object of supporting existence; others, animated by a principle of revenge against their armed oppressors. Of the latter sort was the notorious band of Pickard, in Belgium. The political state of the country favoured their impunity. The little German governments, ecclesiastical and secular, into which it was parcelled under the old system, had been either suppressed by the French, or were allowed to drag a precarious existence, powerless and detached from the former imperial confederation. In one part the French laws had superseded the German, but were not yet consolidated and enforced, and the subordinate agents had become slack in their duties, from the contagious example of general disorder into which society was thrown. Mechanics of all trades, vagrants, pedlars, strolling musicians, labourers, woodmen, Jews, formed the first band of robbers that appeared on the right or German side of the Rhine, as early as the years 1793-94. Two daring outlaws, Finck and Schwarze-Peter, were at their head. Buckler, a young man of bold and restless character, without profession or means of support, fell in with some of the banditti, joined them, and a few years afterwards became their leader. He was born in 1779, at Muklen, on the right bank of the Rhine. His father and himself led a vagrant life; he forsook his family, enlisted in an Austrian regiment, from which he afterwards deserted and repaired to the Prussian territories, where his wife and child, then nine years of age, joined him. There the elder Buckley was employed as forest-keeper, and was able to send his son to school, where the latter was instructed in the Lutheran communion. When about sixteen, young Buckler one day, having been entrusted by a publican with a louis-d'or to purchase some brandy for him, spent the money with his comrades, and then afraid of returning home, he wandered about the country, and committed his first robbery by stealing a horse. He then hired himself as a servant to the public executioner at Barenbach. There, however, he got acquainted with a butcher belonging to a neighbouring town, who induced him to begin stealing sheep, which he sold afterwards to the butcher at Kirn. Being arrested in consequence, he found means, to escape from prison, and soon after, wandering in the wild region of the Hochwald, he fell in with Finck and Schwarze-Peter, as before-mentioned. After commiting in their company several depredations, such as stealing horses, &c., Buckler was arrested a second time, and taken to the prison of Sarrebruck, from which he contrived to escape with some of his comrades, by breaking through a wall. He was, however, seized again in another part of the country, and underwent an examination, after which he was committed to the dungeon in the tower of Simmera. There also he contrived, by means of a knife, to remove a board, and passing into an outward room, he wrenched the bars from the window, and leaped out from a considerable height. A stone that fell upon him wounded him severely in one of his legs, yet he managed to crawl out in the dark to a neighbouring forest, where he remained two days without assistance. Having reached at last the house of one of his acquaintances, he had his wound dressed. Being recovered, he soon after began his career of highway robbery, in company with numerous associates, at the head of whom he continued from 1797, till 1802. The other banditti, and even the sanguinary Schwarze-Peter himself, obeyed his directions. Buckler then acquired the name of Schinderhannes. He was young, good-looking, and clever, had had several love adventures, and at last he had fixed his affections upon a pretty girl, of the name of Julia Blœsus, the daughter of a musician, whom he called his wife, by whom he had a child, and who accompanied him sometimes in his expeditions, dressed in man's clothes.

The audacity of Schinderhannes' band is almost incredible. Not satisfied with attacking travellers on the highway, they ventured into villages, and forced open houses, carrying on at times a sort of regular fight with the inhabitants. The captain was the first to enter the house, after leaving part of his men to guard the avenues, and to fire upon any one who dared to approach. On of the first attempts of this nature, was made upon the house of a gentleman of the name of Riegel, who lived at Otzweiler. Schinderhannes with fourteen of his men, armed with firelocks, after extorting a supper from a miller a short distance from the place, proceeded to Riegel's house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by Riegel's son-in-law. Schinderhannes and two of his men then rushed in and began to ill-treat the inmates, threatening Mrs. Riegel if she did not reveal where the money lay. Her husband trying to escape through a window, was fired at, and fell dead on the spot. His son-in-law was severely wounded. The report of fire-arms alarmed the neighbours, who sallied out in great numbers; the banditti thought it prudent to retire, which they did, keeping a running fire against their pursuers. This happened in the year 1800.

It was remarked, that the Jews who are numerous in that part of Germany, and many of them wealthy, were the principal victims of Schinderhannes' depredations. He seemed to mark the people of that persuasion as legitimate plunder. He assailed the house of a rich Jew named Wolff, at Ottenbach, and carried away a considerable booty.

Another Jew of the name of Bœr, who lived at Merxheim, was designated to Schinderhannes by the *rent-meister* or magistrate of the place, as a man of wealth, and who had rendered himself obnoxious to the inhabitants. The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and of course this time the robber met with little obstacle. They fell in with the watch, to whom they stated plainly that they were going "to rob a Jew," upon which they were allowed to pass. They entered through the window, ill-treated the people, and took a valuable prize. This happened at the beginning of 1801.

The spring and autumn were the favourite seasons for these expeditions. Saturday nights were also preferred. This was explained afterwards by the discovery that most of Schinderhannes, *baldovers* or spies, and some of the robbers themselves, were also Jews, who on their Sabbath-day found themselves at full leisure to carry on their plans of attack.

Schinderhannes once being posted in ambuscade near the highroad with two of his companions, saw a caravan of about forty-five Jews returning from the fair at Kreuznacht. He challenged them, and ordered them to halt, upon which they immediately obeyed. They proved, however, poor, having only a few kreutzers each which they had earned by barter at the fair. The robber left them their small pittance, but ordered them to take off their shoes and stockings, which he threw together in a heap on one side of the road, and then left the poor fellows to look each for his own, while he stood looking on and enjoying the scramble. This attempt, although it did not enrich Schinderhannes, served to spread afar the report of his power, and the dread of his name. Such was the effect of this, that no one dared to inform against him, and those who had suffered, avoided even to mention his name. Schinderhannes and his men did not live like the Italian banditti of the Apennines, in gloomy solitude, they appeared in the open day, and in the very scenes of their robberies; they frequented public houses, went to dances and festivals, and were generally treated with great deference. When danger was near they separated, and each repaired to his home, in various parts of the country, until called again by the captain on some new expedition. Several women were attached to the band, and these were very useful in procuring information, selling the goods, and obtaining passports to proceed from one state to the other.

Schinderhannes himself changed costume and appearances according to circumstances. After a successful expedition on one side of the Rhine, generally the left bank, he would cross the river and dispose of his plunder on the opposite shore. He then remained quiet awhile; he even for some time passed as a merchant, and repaired to Frankfort. But the end of his career of crime drew near. Already in 1801, he had a narrow escape in an affray with a party of soldiers of the electorate of Mayence, with whom he picked up a quarrel at a public-house: on another occasion, after pillaging the house of a Jew at Bayerthat, in the Palatinate, he nearly escaped falling into the hands of a party of chasseurs, who had visited the hay-loft in which he had concealed himself. But he was closely watched and traced to his haunts; his expeditions became more perilous, and the peasants were on the alert against him. The peace which had taken place between France and Austria, restored tranquillity and security to the provinces of the Rhine, and the administration was entrusted to men of energy, who determined upon extirpating the banditti.

At last Schinderhannes perceiving his resources failing him, and being arrested on suspicion, addressed himself to an Austrian recruiting captain, who enlisted him under a supposed name. He was transferred to Limbourg with other recruits, and he might have escaped the pursuit of justice, had not a peasant who saw him accidentally one day, denounced him to the magistrates as the famous Schinderhannes. Being then recognised as such by others, the Austrian captain gave him up to the civil power, and Schinderhannes was taken under a strong escort to Mayence, in May, 1802. When he saw himself in the hands of the French gend'armes, he said "I am lost, it is all over with me." Arrived at Mayence, and taken before the judges of the special criminal court, he gave freely a full account of his life. Those of his accomplices who were still living, were secured successively, and after eight months passed in investigations, and in receiving informations against the robbers, the criminal court of Mayence, declared itself, in February 1803, competent to proceed on the trial of the accused. The charges against Schinderhannes amounted to no less than fifty-three. His accomplices arrested were sixty-seven in number; among them figured old Buckler, Schinderhannes' father, the robber's mistress Julia Blœsus; various other women, wives and sisters of the banditti; several travelling musicians, Jews, a miller, &c. The acts of instruction, depositions, and interrogations, when printed, filled five thick volumes folio.

It was not until the 24th October, 1803, that the public trial began. All the accused, to the number of sixty-five, (three having died in prison) were brought before the court. One hundred and thirty-two witnesses appeared for the prosecution, and two hundred and two for the defence of the different accused. The first and second days were employed in reading the act of accusation. The trial lasted eight and twenty days. Schinderhannes' spirit, and even gaiety, did not forsake him; at first, he had hopes that his life would be spared, but on the deposition of the miller's mother of Merxheim, to whose arm the robbers had applied a burning candle, in order to extort her money from her, Schinderhannes' countenance fell: he had, till then, striven to appear as being averse to cruelty and the shedding of blood, but at that moment he said, in a mournful tone, "It is all over; I hear the bird of death's cry!" He then asked the president whether he was to suffer death on the wheel? On being answered that that sort of punishment had been abolished by the French law, he added: "If I have wished to live, it is only because I intended to become an honest man. But Julia is innocent; I have seduced her. And my poor father, what will become of him?" And during the trial, he constantly endeavoured to screen these two persons; and although it seemed that Julia had accompanied him in some of his minor expeditions, especially to the house of the Jew lender, Isaac, Schinderhannes had the satisfaction of seeing her saved.

After a most patient investigation, Schinderhannes was found guilty of all the charges, and condemned, together with nineteen of his accomplices, to suffer death.

Fifteen more of the culprits, among whom was Schinderhannes' father, were sentenced to hard labour in irons, for various terms, from twenty-four to six years. Two others, with one of the women, to two years' imprisonment. Julia Blœsus, to two years in the house of correction; and the other two women to be expelled from the French territory. The rest were acquitted.

Schinderhannes heard the sentence with great composure, but he manifested a feeling of satisfaction on hearing the lenient treatment his mistress had met with, and that his father's life was spared. He asked to speak with the president; it was only to express his hope that his father, Julia, and his child, might be taken care of after his death.

The 21st November was fixed for the execution. On the morning, a clergyman came to the prison. Schinderhannes told him he was perfectly resigned, and requested him to bestow his cares on his comrades, who, he observed, wanted them more than he did. He, however, expressed a wish to take the sacrament.

Being arrived at the place of execution, he climbed hastily up to the scaffold, and examined attentively the guillotine; he enquired whether its stroke was as prompt and as sure as he had been told. On being answered in the affirmative, he turned to the crowd and said: "I have deserved death, but ten of my comrades die innocent," meaning, probably, that they were not guilty of murder, the only crime he thought that was punishable with death. The execution of the twenty culprits lasted six and twenty minutes. The destruction of this daring band restored peace to the provinces of the Rhine.

The trial of General Sarrazin, for bigamy, or rather *trigamy*, is probably still in the recollection of our readers. This man had married three women, one in Italy, one in England, and another in France. He had deserted from the French camp, at Boulogne, in 1810, came over to England, where he communicated several plans for the taking of the Isle of France, and for the campaign of Russia, and wrote various political works. At the restoration, he returned to France, where he was reinstated in his rank of general officer. Soon after, he was prosecuted on the application of the lady whom he had deceived in England; and the counsel for the prosecution, as well as the president, did not lose the opportunity of reproaching him with treason against his country. This gravamen, was supposed by some to have added to the severity of the sentence. He was condemned to the pillory, to ten years' hard labour, ten years more of *surveillance*, and 40,000 francs damages. His defence was very incoherent, his behaviour before the court extremely violent, and his language improper, which gave rise to a suspicion that he was not quite sound in his senses. He boasted of having communicated to the French government, on his return, two volumes of notes on England and other countries, which he said would prove very valuable in case of another war! Sarrazin was exposed on the pillory, but we learn that he escaped the harder part of his punishment, apparently with the connivance of the authòrities, and that he went to live in obscurity somewhere in Spain or Portugal.

The other trials are those of Fualdes' murderers, Papavoine, Coignard, a swindler, who passed himself for the Count of St. Helena, and attained the rank of colonel in the French armies.

Two volumes only of the *Causes Criminelles* have appeared, but the third and fourth are announced for early publication.

Art. VI.—*Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton, occasioned by the publication of his late-discovered Treatise on Christian Doctrine.* By the Rev. Doctor Channing, of Boston, North America. 8vo. pp. 48. Hunter. 1828.

In the first lines of this publication, the writer observes that "Milton's Treatise opens with a salutation, which, from any other man, might be chargeable with inflation; but which we feel to be the natural and appropriate expression of the spirit of Milton. Endowed with gifts of the soul, which have been imparted to few of our race, and conscious of having consecrated them through life to God and mankind, he rose, without effort or affectation, to the style of an apostle. "*John Milton to all the Churches of Christ, and to all who profess the Christian faith, throughout the world, peace, and the recognition of the truth, and eternal salvation in God the Father, and in our Lord Jesus Christ.*" Our ears are the first to hear this benediction; and it seems not so much to be borne to us from a distant age, as to come immediately from the sainted spirit by which it was indited.

Our author justly observes, that Milton's fame rests chiefly on his poetry; that by those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence, in his sphere, may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. In our author's opinion, poetry is entitled to a much higher degree of praise, as the divinest of all the arts, as the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment which is the deepest or sublimest in human nature; of that aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger; for something purer and lovelier, something more powerful, lofty, and thrilling, than ordinary life affords.

'"No doctrine" he says, "is more common among Christians, than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and invisible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heavenward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever-growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it "makes all things new" for the gratification of a divine instinct. It, indeed, finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and fluid; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects, life, and sentiment, and emotion; and invests the mind with the powers and splendours of outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colours which the passions throw over it, and depicts the mind in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of a literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses—the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendour, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created. Poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions; but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misantrophy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed pourtrays with terrible energy the examples of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

'" We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views, and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thraldom of this earthborn prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry, as abounding in illusion and deception, is, in the main, groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry the letter is falsehood, but the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in the delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labours and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not only prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and her blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire; these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys." '

He observes that the name of Milton is almost identified with sublimity; but that he also abounds with passages of genuine tenderness: some such passage he cites from the Comus and the Paradise Lost. Still it is in the sublime that Milton's transcendental excellence particularly appears. But our author admits, that great and various as are Milton's merits, his poems do not discover all that variety of genius, which we find in Shakspeare— ' whose imaginations,' says our author, ' revelled equally in regions of mirth, beauty, and terror; now evoking spectres, now sporting with fairies, and now ascending the brightest heaven of invention.'

From the poetry, our author proceeds to the prose of Milton: he lauds it in the highest terms of panegyric; he transcribes several passages, in which we are at a loss which most to admire, the sublimity of the conception, the loftiness of the sentiment, or the energy or beauty of the diction. That a multitude of such passages occur in Milton's works in prose, we are sensible; those who wish to acquire perfection in writing the English language, should make them objects of deep and frequent meditation. It has not perhaps been sufficiently observed, that Milton was partial to Saxon words and the Saxon idiom. They abound both in his poetry and his prose. Still, it must be admitted, that his style is difficult, obscure, and involved; that it abounds in Latinisms, in quaint phrases, in harsh and protracted periods, and in confused and indistinct perceptions. Neither is the matter of his prose much superior to his manner. Considering the extent of Milton's learning, and the vigour of all his intellectual faculties, we are surprised at the little information, the small quantity either of new truth or new illustration, which his prose writings afford. A nobler theme for the highest oratory, or the strongest reasoning, than the execution of Charles I., never occured in the annals of literature or history. How did Milton treat it? As a pedantic schoolmaster; as a parasite of Cromwell—of that Cromwell who, while Milton was employed on this work, was trampling on the liberties of his country, and rendering abortive every laudable effort of his contemporaries in the cause of liberty. All that is said by our author in his publication, noticed in the present number, of the Usurpation of Napoleon, is equally applicable to the Usurpation of Cromwell.

The following comparative view of Milton and Dr. Johnson, will, we think, interest all our readers.

'The mists which the prejudices and bigotry of Johnson spread over his bright name, are not yet wholly scattered, though fast passing away. We wish not to disparage Johnson. We could find no pleasure in sacrificing one great man to the manes of another. But we owe it to Milton and other illustrious names to say, that Johnson has failed of the highest end of biography, which is to give immortality to virtue, and to call forth fervent admiration towards those who have shed splendour upon past ages. We acquit Johnson, however, of intentional misrepresentation. He did not, and could not, appreciate Milton. We doubt whether two other minds, having so little in common as those of which we are now speaking, can be found in the higher walks of literature. Johnson was great in his own sphere, but that sphere was comparatively "of the earth;" whilst Milton was only inferior to that of angels. It was customary in the day of Johnson's glory to call him a giant, to class him with a mighty, but still an earth-born race. Milton we should rank among Seraphs. Johnson's mind acted chiefly on man's actual condition, on the realities of life, on the springs of human action, on the passions which now agitate society, and he seems hardly to have dreamed of a higher state of the human mind than was then exhibited. Milton, on the other hand, burned with a deep yet calm love of moral grandeur and celestial purity. He thought not so much of what man is, as of what he might become. His own mind was a revelation to him of a higher condition of humanity, and to promote this he thirsted and toiled for freedom, as the element for the growth and improvement of his nature. In religion, Johnson was gloomy and inclined to superstition, and on the subject of government, leaned towards absolute power; and the idea of reforming either, never entered his mind but to disturb and provoke it. The church and the civil polity under which he lived, seemed to him perfect, unless he may have thought that the former would be improved by a larger infusion of Romish rites and doctrines, and the latter by the enlargement of the royal prerogative. Hence a tame acquiescence in the present forms of religion and government marks his works. Hence we find so little in his writings, which is electric and soul-kindling, and which gives the reader a consciousness of being made for a state of loftier thought and feeling than the present. Milton's whole soul, on the contrary, revolted against the maxims of legitimacy, hereditary faith, and servile reverence for established power. He could not brook the bondage to which men had bowed for ages. "Reformation" was the first word of public warning which broke from his youthful lips, and the hope of it was a fire in his aged breast. The difference between Milton and Johnson may be traced not only in these great features of mind, but in their whole characters. Milton was refined and spiritual in his habits, temperate almost to abstemiousness, and refreshed himself after intellectual effort by music. Johnson inclined to more sensual delights. Milton was exquisitively alive to the outward creation, to sounds, motions and forms, to natural beauty and grandeur. Johnson, through defect of physical organization, if not through deeper deficiency, had little susceptibility of these pure and delicate pleasures, and would not have exchanged the Strand for the vale of Tempe or the gardens of the Hesperides. How could Johnson be just to Milton? The comparison, which we have instituted, has compelled us to notice Johnson's defects. But we trust we are not blind to his merits. His stately march, his pomp and power of language, his strength of thought, his reverence for virtue and religion, his vigorous logic, his practical wisdom, his insight into the springs of human action, and the solemn pathos which occasionally pervades his descriptions of life, and his references to his own history, command our willing admiration, That he wanted enthusiasm, and creative imagination, and lofty sentiment, was not his fault. We do not blame him for not being Milton. We love intellectual power in all its forms, and delight in the variety of mind. We blame him only that his passions, prejudices, and bigotry, engaged him in the unworthy task of obscuring the brighter glory of one of the most gifted and virtuous men. We would even treat what we deem the faults of Johnson with a tenderness approaching respect; for they were results, to a degree which man cannot estimate, of a diseased, irritable, nervous, unhappy, physical temperament, and belonged to the body more than to the mind. We only ask the friends of genius not to put their faith in Johnson's delineations of it. His biographical works are tinged with his notoriously strong prejudices, and of all his "Lives," we hold that of Milton to be most apocryphal.'

When Johnson's Biography of Milton is disparaged by mean writers, we turn from them and their cant about liberty with disgust; but when such writers as Dr. Channing reprehend it, we read with attention, meditate with deference, and differ with respect. With these feelings we have perused the passage just transcribed, and we now offer to its author and the public, our observations upon it.

Has Dr. Johnson really been unjust to the poetry or prose of Milton? To his Latin poems, we think he has not given a due measure of praise: he commends them for the purity of their diction, but intimates that they are deficient in power of invention, and vigour of sentiment. Is not Milton's charming Seventh Elegy a gem of the brightest water? How much gay imagery does it contain? Surely the verses which Milton addresses to his father, those in which he combats the notion prevalent in his time of the decay of nature; his Scazontes to Salcellus, and his Hexameters to Manso, exhibit power of invention, and both deep and elegant sentiment. In respect to Milton's English poetry, Dr. Johnson objects to him, its too frequent harshness, and particularly the defects of his rhymes. It is surprising that in these Milton should have so often sinned against melody; and that he left the discovery of its habitual rules to Dryden, and the perfect observance of them to Pope. Yet Milton's ear was not less tuned to numbers than theirs. His rhyming verses in eight syllables are often perfect; those of ten syllables are in general very defective: the loud resounding line rarely occurs in them. It seems universally admitted, that Dr. Johnson has been unjust to Milton's Sonnets and his Lycidas, and niggard of praise to Comus; but the public seems to acquiesce in his criticism of Sampson Agonistes. The terms in which Dr. Johnson mentions Milton's Allegro and Penseroso, explains their object, and points out their excellences, are just; but when he describes Milton as seeing nature only through the medium of books, he does the bard great injustice; his Lycidas, Comus, and Allegro and Penseroso, contain a multitude of passages, which shew that Milton has surveyed nature with minuteness, and with a poet's eye. Books could not have supplied Milton with the varied scenes of animate and inanimate nature, which abound in these poems.

But the most striking part of Johnson's Biography of Milton, is his criticism of Paradise Lost. The manner in which he states, and, by appropriate expressions, points out the merits and defects of that immortal work, is admirable. His summary of the whole is excellent. "Here," says the Doctor, "is a full display of the united force of study and genius; of a great accumulation of materials, with judgment to digest, and fancy to combine them. Milton was able to select from nature or from story, from ancient fable, or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge, impregnated by mind, fermented by study, and sublimed by imagination."

' "Milton," says the Doctor, in another place, "seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that nature had bestowed on him more than others; the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful.

' "The characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness. He can please, when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish." '

Now we confidently ask those who have quarrelled with Dr. Johnson's criticism of Milton—not whether they themselves have written in Milton's praise any thing which does him so much honour as the periods of Dr. Johnson's pen—but whether they have found, in the whole range of ancient or modern literature, a finer piece of criticism: whether the English language contains passages more nobly conceived, or more accurately, more energetically, or more happily expressed, than those we have cited?

Is there in all the biographers or encomiasts of Milton, a sentence which attracts our reverence to *The Man*, in so high a degree as that in which Dr. Johnson describes him as surveying the silent operation of his work, and marking its reputation stealing its way, in a kind of subterraneous current, through fear and silence? "I cannot," says Dr. Johnson, "but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation."

The admirers of Milton can produce no encomium of the bard that surpasses, or perhaps, that equals these passages. Addison is the graceful angel, who describes to his celestial companion, the glory and beauty of the scenes he had witnessed. Johnson (to use the celebrated expression of Longinus), mounts the car with Milton, and announces in strains of immortality the amaranthine glory of the bard, and his celestial music.

Yet,—Johnson was not blind to the spots in the sun: he notices them, but he neither increases their number, nor aggravates their darkness. He mentions the unavoidable imperfections of Milton's subject, the crudeness of his metre, the too frequent flatness of his strains, the inconceivable demerits of his prose writings. All this he mentions, but he exaggerates nothing. We may confidently ask, who of Milton's rational admirers has praised Milton so well; who has contributed so much to his reputation? In Boileau's Coterie, those who sinned against taste, were condemned to read a certain number of the verses of Chapelain; those who quarrel with Johnson's critique of Milton, should be condemned to read for a certain number of weeks, Milton's prose writings, and no other book.

We rejoice in this renewal of the literary intercourse between us and our *brethren* in America—(for such we still consider them, though we no longer live under the same government). We recollect that, about fifteen years ago, a journal of great merit, called "The American Review of History and Politics," found its way into this country, and was generally read and esteemed by all who read it. We believe it stopped with its fourth volume. Surely Doctor Channing would confer a favour on the whole republic of letters, if he would favour us with some publication, that should contain a full account of the actual state of literature and science in America; and afterwards continue it in regular periodical volumes.

Art. VII.—*Proceedings of the Expedition to explore the Northern Coast of Africa, from Tripoli eastward, in* 1821 *and* 1822; *comprehending an Account of the Greater Syrtis and Cyrenaica; and of the Ancient Cities composing the Pentapolis.* By Captain F. U. Beechey, R.N., F.R.S.. and N. W. Beechey, Esq. F.S.A. 4to. pp. 621. London: Murray. 1828.

We wish that the authors of this work had explained the cause of its having been detained from the public eye, so long beyond the time when it was generally looked for. They content themselves with merely insinuating a complaint as to the delay which has occurred, without at all acquainting us with the parties to whom it is attributable. If we rightly understand them, the volume might have been published two or three years ago, but for events over which they had no control. They also murmur—their *habits of* naval subordination forbids them, it seems, to remonstrate—against the suppression of several plates, upon which they appear to set a high value, as they had prepared the designs for them with great pains and assiduity. But the most awkward circumstance of all is this, that upon the understanding, we presume, that their work should be illustrated, at least, by certain of those designs, they have referred to them in the text, and have left the reader to collect from them much that should otherwise be described in words. But lo! when after being puzzled in hunting out these plates, we arrive at the close of the letter-press, we find that some of the most interesting and essential of their number have been omitted, and that they are soon to appear in a separate publication! In this list of grievances, we have to add another, that in the copy, at least, which we possess, the views and plans are huddled together in such a manner, without reference to the page or the subject, that they are for the most part of very little use, and might, indeed, be altogether dispensed with as to any light which they throw on the dense and varied volume before us.

The occurrences respecting the plates are the more to be regretted, as it is chiefly in that department of an expedition of survey that the Beechey's shine. In the execution of the literary details, they are lamentably deficient. They have no power to interest the reader in the adventures which befal them; they excite no sympathies, they touch none of those chords of feeling which it is always the province and token of genius to awaken, whatever be the subject that employs it. Much of the country which they traversed, if not absolutely new to description, might very well admit of being amply characterized. This they often acknowledge, and instead of the description which might be expected, we have apologies for incapacity, and excuses on account of want of sufficient time, which are the more provoking, as these officers were servants of the public, assigned to a duty which they willingly undertook; but which eventually they were, in some important points, unable to perform in a satisfactory manner. Nothing can be more fatiguing than their dissertations on disputed questions of antiquarian research. Their opinions bear no authority, their doubts have no pregnancy of meaning, and their arguments are generally vague and devoid of sound erudition.

We might, moreover, cite from their work, many sentences which are ungrammatically constructed. We do not remember in the whole of the 600 pages, a single passage worth extracting for its composition. The authors seem to have written under a feeling of disappointment, a feeling which we are far from wishing to aggravate into despair. But at the same time, it is our duty to tell the public, whose money has been, no doubt, abundantly resorted to on this occasion, that the-land-part of the expedition, of which this volume gives an account, has been most miserably managed. To the gentlemen who were principally engaged in it —the authors of the work before us, we, however, attach no blame, beyond that of not being able to describe what they saw. It was absurd in the extreme, to devolve literary duties upon them, which they were, in a great measure, unprepared to accomplish. Their style is verbose, and often ridiculous for its circumlocution, particularly in those passages which are meant to be quaintly satirical or humorous. It is always loose and unharmonious, and bears in no part of it even a solitary impression of talent.

It is provoking also to find, that after the gentlemen of the expedition had arranged their plans for a studious and lengthened examination of the countries which they were commissioned to explore, they were suddenly desired, from some impulse of paltry economy, to return home within a limited time, which was hardly sufficient to enable them even to see the whole extent of territory comprised in their instructions. We are friends to a frugal management of the public treasure; but we are sure that this mode of economising is not one which the people of this country desire. Neither, we may be permited to say, is it effectual for its purpose. For after going to the expense of fitting out an expedition, the details of the execution cost little in comparison, and if abundant time be not allowed for them, the object is sacrificed, and the chief expenditure is wasted.

The country to which the labours of Lieutenant (now Captain) Beechey, and the gentlemen who accompanied him were directed, presents many points of great interest to the antiquary, the scholar, and even to those general readers who are desirous to become acquainted with a region, of which little is accurately known. An Italian traveller of considerable ability, Signor Della Cella, has given some account of it; and if we be not mistaken, it has recently engaged the attention of our neighbours, the French. It extends from Tripoly eastward along the northern coast of Africa to Derna, and comprehends the district of Sert and Cyrenaica, in which are situated the remains of the five celebrated cities associated together in the compendious language of the Greeks, under the title of the Pentapolis. To define the line of the coast was the technical object of the expedition, for which purpose Mr. Trindal was appointed to proceed along the coast by sea, in the Adventure, commanded by Captain U. H. Smyth, and to assist Captain Beechey in making their survey. We should say, in justice, that the strictly geographical purpose of the expedition appears to have been attained with a degree of accuracy, which if not perfectly satisfactory, is at least sufficient for the ends of practical knowledge. Captain Beechey complains that his instruments were too limited in number, and inadequate in size, to admit of scientific exactness in his observations. But when we compare the old maps of this part of the coast, with the chart of it which we find in the volume before us, we must allow that several important errors have been corrected.

But our business is principally with the travellers on shore; for however necessary and useful it may be to ascertain that a promontory is not a bay, and that a line of coast has, perhaps, from the continued action of the sea, for ages, been altogether changed, yet we feel more interest in the traces of our own fellow-creature man, wherever he is to be found, and in examining the changes which time has effected in his social condition, and in the works that have been moulded by his hand.

The gentlemen of the expedition arrived in the Adventure at Tripoly, early in July (1821). They adopted the costume of the country, thinking that it would less expose them to suspicion and enquiry. The example of Clapperton and Denham, who travelled in their English apparel, shews that there is no longer a necessity for our countrymen engaged in Africa, to subject themselves to the inconvenience of the Mahometan beard and dress. Captain Beechey and his companions were not able to complete their arrangements for leaving Tripoly, until the beginning of November, when they set out on their journey eastward. Their party consisted of three Europeans, who acted in the double capacity of interpreters and servants, Tchaous, or Janissary, five Bedouin Arabs, and three Arabs of Tripoly, amounting in all to the number of eighteen.

The first place of any note through which they passed was Tagiura, supposed to be the site of Abrotonum described, by Strabo. They found the country remarkably tranquil, compared to the disturbed state in which it was in the time of the consul Tully. Observing on the formation of some sand heaps in the neighbourhood of Tagiura, the authors make exceedingly light of those sand storms, which are ranked among the greatest terrors of the desert.

> 'The sand which encounters a body in motion, would pass it, we should imagine, without accumulation; and the quantity which might even be heaped upon sleepers could scarcely be more than they might easily shake off in waking. We shudder at the dreadful accounts which have been recorded of whole caravans, and whole armies, destroyed by these formidable waves of the desert; and when our pity is strongly excited by such relations, we are seldom inclined to analyse them very deeply. But a little reflection would probably convince us that many of these are greatly exaggerated: some, because the writers believed what they related; and some, because they wished their readers to believe what they might not be quite convinced of themselves.
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> 'In fact, we think it probable that they who have perished in deserts, from the time of the Psylli and Cambyses to the present, have died, as is usual, before they were buried, either from violence, thirst, or exhaustion*.'—pp. 38, 39.

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* 'The Psylli inhabited the southern parts of the Greater Syrtis, and are said to have been altogether destroyed by clouds of sand which overwhelmed them in their passage to the interior. The Nubian army of Cambyses is thought to have experienced a similar fate.—*Vide* Herodotus, lib.iv.'

We can easily understand that if there be some peril attendant on a journey through the desert, it has also its pleasures. 'There is something imposing, we may say sublime, in the idea of unbounded space which it occasionally presents; and every trifling object which appears above its untenanted surface, assumes an interest which we should not, on other occasions, attribute to objects of much greater importance.' Our travellers proceeded to Lebida, and through the fertile region of the Cinyphus, which has still the same peculiarities attributed to it by Herodotus,—to Mesurata, where they encountered a strong Sirocco wind, accompanied by such myriads of locusts, that the air was literally darkened with them. In the course of our authors' journey thither, they examined several ancient remains, upon which of course they have numerous observations. But for these the reader must refer to the work itself, as it would lengthen out this paper beyond all due bounds, if we were to notice all, or even many of the topics here touched upon. The appearance of the locusts afforded our authors an opportunity of repeating all that the ancients and moderns have written concerning them. It is well worthy of being remarked, that Pliny was as perfectly acquainted with the natural history of these insects, as any author who has lived since his time; and that, in fact, nothing of importance has been added to his account of them.

After quitting Mesurata, the expeditionary party proceeded towards the *wilds* of the greater Syrtis, to borrow a phrase much in use among the writers of antiquity, although we are told that there are spots in this tract where vegetation is very luxuriant, and where water may be readily procured; and that the proportions between the barren and the productive parts of the Syrtis, are not so little in favour of the latter as appears to have been generally imagined. It is thinly inhabited by Bedouin Arabs, whose wandering mode of life is unfriendly to agricultural improvements.

> 'On the whole, we may observe, without entering further into this subject, that the district of Barca, including all the country between Mesurata and Alexandria, neither is, nor ever was, so destitute and barren as it has been represented; that the part of it which constitutes the Cyrenaica is capable of the highest degree of cultivation, and that many parts of the Syrtis afford excellent pasturage, while some of it is not only adapted to cultivation, but does actually produce good crops of barley and dhurra. We may remark, at the same time, that the proportion of sand which is actually to be found in the Syrtis, will by no means authorize us to call it a sandy region, and that the proportion of water which it actually possesses, will not justify us in asserting that it is unprovided with that necessary. We may observe, too, that the number of serpents and venemous reptiles, so freely bestowed upon the Syrtis by Roman writers, and by others who flourished after the occupation of Northern Africa by Roman colonies, appears to be greatly exaggerated: that it possesses, in fact, no terrors peculiar to itself, at least, not that we are acquainted with; and no difficulties which may not be readily surmounted by those

who are acquainted with the nature of the country, and will adopt the precautions which are necessary.'—pp. 269, 270.

The expedition has succeeded in correcting several errors which have long prevailed, respecting the manner in which the Gulf and the shores of the greater Syrtes have been laid down in the maps. According to Sallust, this region derives its name from the Greek word *συρειν* to draw or drag along, alluding to the indraught of water which prevails along the whole of the shore of this part of Africa.—Syrtes ab tractu nominatæ. The great lake described by Strabo, as existing in this region, seems to have dwindled, since his time, into several petty marshes. In the rainy season, however, they appear to form only one large body of water, and, most probably, it was under the influence of that season, that they were observed by that eminent geographer of antiquity. It is curious to remark, that the Gulf of Syrtis has been laid down with much greater accuracy in the geographical outline of it by Ptolemy, than in any other which has appeared since his time.

By the time our travellers reached Bengazi, having spent two months and seven days in their journey thither, the rainy season set in, and they were detained in that miserable town, from the middle of January until the beginning of March. We may form some notion of the comforts which they enjoyed during that period, when we read that, 'the houses being chiefly put together with mud, were continually giving way and falling in; the streets, during part of the time, were literally converted into rivers, and the market was without supplies, owing to the impossibility of driving cattle into the town.'

'For ourselves, we were fortunate in having one room in our house which was capable of resisting the rain, the terrace on its roof having been cemented by one of the Beys, who had occupied it a short time before; and this, we really believe, was the only room in the town which could be fairly considered weather-proof. The court-yard round which our apartments were built (if they may be dignified with so imposing an appellation) assumed for a long time the appearance of a pond, and a narrow space was only left here and there on its borders, by which we could pass from one room to another.

'From the state of our own house, which we have already said might be considered as the best in the town, the condition of other parts of Bengazi, during the rains, may be in some measure imagined; although it will scarcely be possible for the inhabitants of civilized countries, unacquainted with the nature of Arab towns, to conceive half the wretchedness and the utter want of comfort which they present on similar occasions.

'The houses of Bengazi are built after the usual manner of Arab buildings, that is to say, with rough and unequally-shaped stones, put together with mud instead of mortar; they generally consist of a ground floor only, built round a square court-yard, which is exposed to the weather, and into which the doors of the chambers open, which seldom communicate with each other: the court is not paved, and in houses of more than ordinary consequence, there is sometimes a well in the centre. The roofs are flat, and are formed of rafters (chiefly of young pine-trees from the neighbouring forests) over which are laid mats, and on these there is generally a quantity of sea-weed, or other vegetable rubbish; over the whole is spread a thick stratum of mud, which is beat down as hard as Arab laziness will admit of at the time when the terrace is made.'*—pp. 282, 283.

This description of Bengazi, is applicable to almost every other Arab town. The nuisances, above stated, are not a little increased by the groups of half-starved dogs which prowl about for prey; and, above all, by myriads of flies, which swarm so thickly as almost to fill the atmosphere. 'There is, in fact,' say the authors, 'no chance of avoiding them; they follow you every-where, from place to place; settle on every part of the arms, legs, and body, which the heat of the weather obliges you to leave uncovered; creep obstinately into the corners of the eyes, and up the nostrils, into the hollows of the ears, and the corners of the mouth when it is closed, and often fly down the throat, nearly choking you, when it is open: at meals, every part of the dishes, and their contents, are covered as soon as they are produced, and every fluid becomes a trap for as many of these insects as can crowd themselves over its surface. In short, there is literally no riding or walking, no reading or writing, or eating, or resting one's-self, in any part of Bengazi, in comfort, for them: and if, at night, they take up their accustomed position on the ceiling, and give place to the fleas and mosquitos, the first dawn of morning finds them on the wing, and all alive to recommence their operations. So much for the pleasures of a winter residence at Bengazi! This town is, however, well situated on the coast. Its harbour was formerly capable of receiving good-sized vessels, but has been recently so choked with sand, that only small boats can now find an entrance there. The castle, erected for the defence of the fort, does not appear to be a very formidable edifice. When the Adventure appeared before it, 'the Bey requested Captain Smyth to dispense with the usual salute, as he feared the concussion would bring down a part of the walls!' Here the Bey has secluded his harem; about the neighbourhood of which to the dominions of Neptune, and the probability that the god, 'as if encouraged by the daily glances of so many soft dark eyes, would wash away the barrier which so cruelly interposed itself, and carry off the lovely inhabitants to enliven his sub-marine *Soirées*,' our authors put forth sundry conceits, which they mistake for wit, but which, in truth, betray great want of taste.

Bengazi is said to occupy the site of the Berenice of the Ptolemies, and of the Hesperis of remote times. It has, however, very few remains worth particular notice. In its neighbourhood, we are told the far-famed garden of the Hesperides once existed; but how is that paradise of the poets stripped of its enchantment, when we are told that it was contained in an old quarry, a little more than a quarter of a mile across each way! The bare suggestion of the situation, is sufficient to throw us into despair for all the visions of antiquity. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the said garden was formed in a natural pit or chasm, or an artificial excavation. But take it either way, the spell which it has held over our minds is for ever dissolved. Let us hear our authors on the subject.

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* 'On these terraces barley and grass are frequently seen growing, and goats feeding very contentedly.'

'This celebrated retreat is stated by Scylax to have been an inclosed spot of about one-fifth of a British mile across, each way, filled with thickly-planted fruit-trees of various kinds, and *inaccessible* on all sides. It was situated (on the authority of the same writer) at six hundred and twenty stadia (or fifty geographical miles) from the *Port of Barce;* and this distance agrees precisely with that of the places here alluded to from Ptolemeta, the port intended by Scylax, as will be seen by a reference to the chart. The testimony of Pliny is also very decided in fixing the site of the Hesperides in the neighbourhood of Berenice. "Not far" he says, "from the city" (Berenice is here meant) "is the river Lethon, and the sacred grove where the gardens of the Hesperides are said to be situated." Ptolemy also may be supposed to intend the same position, when he informs us, that the garden was to the westward of the people of Barca; or, what is the same thing, that the Barcitæ were to the eastward of the garden of Hesperides.

'The name, indeed, itself of Hesperides would induce us to place the garden, so called, in the vicinity of Bengazi; for the Hesperides were the early inhabitants of that part of the Cyrenaica, and Hesperis, as we have already stated, was the ancient name of the city of Berenice, on the site of which Bengazi is built, and which was probably so called by the Greeks, from the circumstance of its being the most western city of the district.

'It has been supposed by Gosselin and others, that those celebrated gardens of early times (for they are frequently mentioned in the plural) were nothing more than some of those Oases, or verdant islands, "which reared their heads amid the sandy desert;" and, in the absence of positive local information, the conjecture was sufficiently reasonable.

'The accounts which have come down to us of the *desert* of *Barca*, from the pens of the Arab historians, would lead us to suppose that the country so called (which included not only the territory in question, with the whole of the Pentapolis and Cyrenaica, but also the whole tract of coast between Tripoly and Alexandria) was little more than a barren tract of sand, scarcely capable of cultivation. Under such an impression, we can readily imagine that modern writers might be easily deceived; and when it was necessary to fix the site of groves and gardens in the country so erroneously described, we may certainly justify them in looking for such places in the only parts of a sandy desert where luxuriant vegetation is found, the Oases, or verdant islands alluded to. "Objects here presented themselves" (says the learned and ingenious author of the Discoveries and Travels in Africa, in speaking of the western coast of that country, where the Hesperides have by some writers been placed) "which acted powerfully on the exalted and poetical imaginations of the ancients. They were particularly struck by those Oases, or verdant islands, which reared their heads amid the sandy desert. Hence, doubtless, were drawn those brilliant pictures of the Hesperian gardens, the Fortunate Islands, the Islands of the Blest, which are painted in such glowing colours, and form the gayest part of ancient mythology. The precise position of these celebrated spots has been a subject of eager and doubtful inquiry. The chief difficulty is, that there are different points of the continent in which they seem to be fixed with almost equal precision. In fact, it seems clearly shewn, by some learned writers, that this variety of position is referrible, not to any precise geographical *data*, but to the operation of certain secret propensities that are deeply lodged in the human breast.

'"There arises, involuntarily, in the heart of man, a longing after forms of being, fairer and happier than any presented by the world before him—bright scenes which he seeks and never finds, in the circuit of real existence. But imagination easily creates them in that dim boundary which separates the known from the unknown world. In the first discoverers of any such region, novelty usually produces an exalted state of the imagination and passions; under the influence of which every object is painted in higher colours than those of nature. Nor does the illusion cease, when a fuller examination proves that, in the place thus assigned, no such beings or objects exist. The human heart, while it remains possible, still clings to its fond chimeras: it quickly transfers them to the yet unknown region beyond; and, when driven from thence, discovers still another more remote in which they can take refuge."'—pp. 319—322.

It seems that in the neighbourhood of Bengazi, there are some quarries and natural chasms formed at a considerable depth below the surface of the surrounding plain; that they are covered for the most part at the bottom, with soil which has been washed down from the plain above by winter rains, and which is frequently cultivated by the Arabs; 'so that a person, in walking over the country where they exist, comes suddenly upon a beautiful orchard or garden, blooming in secret, and in the greatest luxuriance, at a considerable depth beneath his feet, and defended on all sides by walls of solid rocks, so as to be at first sight apparently inaccessible.' Our authors abstain, with due caution, from fixing upon *any one* of the pits which they observed, as the garden of the Hesperides; they did not happen to see one of the exact measurement mentioned by Scylas; but they by no means conclude that the identical site of the garden may not be found by some more fortunate enquirers, particularly as these pits and chasms continue to the foot of the Cyrenaic chain, to the distance of from fourteen to twenty miles from Bengazi. Our authors appear to indulge on this subject in a great deal of solemn trifling. Della Cella has also *his* Hesperian gardens, which he places in the mountains!

Our authors imagine also, that they found in one of the subterraneous caves which abound near Bengazi, the famous river of Lethe. They made many fine resolutions to explore it with boats and torches—but alas! to use their own language—'who can say that to-morrow is his own?' No boat could be found suitable to the purpose, and they put it off until their return from the east. But as they did *not* return by Bengazi, we are still as much as ever in the dark as to the course of the Lethe! Their disappointment, however, in this respect, does not prevent them from collecting passages from several ancient writers who mention that sacred river. The Greek and Latin quotations give a learned aspect to the text and notes; but afford very little information on the subject, upon which any degree of reliance can be placed.

The next place of importance visited by the expedition was Tanchira, one of the cities of the Pentapolis, called Arsinoe by the Ptolemies, and Cleopatris by Mark Antony. From thence the distance is about eighteen geographic miles to Ptolemeta, where some splendid relics of antiquity are still to be seen. The country around it is eminently beautiful. It is the Switzerland of Africa, though the scale of the scenery is limited. Our authors acknowledge that they felt the charms of this scenery, but they provoke us by adding that they cannot describe it. We wish very sincerely that some person had been among them, who *could* have afforded "the gentle reader" some idea of the country to which they here allude. The feeble outline of it which they do give must satisfy us for the present.

'The valley of Ptolemeta rises gradually from the sea, winding through forests of pine and flowering shrubs, (which thicken as the sides of the mountain on which they grow become higher and more abrupt), till it loses itself in the precipitous part of the range which bounds it to the southward, and which presents a dark barrier of thickly-planted pines, shooting up into the blue sky above them. The windings of the valley greatly add to its beauty, and the scenery increases in interest at every turn, in tracing it up towards the mountains in which it loses itself. Sometimes the path is impeded by trees, which throw their branches across it, leaving only a narrow passage beneath them; and sometimes, on emerging from this dark and difficult approach, a broad sweep of verdant lawn will suddenly present itself, fenced in, apparently, on all sides, by high walls of various coloured pines, rising one above the head of the other, in all the grandeur of uniformity. On reaching the opposite end of this verdant amphitheatre, a new scene presents itself, before unsuspected; and the rambler, bewildered with variety, finds himself utterly incapable of deciding which pleases him most, or when he shall feel himself equal to the task of tearing himself away from the spot. We confess that, when first we discovered this valley, the shades of night surprised us before we thought the sun had set, far in its deepest recesses; and we never afterwards visited it without regretting that our occupations would not allow us more leisure to admire it.

'Among the trees which clothe the sides of the mountains are many handsome stone sarcophagi of Greek and Roman workmanship, all of which, however, we found had been opened; and among them seats of the same material were occasionally observed to have been placed, as if the spirits of the dead loved to linger about the spot which had so much delighted them when living.'—pp. 360, 361.

Here again we are told of how much our authors could have done, if they had enjoyed sufficient time, and how much they intended to do upon their return homewards, if fate, &c. had not interposed to frustrate their good intentions.

The actual condition of the cities of Janchira and Ptolemeta, occupies several pages of the volume. In the neighbourhood of the former our authors observed several excavated tombs, and copied from them some Greek inscriptions, for which we are referred to p. 386. But they are not to be found there, nor in any other part of the work that we know of; nor have we any great reason to lament their absence, as the only fact which they could prove is, that the Egyptian names of the months were at one time in general use in this part of the Cyrenaica.

The road from Ptolemeta to Cyrene, is compendiously described as picturesque and "romantic," and adorned by luxurious vegetation on each side. The latter city is the most important in the Pentapolis. The fountain of Apollo, which still yields a fine and abundant stream, is an object of peculiar interest. Its situation is unrivalled.

'The position of Cyrene is on the edge of a range of hills of about eight hundred feet in height, descending in galleries, one below another, till they are terminated by the level ground which forms the summit of a second range beneath it. At the foot of the upper range, on which the city was built, is a fine sweep of table-land most beautifully varied with wood, among which are scattered tracts of barley and corn, and meadows which are covered for a great part of the year with verdure. Ravines, whose sides are thickly covered with trees, intersect the country in various directions, and form the channels of the mountain-streams in their passage from the upper range to the sea. The varied tract of table-land of which we are speaking extends itself east and west as far as the eye can reach; and to the northward (after stretching about five miles in that direction) it descends abruptly to the sea. The lower chain, which runs all along the coast of the Cyrenaica, is here, as it is at Ptolemeta and other places, thickly covered with wood, and intersected, like the upper range, with wild and romantic ravines; which assume grander features as they approach the sea. The height of the lower chain may be estimated at a thousand feet, and Cyrene, as situated on the summit of the upper one, is elevated about eighteen hundred feet from the level of the sea, of which it commands an extensive view over the top of the range below it.[*] For a day or two after our first arrival at Cyrene a thick haze had settled over the coast, and we were not aware that the sea was seen so plainly from the town as we afterwards found it to have been. When the mist cleared away, the view was truly magnificent; and may be said to be one of those which remain impressed upon the mind, undiminished in interest by a comparison with others, and as strongly depicted there after a lapse of many years as if it were still before the eyes. We shall never forget the first effect of this scene, (on approaching the edge of the height on which Cyrene is situated), when the fine sweep of land which lies stretched at the foot of the range burst suddenly upon us in all its varied forms and tints; and imagination painted the depth of the descent from the summit of the distant hills beneath us to the coast, terminated by the long uninterrupted line of blue, which was distinguished rising high in the misty horizon.'—pp. 434, 435.

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[*] 'The height of the upper range from the level of the sea, as obtained by Capt. Smyth from a sea base, was 1575 feet.—The dip of the visible sea horizon, repeatedly measured by us with a theodolite from the summit, was 42' 00", which, adding $\frac{1}{14}$ for terrestrial refraction, gives 2003 feet for the height—the mean of these, which we have adopted, is 1805 feet.'

On this range of hills our authors observed a great variety of excavated tombs. In one of the chambers they found a suite of what appear to be allegorical subjects, executed with great freedom of pencil, and still exhibiting uncommon richness of colour. The composition and design of them, display at the same time great knowledge of the art, and do credit to the classic taste and good feeling of the painter. In another of the tombs a suite of subjects was discovered, of which our authors entertain a high opinion—but not higher than they deserve, if we may judge from the fac simile given in the volume.

'The outline of these highly finished little groups has been very carefully put in with red: the local colour of the flesh and draperies have then been filled in with body colour, and the lights touched on, sharp, with a full and free pencil, which reminded us strongly of the beautiful execution of the paintings at Herculaneum and Pompeii. There is no other attempt at light and shadow in any of them but that of deepening the local colour of the drapery in two or three places, where the folds are intended to be more strongly marked than in others; the flesh being left (so far as can at present be ascertained) with no variation of the local colour produced either by light or shade. The colours employed are simply red, blue, and yellow; but whatever may be their nature they still are brilliant in the extreme, and appear to have stood remarkably well. * *

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'The characters and features are what are usually called Grecian, and remind us strongly, in the originals, of those of the figures represented on some of the most highly finished Greek (or in other words Etruscan) vases. The draperies are well arranged, and executed with great taste and freedom; they appear, like the other parts of the compositions, to have been painted at once, without any alteration, and with the greatest facility imaginable. It will be observed that the turban has in several instances been adopted; and the shape of some of these is more oriental than any which we remember to have seen in Greek designs. It is singular also that all the figures appear to have been black, with the exception of that of the old man in the last group, which has certainly been red; yet there is nothing either Moorish or Ethiopian in the characters represented; which, from the outlines, we should suppose to be Grecian. We have no solution to offer for this apparent inconsistency; and will not venture to suggest what may have been the subjects of the several pieces. They appear to represent some connected story; yet the same persons are not certainly introduced in all, if indeed in any two of the compositions. In the first group two females, both of them young, appear engaged in some interesting conversation. The second may perhaps represent the same persons, but it is difficult to say whether the rod in the hand of the standing figure is raised for the purpose of chastisement, or whether it is intended to represent the performance of some magic ceremony. The finger which is raised towards the lips of this figure seems rather to be indicative of imposing silence, than of conveying admonition; and the arm and hand of the person kneeling appear to be more expressive of veneration or submission, than of either alarm or supplication. There is a curious appearance on the head of this figure, which somewhat resembles in form the twisted lock of the Egyptian Horus, but its colour is decidedly red, while that of the other parts of the head are uncertain. The lower part of this figure has been so much rubbed as to be nearly unintelligible, and the face has disappeared altogether. A similar accident has happened to one of the preceding figures, the lower part of which is not now distinguishable. In the third group we see a female figure with a helmet closely fitted to the shape of the head, bearing on her shoulder an ark, or canistrum; a second female, attired in white, is represented walking, and looking back towards the other, whom she is beckoning to advance. The folds of the white drapery have nearly disappeared, and little more is left of it than the outline. The helmet of the first-mentioned figure of this group, is painted red, and the back part of it, with a portion of the arm, is rubbed out. The fourth design represents a young man asleep, and a matron apparently watching over him, who appears from her countenance and action, as well as from the garment which is thrown over her head, to be labouring under some affliction. In the fifth we observe a female figure sitting, and apparently employed in spinning; by her side is a youth of ten or twelve years old, with a turban of a different form from those with which some of the other figures are furnished: this appears to be merely a family-party, and the careless and school-boy like action of the youth, whose thumbs are stuck into the folds of his garment, is well expressive of youthful unconcern. The last group represents an old man in a reclining position, who appears to be welcoming or taking leave of his son, who is kneeling by the side of his couch: the complexion of the old man is decidedly red, but that of the youth is very uncertain, as this picture has suffered more than any of the rest. The head and trunk of the old man, so far as they remain, are designed in the best style of Grecian art, and, indeed, we may say of the groups in general, that they exhibit a perfect knowledge of the figure, as well as great taste in the mode of displaying it; and we cannot but regret that the rude hands of barbarians, rather than those of time, have deprived us of any part of these beautiful compositions.' pp.453—455.

From Cyrene our travellers proceeded to Derna, which is described as a town not much superior to Bengazi. On their return to Cyrene they lost their way, but ultimately arrived safe at that city, whence they hastened to Bengazi. Here they embarked for Malta on the 25th of July 1822, having been thus in fact granted little more than six months, allowing for the time they were detained in the Syrtis and Bengazi, to examine a cemetry which might have well occupied a whole year. It was originally intended that the expedition should also inspect the territory extending between Derna and Alexandria; return by Sinah, and along the track of Horneman to Augila; re-enter the Syrtis, and explore the more inland parts of it in the course of their journey back to Tripoly.—The outline of this project was well known, but circumstances which, say the authors, 'it will not here be necessary to explain,' prevented its execution. We hope that if it ever be resumed, some gentleman shall be attached to the expedition who can write good English.

ART. VIII.—*De L'Intervention armée pour la Pacification de la Grece, par M. de Pradt, ancien archeveque de Molines, Deputé a la Chambre Elective.* 8vo. Paris. 1828.

SINCE the commencement of that sanguinary contest, which has fixed the eyes of all Europe on the misfortunes of Greece, M. de Pradt has never ceased to raise his voice, not only in favour of humanity, but of the soundest views of policy. That distinguished writer, who possesses in a peculiar degree the faculty of acute discernment, has published four different works on this subject; a fifth has been suggested to him by the treaty of armed intervention, agreed to by Russia, France, and England, for the pacification of the Greeks; and it is not less remarkable than those which have preceded it for its just views, and the topics of general importance of which it treats.

The first question which presents itself to the mind, is to inquire what has been the principal motive of this armed intervention. M. de Pradt feels no difficulty in discovering it. After justly observing that there is very wide difference between the language that was held at Laybac at the commencement of the Greek revolution, and an armed intervention in favour of those very belligerents who were denounced in such severe terms as insurgents; that there is a very wide difference between the offers of co-operation against Greece, which the Divan declares were then made to it, by some of the powers which are now parties to the treaty, and the employment of squadrons for the purpose of arresting the progress of the war; that there is a very wide difference between so many instances of open repugnance, of disguised hostility, and even of tardy neutrality, and the recognition of Greece as an independent state, accompanied by guarantees for that independence; the author asks himself, who could have operated so prodigious a change, and have hastened the march of circumstances from so vast a distance, to the point at which they are now found?—Who is the author of this miracle? He answers—*Civilization.* To that power alone belongs in truth the privilege of producing such wondrous effects; —it has conquered. In following its impulses, diplomacy is no more than its agent, perhaps without knowing it, and even without wishing it. But far from being dishonoured by its defeat, diplomacy ought to be proud of being commissioned to develope an order of things much superior to that upon which it had been heretofore occupied. For a long time, during the progress of this affair, had the cabinets closed their ears to the cries of humanity: the civilization of the age has at length compelled them to hear those cries, and even to determine on appeasing them.

Was the formation of the alliance in favour of Greece the work of chance, as to the elements of which it is composed? No; it is the mere simple result of the irresistible force of circumstances. The whole object of policy now is the maintenance of peace: the *statu quo* of affairs is the main interest attended to by the cabinets of Europe, and the regulating principle of their negociations. Hence, as soon as it was resolved that an end should be put to the troubles of the East, it was impossible to commit that office to the nearest Power, as had been done in the cases of Naples and Spain. There was nothing to be gained in the war against those two countries, but the equivocal advantage of seeing a blind passion triumph there, and of establishing a system of despotism as injurious to the people as to the sovereign, and in the end as fatal to the conquerors as to the conquered; because the order of things which it was sought to confirm, has no stability or support, and a war undertaken for the purpose of maintaining it, may, perhaps, be followed by another war, undertaken with the view of moderating or subverting it. But on the other hand there is much to be gained in an attack against the Turks, not only in territory, but in direct and positive influence over a young and new people, who after four centuries of servitude have sprung forth again, as it were, from their own ashes. A neighbouring power, therefore, being likely to gain a great deal by assisting the Greeks, would necessarily render the rest of Europe jealous of the physical and moral aggrandisement which it would probably acquire, and thus would be kindled the brand of general conflagration, at the very moment when the preservation of peace was the object most anxiously desired by every cabinet. Austria, as being the nearest power to the Turks, would consequently have been put aside by common consent; besides, she has no maritime force, and it was deemed indispensible to the protection of commerce, that the work of intervention should be commenced by sending squadrons of ships to the Archipelago. Russia is also a neighbour of the Ottoman empire, by its possessions on the Black Sea; but as it was impossible for Russia to remain neutral, for reasons obvious to all the world, it was judged necessary to unite her with the other powers, which at the same time that they were strong enough to oppose a barrier to ambition, were placed by their geographical position beyond the slightest suspicion as to the motives of their co-operation in forwarding the common object. France and England, possessing as they did all the requisite means of action, presented in their distance from Turkey abundant guarantees that no selfish project

could be disguised under their measures of pacification. Thu
composition of the alliance of intervention in the affairs of G
arose out of the nature of things, and could have admitted
other elements.

The preamble of the declaration made to Turkey by the
allies, has been profoundly considered by M. de Pradt, wit
view of discovering the real motives of the intervention, and
interpreted by him with his usual acuteness and discernment.
expresses himself in the following terms:

> 'If we rightly comprehend the preamble of the treaty, it means
> —"A war of six years has not terminated in giving the ascendan
> either party; it will then have neither termination nor object. Six
> of useless massacres, of mutual acts of ferocity, have presented a h
> spectacle to humanity. Civilized Europe cannot suffer it to cont
> these horrors must cease, sufficient time has been given to the comb
> to measure their strength. We see that they are equal in feebleness
> they can only succeed in exterminating each other, without either h
> the means of obtaining an ascendancy. The experiment has been
> and it must serve to guide our judgment as to the future. A cont
> slaughter of men is a positive loss, and it ought to be prevented by
> means which humanity can devise. The evils which war generall
> duces find their excuse in the probability of the results: but when
> have reached a point at which the combatants can only kill each
> without conquering, it then remains for us only to separate men
> allowed to continue the struggle can but destroy each other, withou
> of the sanctions of reason or humanity. In the family of mankind, a
> sity should not be permitted to go to that extent: there are boun
> prescribed by nature as well as by morality. The question here
> that of aiding one party against the other, but of preventing both
> striking more blows. Besides, the disorders necessarily attendant
> state of war, vitally affect the interests of all the commerce of E
> Every vessel that bears a flag, undergoes an impost which implie
> right of protection. This war incites the cupidity of men who woul
> hesitate to acquire unlawful gains, by means of an armed syst
> piracy, that is supported only by depredations on fair and legit
> commerce, which can no longer exist under the repetition of the
> it has already sustained. The seas covered with corsairs, are w
> security; the innumerable retreats among the small islands with whi
> Mediterranean is studded, frustrate the efforts of the most active vigi
> It is absolutely necessary that this general disorder should cease; t
> police should be established on the high roads of commerce, and th
> sword should be sheathed. Besides, Greece implores our mediatio
> wishes ought not to be frustrated." We observe further, that the med
> powers have abstained from speaking of legitimacy and religion; he
> two great points gained. This reserve is judicious and well-advise
> is in good taste, and affords a good example: may it be followed, and
> political questions in future be disencumbered of the inconvenient a
> dages of legitimacy and religion, which have unfortunately been too
> called in where they have had nothing whatever to do. The allies,
> over, have fully felt that in a regular system of neutrality they cou

longer say to the Grand Signior,—"You are not the legitimate ruler of Greece," after they had recognized him as such for so many hundred years. Neither could they on the other hand say to Greece,—"You have done wrong in not receiving and humbly enduring all the evil treatment of ferocious masters, whose progress in civilization is so vastly inferior to our own." In this dilemma the mediators have observed a prudent silence. Besides, the object proposed here, is not to argue, but to bring the war to a conclusion. The sponge cannot be so easily applied to a voluntary or forced possession of so many ages. What better or different titles are to be found in half the archives of Europe? What arguments by way of reprisal, might not the diplomatists of Constantinople have used in answer to the partitioners of Poland, and against the possessors of Venice and Genoa? If religion were alleged, it might be said that if Christian Europe assisted their fellow-christians, Ibrahim Pacha assisted his fellow-mussulmen. Silence was equally requisite with respect to the cross and the crescent. The contrary course would have led to a war of religion, and the time for that has passed away. A strong proof of the justice of this discernment which has rejected the mention of religion and legitimacy, is found in the Ottoman manifesto; for it insists on two points. In asserting his sovereignty over Greece, the Sultan formally disclaims the idea of making war on religion.

'He thus shews himself more enlightened than the mediators would have been, if they had alleged religious motives; and, in point of fact, how could it have been proved that the war, on the part of the Turkish government, was a war of religion? Odious excesses, directed against religious persons and property, frequent as they are among a barbarous people, do not constitute a war of religion: similar excesses are committed in wars which are avowedly political. Instead of going into these points, the allies limited themselves to asserting the claims of humanity, and to the necessity of removing the injuries which were constantly inflicted on European commerce. Thus they deprived the Ottoman diplomatist of all his advantages; they took from under him the ground on which he stood, and transported him to another, at once novel and disadvantageous to him, on which he could only remain silent between ignorance and surprise. In a word, what could he reply to those who said:—"We have waited long enough to see which of you could vanquish the other; your contest results only in frightful massacres, which have no object and no end. We have long suffered these collisions which have no probability of being drawn to a close, and are governed by no fixed rules: we neither attack Greece nor Turkey for the benefit of either party; but we come, in the name of humanity, to place ourselves between the combatants, whom a blind cruelty leads to their common ruin; and as every thing contributes to create between them an insurmountable incompatibility, we shall erect barriers between them, which shall prevent them from fighting any longer. We shall, moreover, restore to the eastern seas their accustomed security." Nothing can be more humane than this kind of language. It is almost the same as that which has been held by the United States and England, as if they had spoken only through one and the same organ, on the subject of the independence of Spanish America. While a great number of idlers, in Europe, were losing their time and their trouble in scrupulously balancing the rights of Spain, arising out of that legitimate order of things, so incorrectly traced to the great and indisputable principles of social legitimacy, the English of England and America, for they are of the same blood and intelligence, have equally proclaimed:—"Every war must have a term; the slaughter of mankind proves nothing. For ten years Spain treated America almost as Turkey treated Greece; and it advanced its purpose as much as the Sultan advances his. All of right that belonged to legitimacy, has been exercised and exhausted in these efforts; as it could effect nothing for itself we owe it nothing; for to exist without power is not to exist at all. The adversaries of Spain have sufficiently fulfilled the conditions of sociability amongst men; the signs of their duration are impressed on the cradle of the new communities; we acknowledge them as such, and this social recognition is, of itself, no more than the admission of a fact, which is obvious to every eye. What reason dictates to us on one hand, our interest on the other, commands us to follow; the mischiefs of the struggle affect us, and we must, of ourselves, bring them to a termination."'

Had the allies been summoned before the tribunal of the human race, in order to prove the justice of their mediation in favour of the Greeks, they could not plead their cause more powerfully, or more argumentatively than M. de Pradt has done for them. In order to realise their noble purpose, they have proposed principally two reasons: 1—To canton the Greeks, as an independent people, in the Morea, on condition that they should pay a tribute to their former sovereign, and indemnify the Turks for so much of the soil as they would be obliged to abandon: 2—To transform the sovereignty of the sultan into the mere supremacy of a Lord Paramount, whereby the Greeks, instead of subjects as they have been, would become free-holders (*franc-tenans*) or, if it was preferred, feudatories, and obtain under that title an influence in the government of Greece.

Horace with good reason ridicules those epic poems, which, miserable in their action, were nevertheless opened with magnificent exordiums. But diplomatists, who are not always poets, often forget their Horace, and admit in their treaties, what good poets would not allow in their compositions. Fine words, grave motives, gigantic arguments, are followed by a feeble, uncertain, inadequate action. We regret that M. de Pradt, having once seized with so much acuteness on the analogy existing between the cases of Spanish America and Greece, does not ask why the allies have not done the same thing with respect to Greece, which at least some of them have done with respect to America? They certainly did not insist on the American states paying a tribute of vassalage to Spain; yet the cases are identically the same as M. de Pradt has demonstrated. If this be so, why are the Greeks to possess their rights under a a tenure less sacred, less acknowledged, less useful to Europe, than the Americans? What logic can sanction the difference which is made between them? We say *logic*, because strictly following the footsteps of our author, we do not mean to enter into questions of legitimacy and justice.

The moral impossibility of the Greeks and Mussulmen ever living again together, or of having the slightest mutual communication, is a fact acknowledged by every man of good sense; it is even so strong that we may altogether look upon it as a physical impossibility. Four ages of despotism on one side, and of slavery on the other; the opposite tendencies of two distinct species of social order which have not the slightest mutual resemblance; and two religions which are not only different but diametrically opposed, put every thing like a community of existence between the two people wholly out of the question. Late events add still more to this state of reciprocal aversion. The Turks never will pardon the Greeks for having excited against them a kind of European crusade, for having overthrown their domination and opposed an insurmountable obstacle to their sanguinary and predatory dispositions: the Greeks never will forget the massacres of Scio and of Ipsara, and will always look upon the Mussulmans as butchers and tigers, who are never satiated with blood. This situation of affairs has been felt in all its force by the allies; but we know not through what blindness they have been advised to preserve indirectly those two nations in relations of intercourse, at the very moment they proposed to separate them. Every year of tribute which the Greeks would have to pay to the Mussulmans would become an epoch of danger and convulsions: the spirit of triumph which the latter would exhibit in collecting it would form a dreadful contrast with the indignation which the former would shew on paying it: reproaches would arise on one side and the other; and when the irritation of men's minds is highly excited, the way is but short from words to blows, and no great efforts would be necessary to get rid of the tax altogether. This would be wrong it may be said; this would be the exaggeration of culpable susceptibility. But to cut each others throats, from real or apparent motives, would be still to continue those frightful troubles, of which it is the object of the alliance to prevent the renewal. Besides, the social system which the Greeks would adopt, would certainly not be such as that dictated by the Koran: under the protection of a wise liberty they would advance rapidly in the path of civilization and happiness. What then would be the part which the heads of their government, chosen or approved by the Ottoman Porte, would take among that people? Would the sultan instruct them to protect liberty? The bare supposition is absurd. Would he instruct them to undermine it secretly? The bare possibility would be attended with danger. Would they be without any sort of instruction from the superior court? Their mission would then be as useless as it would be ridiculous. Every way we turn we perceive that dissention, hatred, vengeance, and commotion would be perpetuated between the Greeks and the Mussulmans to the consummation of ages, or must end in the destruction of one nation or the other; and in either case the mediation of the allies would be frustrated as to its object, and would only be considered in history as a nonsensical proceeding.

But the allies have provided for the contingency of disorders which might take place between the Greeks and the Mussulmans, after the adoption of the proposed arrangement; and to avoid all the evil consequences that might follow from them, they have agreed to offer to one party guarantees, which would be available against the attempts of the other. Guarantees!—Would they be moral or physical? To suppose that the Mussulman character can be effectually bound by moral guarantees, is to insult the common sense of mankind. Wallachia and Moldavia prove the contrary. Russian diplomacy is constantly engaged in claiming for those two principalities, the execution of treaties which it has guaranteed, and the Turks still infringe them every moment. As to physical guarantees, that is to say, the sending out of regiments to Greece for the purpose of keeping the Turks in due order, the first and most insurmountable difficulty would be to decide to which of the three powers such a commission should be entrusted. But even supposing this difficulty to be got over, would this guarantee be durable, and, above all, would it be certain to attain its end?

All this, however, regards the future. As to the present, the alliance has not been less unfruitful of good. The principal theatre of war, between the Greeks and the Turks, has been on land; the former, notwithstanding their many misfortunes, have always been sufficiently masters of the sea. If the object of the alliance, therefore, was to separate the combatants, troops ought to have been sent to Greece,—if not from Russia, at least from France and England, whose geographical position places them beyond all suspicion. The maritime blockade to which the alliance limited itself, may have prevented engagements at sea, and have paralyzed the operations which were projected against the insular parts of Greece. But its efficacy stopped there; it could not hinder Thalium from completing the devastation of the Morea.

If the plan of intervention has been insufficient with respect to Greece, has it produced any advantages with respect to the political state of Europe? This is the last question which M. de Pradt considers, and he treats it with his usual ability. But we must confess, that his mode of arguing it sometimes deviates into a refinement of thought which it is not always easy to comprehend. His work is, however, well worth consulting, particularly at this moment, when all eyes are turned towards the East.

Art. IX.—1. *The Fairy Mythology.* 2 vols. 8vo. Plates. London: W. H. Ainsworth. 1828.

2. *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.* Parts II. and III. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1828.

In the volumes here enumerated, we have a copious supply of lore, documentary and traditionary, touching the history of the celebrated community, the fairies, whose manners and customs, religion and politics, like those of more important societies, have been long the subjects of misrepresentation.

We must content ourselves, at present, with tendering a general tribute of gratitude to the authors of the two works, Messrs. Croker and Kitely, on account of their successful researches, because the space which we can devote to the whole subject, will little more than enable us to present a digested view of the Fairy Mythology. But to Mr. Croker we hold the public especially indebted, as, by the earlier volumes of his 'Legends,' he directed the attention of two eminent literary Germans to the study of fairy history, which, chiefly through their exertions, has been most curiously and learnedly illustrated.

The first thing that strikes us, in contemplating the series of facts which have been collected by our authors, in these volumes, is the universality of the belief in the existence of fairies. It is common to the nations of Celtic as well as of Gothic descent: but perhaps the near resemblance, as to substantial points, which is found in the popular creed, respecting fairies, of all the European nations, is the most curious incident in the whole of the elfish annals.

Great unanimity subsists as to the limited stature of the fairies. The German fairy averages eighteen inches. In England they were fixed at about half an inch; but that was in the thirteenth century: after which, they grew taller, outstripping the size of the northern sprites. Scotland yields a fairy of stunted stature; but what he wants in height is given in fair bodily proportions. The Hibernian fairy is considered to have done very well if he surpasses six inches in his vamps. We find a little difference between the fairies of the north and south. The elves of the remote north (the countries of Scandinavia) do not exceed the standard height of the others; but they have a great advantage in the superior length of the arm, in order, as it is supposed, to enable them to pursue the business of mining with greater success. Such is the curious provision of nature. In the Isle of Rugen, where the practice of handicraft is not followed, the fairy can keep his hands like a gentleman.

Although there be, in the popular mind, at least in some countries, no certain notion of two distinct classes of fairies, yet it seems to be a principle in this mythology, that good and bad fairies exist.

This principle being admitted, will clear away much of the confusion in which the traditions of many nations are involved. The fairies of Scotland and Ireland are sometimes said to be handsome, at other times ugly; and, again, it is alleged that they are beyond measure beautiful, but that the beauty is delusive, and vanishes upon close inspection. The people of the north avoid all this inconsistency, by recognizing two classes, the benevolent and malignant fairies, with their respective attributes of comeliness and wrinkles.

For what purposes the tiny colony was first *located* in this planet of ours, other than for the gratification of their own eternal love of fun and frolic, which have been oftentimes the reverse of innocent to the persons and property of their mortal neighbours, we confess that we are ignorant: but the strong presumption is, and the experience of centuries fortifies it, that the primary object, if not the sole one, of their terrestrial mission, was—amusement.

Their passion for music has, from time immemorial, been uniformly at the boiling temperature. But their tastes vary according to climate and circumstances. The Alfar of Scandinavia indulge in a plaintive strain: their instruments are sacred to minors. The *neck* or river fairy, of the same country, is an eminent musician, and is seen sitting on the waters with his gold harp, from which he produces sounds that seem to affect all nature. The Shetland fairy has long adopted the pipes as his favourite instrument. The music of the Scottish lowland fairies has been often represented to possess an exquisite influence over mortal auditors, far surpassing the power of human language to describe; and yet a Nithsdale youth, who stumbled on a fairy banquet one night, in his excursions in a wood, discovered that they employed only simple reeds from the moor, and stems of corn. The pipes have likewise attained a preference amongst the "good people" in Ireland.

But the allegiance of the fairy people is divided. The goddess of dancing acknowledges them as amongst the most loyal votaries. They spend whole nights in the merry occupation. They prefer the verdant carpet of a meadow on these occasions, and chiefly affect that spot where the moonbeams fall. It is curious to find that, in almost every country, they have a fashion of leaving on the grass, by morning, the visible traces of the nocturnal revelry. The shepherd, in his early rounds, marks with interest the site where the fairy couples have been tripping it the night before: sometimes a greener herbage springs on the hallowed surface; it sometimes, as in Scotland, assumes a yellow livery, and the prudent rustic, after nightfall, will avoid the scene as dangerous. In every language there is a phrase for those fairy rings. When the countryman in the north sees the stripes along the dewy grass, he exclaims, "here the fairies have been dancing." Bishop Corbet, in his fine old song of the "Fairies' Farewell," which we are surprised to find has received so little attention from our authors, shews that, in England, the vestiges of the fairy revelries were not so soon obliterated.

> "Witness those rings aud roundelays
> Of their's which yet remain:
> Were footed in Queen Maries dayes
> On many a grassy plaine."—

Every where, and at every time, the fairies prided themselves on their skill in the art of dancing. Persons to whom the terrible privilege has been accorded of seeing the fairy motions, are uniformly loud upon the point of their agility. They love to sport chiefly in hidden places, such as mountains, vallies, or smooth banks of murmuring streams. In Ireland, they will even resort to the churchyard, and take all the consequences of intruding upon dead men, rather than be intruded on by living ones. On some occasions, in bad weather we presume, they are exceedingly embarrassed for shelter, as it is not every place with a roof over it that can satisfy a committee of fairies. They have been known to open a ball beneath the spreading canopy of a mushroom, where we may well believe they were sadly pinched for room. But if along with being merry they chose to be spiteful, then the barn of the poor man, or the drawing-room of the rich one, as the case may be, is made the scene of their noisy pleasures: then key-holes become easily penetrable; then smooth and convenient as public highways superintended by expensive commissioners, are the chinks of the doors, and the unstopped crevices in the corners, for which, though they be an accommodation to themselves, the successful besiegers will take certain revenge upon the neglecting chambermaid.

Mortal men are not more whimsical in the choice of costume, than the fairies, who ought to be more rational in the matter. In mining countries, however, clothes of a dusky gray are generally preferred. But where they can make a selection, where custom and fashion do not too strongly prevail, the fairy prejudice runs very much in favour of green. The Irish and Scotch communities have ever been distinguished for prodigality in dress. The system cries aloud for sumptuary regulations. Besides, like spendthrifts elsewhere, they shine at other people's expence. What shall we think of even the judgment of a fairy, who as is commonly the case in the lowlands of Scotland, will deck himself out in a mantle of green cloth, inlaid with wild-flowers—green pantaloons, buttoned with bobs of silk, and silver shoon!

In Ireland, the fairy costume is quite as inordinate; gold and silver being employed for their apparel, as usually as broad cloth is for ours. Why the southern fairies should carry indulgence in the article of dress to such an excess, whilst the Norwegian fairy has no covering at all, is beyond our power to find out.

But a cap or hat of some sort, almost always of a pointed shape, is common to every diversity of the elvish family. Even in those places where the fairy people are remarkable for bestowing unusual pains on the arrangement of the hair, nay among the females, who always place the utmost reliance on the force of the capillary attraction, the use of a cap seems to be deemed indispensible. Whatever of talismanic prerogative is vested in a fairy, is generally concentrated in the cap. It is of various shades, mostly red, but sometimes, or nearly always in the case of maritime fairies, it is a green colour; in short every hue has its partizans. The fantastic fairy of Ireland, disdaining a cap bearing any resemblance to the produce of human fabric, delights to dress his head in the red flowers of the fox-glove.

The fairies are universally condemned to dwell beneath the surface of the earth; they are seldom particular as to the nature of the ground: they are not susceptible of geological embarrassments; they are beyond the influence of strata and of soils; the tenant of a marshy cave in Cunnemara, is as free from imbecility of lung, as the proprietor of a mineral villa in the bosom of a Norwegian mountain abounding with chalybeate. But they may well be happy in such homes as they can provide for themselves, for all that the most latitudinarian dreamers have ever beheld of magnificence in their sleep, all that oriental treasures have done to come up to the splendid conceptions of oriental imaginations, in the way of embellishment, are mean and contemptible in comparison with a moderately furnished tenement, prepared for the reception of a fairy family. Upon occasions of festivity, the grassy hills, within which they reside, are elevated by temporary pillars of purest crystal, shining brightly far and near. Those persons who have been admitted into the habitations of the fairies—there are instances of that privilege being exercised in Shetland—have come away filled with wonder and delight at what they beheld. The marine fairies, who have their dwellings in the shining bottom of the sea, luxuriate in the possession of all the most precious treasures of the deep. The domestic arrangements of the Scottish fairies alone, at least as to external ornament, are beneath the standard of their people all over the world: their dwellings are composed of rude stone; they are turretted like places of strength—but no aperture is discoverable by day, and it is only when the apartments are lighted up by lamps, fed with ethereal essence, and the fires are kindled, that the windows and chimnies are discernible to the way-faring mortal who chances to be within eye-shot of the settlement. Men have been often tempted to enter their habitations in these countries; and how far a residence of any time with such associates would agree with the constitution of a human guest, is an extremely doubtful point; for though he might be certain of the best accommodation, as far as lodging is concerned, we would by no means guarantee that he should have *board* to his fancy. It is said, however, that the fairies occasionally obtain meat, either by fair purchase or by rapine—but it is not clear that they use it as a staple article of consumption. Fairies too often imitate the habits of the people with whom they condescend to be familiar. In Ireland they were contented with dew drops; and they ask no better nourishment at this moment than *mountain dew*—in case they are allowed the benefit of interpreting the expression according to its popular acceptation in that country. Still we find the fairies of most nations armed with weapons of potent efficacy, with which they bring down edible creatures of all sorts, and bear them away from the pastures. They substitute for the abstracted animal an artificial resemblance, which they contrive shall die a speedy and violent death, so as to blind the proprietor to the larceny that has been committed. But the stratagem is now so universally understood, that the simplest farmer is not to be imposed upon; and therefore the spurious ox, when defunct, is treated as a counterfeit, and the fairies get their proper share of blame in the transaction. In England—indeed in all the British isles, the keeping of fairies was by no means a burden, until they began to set a value on their services, and stood out for an allowance of milk or cream. A mess of white bread and milk was the standing fee of the fairies in Queen Elizabeth's time. They do not scruple to anticipate the milk maids in their morning visits to the kine; and they have been more than once caught with the *manor* upon them. Sometimes they levy the tax in the most open manner. Hence, in many countries, it is absolutely necessary to begin a churning by an offering of cream, which is scattered round the floor. If the tribute be neglected, the pottage was burned next day in the pot, or the cheese would not curdle, or the butter would not come. Where ale is brewed they expect a per centage—and, in default of better food, are contented with bread and cheese. The fairies of Switzerland make excellent cheese from the milk of the chamois, which, when given to mortals, has the faculty of reproduction. This privilege, however, it loses as soon as the owner commits an act unworthy of a friend to the fairies.

Like mortals, fairies have various tastes as to forms of government. In general they prefer a state of independence; but where there is an organized mode of rule, it is very strictly maintained. The elvish community of Iceland is subject to a monarch, who resides in Norway, and who governs his island subjects by two deputies or lieutenants, from whom both king and people exact a severe responsibility. In Ireland the fairies acknowledge a queen, but as far as we have discovered, she is not very troublesome in requiring the oath of allegiance to be taken.

The effect of the fairy mission upon this earth of ours, has been to put the temper and patience of mankind upon constant trial. The fairies, however, we may say, in all countries, seem to us to have pushed the jest beyond the reasonable limits of an affair of humour. They have perpetrated felonies, and laugh at them as they will, there is no law, none at least that will bear the light, for such trespasses. The most justly dreaded propensity of the fairies, is that of stealing the persons of comely mortals, handsome married women, particularly when they are placed in the circumstances which are supposed to enhance so considerably the interest of their personal appearance—but, above all, new-born infants, for both of which they leave substitutes, and these are called changelings. In the case of children, it is supposed, universally, that the danger of their being abstracted is most imminent during the interval between birth and baptism. Hence the midwives in Iceland are observed to retain with a degree of steadfastness and vigilance, which no sinister influence can betray into relaxation, the infants committed to their charge, until the Christian ceremony of baptism discharges them from so severe a duty. But in countries where the mothers and attendants are not so watchful, the fairies accomplish the exchange without the slightest remorse. The substitute, though made as much as possible to resemble the abstracted child, has nevertheless all the marks of a creature that excited the dislike of his own species; it is ugly, has an unnaturally strong voice, and is exceedingly malicious. Wherever a changeling has been deposited, there misfortune will surely come: the cows will drop off one by one; the harvest will disappoint the unhappy farmer on whom the preternatural offspring is affiliated; or, worse than all, a law-suit comes to crown his misfortunes. No consideration whatever will induce the parents, the family, or neighbours, to treat the supposed fairy with kindness. We have ourselves seen not many years ago, in the South of Ireland, one of those wretched children who was believed to be a changeling: the spine was curved in consequence of an early accident—deformity and general debility ensued: we remember the struggle of the poor mother between the feelings of humanity, always predominant in the female peasantry of Ireland, and her aversion to what she believed to be an object of legitimate hatred. The unhappy little being was neglected and forsaken, and was almost constantly left at the door, in, however, a comparatively comfortable state as to covering, to take the chance of its being re-assumed by those to whom it belonged. But in the northern part of Europe, there are people who profess to be able to enter the habitations of the fairies, and regain stolen children. There are, however, certain preservatives from the mischievous influence of the fairies, to which the prudent in all countries resort in the proper season. In Scotland,

'If a mother wishes to protect her child against fairies, she must let its head hang down when she is dressing it in the morning. A red thread tied round her throat, or a cross, is likewise a safeguard. If the child has already been exchanged for a fairy, it can be obtained again in the following manner:—The changeling is laid before nightfall, in a place where three lands, or three rivers, meet; in the night the elves bring back the stolen child, put it down, and carry the substitute away with them.

'On the east coast of Scotland, the people resort to a peculiar method to avert the danger. During the month of March, when the moon is on her increase, they cut down branches of oak and ivy, which are formed into garlands, and preserved till the following autumn. If any one of the family should grow lean, or a child pine away, they must pass three times through this wreath.'

It would be very well indeed if the mischievous propensities of the fairies were confined to child-stealing. But in truth they seem to be actuated by a passion for petty mischief to which the peace and quietness, and convenience of mortals are hourly sacrificed. But then again, they are occasionally good-natured, particularly to those in whom they discover a disposition to treat them with kindness and respect. They assist in little household jobs; thrash out corn; help a churning; and put the kitchen or pantry to rights. This is not all. They place, in particular cases, the fullest benefit of their wonderful skill in manual arts at the service of men.

The traditions of every country speak of intimate connections subsisting between mankind and fairies. A Danish song represents a lady living eight years in the sea with a water-spirit. In Iceland these intimacies have always an unfortunate termination. It would be rather wonderful, that if the fairies should shew a disposition to gallantry in any part of the world, the Irish ones should want it. In proof, however, that they partake of this characteristic in common with their brethren of all nations, we quote the story of the Lady of Gollerus, which for true Hibernian felicity is second only to Daniel O'Rourke himself.

'On the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at day-break, stood Dick Fitzgerald "shoghing the dudeen," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists clearing away out of the valleys went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.'

'"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or may be the misfortune," said, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more surely than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissars, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete.—Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

'But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

'Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water: so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

'When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

'"Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

'Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand, by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

'"What's your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him: he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

'The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation; and, making an end of her whining all at once—"Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, "Man, will you eat me?"

'"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet?—Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

'"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?"

'Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely.

'"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

'"Never say the word twice," says she; "I'm ready and willing to be yours, Mister Fitzgerald; but stop if you please, 'till I twist up my hair."

'It was sometime before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

'Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and, says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

'"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

'"And who's your father, my duck?" says Dick.

'"What!" said the Merrow, did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!"

'"And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be.

'"Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father:—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

'"Money," repeated the Merrow, "what's money?"

'"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and may be now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?"

"Oh! yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."

'"To speak the truth then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I'm thinking, is no ways fitting for a king's daughter; so if 'twould not be displeasing to you, just to mention, a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about? may be you have not such things as beds down under the water?"

'"By all means," said she, "Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

'"You have," says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one, need never ask for the other."

'However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore, across the Strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrunnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

'"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his Reverence, looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

'Dick had the *cohuleeu driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a *moment,* and then, says he—

'"Please your Reverence, she's a king's daughter."

'"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

'"Please your Reverence," said Dick again, in an under tone, "she's as mild and beautiful as the moon."

'"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the Priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

'"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her; and," said Dick, looking up slily, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

'"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the Priest; "why there's some reason now in what you say: why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means, if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansel of it as another, that may be would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

'So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus, well pleased with each other. Every thing prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

'It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for, at the end of three years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

'In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

'One day when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife, minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle.

'Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own *cohuleen driuth*.

'She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

'She sat down on a little stool, and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them."

'She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand.—The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in.

'Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathelin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

'Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "For," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

'While she was with him, she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country, as the pattern for one, under the name of THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.'—vol. ii. pp. 1--13.

Such was the renowned community of the fairies, as they were once thought of, respected, secretly hated, blessed, or cursed amongst mankind. We speak of the belief in the preterite time, because it may be said to have now almost disappeared from the world. That we should altogether rejoice in the circumstance, is not we own perfectly evident to us; for who now is to distinguish between the "foul sluts in dairies," and good house-wives? who is to reward the maid for keeping a clean hearth? who punish tell tales, and avenge a betrayed lover? But

Now, alas, they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

ART. X.—*Geschichte des Osmanischen Reiches grosstenthiels aus bisher unbenützten Handschriften und Archiven durch* Joseph von Hammer *Erster Band von der Gründung des Osmanischen Reiches bis zur Eroberung Constantinopels* (1300—1453) *mit einer Karte*. Pest. 1827.

Zweyter Band. Von der Eroberung Constantinopels bis zum Tode Selim's I. (1453—1520). Pest. 1828.

THIS work is another splendid monument of German industry and research in historical investigation. We have from a subject of Austria the most complete and impartial account that has hitherto appeared of the Ottoman empire; and it is somewhat singular that the historian who has done justice alike to Christian and infidel, and illustrated the annals of one of the most extraordinary powers in the world, should have inscribed his production to the Russian emperor, by situation and interest the jealous foe of his declinin neighbour. The critical conjuncture of affairs in the East c Europe invests the labours of M. von Hammer, which would a any time have commanded respect and admiration, with peculia interest.

Former historians had contented themselves with slight an imperfect narratives of the occurrences in Ottoman history, eac drawing upon his predecessors, and apparently not considering i necessary to inquire into the value and origin of the source fro which he derived his information. Nor did they make the bes use of such limited means as were within their reach; the bes historians (Gibbon himself not excepted) have committed fault from which an attentive perusal of the Byzantine writers woul have preserved them.

The course adopted by M. von Hammer was very differen Possessed, by his profound knowledge as an Oriental scholar, an by his situation as interpreter to the court, of peculiar advantage he improved these to the utmost, and with a perseverance c research of which we remember but few examples, for the las thirty years devoted his time and fortune to the purchase of th most accredited sources of Ottoman history. With this intentio he visited the libraries of England, Germany, and Italy, made tw visits to Constantinople, and a voyage into the Levant, and ke up an extensive correspondence in the principal cities of the Eas The result of his inquiries, as he himself states with honest prid was the acquisition of such a collection of materials as no publi library, either in Europe or Asia, can boast of. 'Of two hundre Turkish, Arabic, and Persian works, which treat of the whole or c parts of the Ottoman history, or contain materials for the sam even the great English Orientalist, Sir W. Jones, was acquainte with only a dozen, and in the public libraries of Constantinopl there are not more than twice that number.' But the spirit wit which M. von Hammer entered upon his subject, was even mo valuable than the treasures which he had amassed, or the profoun learning which he has displayed. An enlightened criticism and u compromising integrity distinguish every page of this invaluab work. We needed not his motto, *Mit Wahrheit und Liebe* (wi truth and love), nor the religious solemnity of the comments up it, to assure us of the single-heartedness of the writer. The sty is manly and forcible, and the descriptions of character frequent exhibit a *naiveté* that approaches humour. We regret that o limits will permit us only to take a transient glance at the vari and important scenes that figure upon the page of Turki history.

The first volume comprises the period from the establishment the Ottoman empire, to the conquest of Constantinople (1300-1453). The first book treats of the origin of the Turks (the nan our author considers as derived from the Torgitaos of Herodotu and the Togharma of Scripture), and the history of Seldjuk and his descendants. The second has for its subject the beginning of the Osmanic dynasty, and the government of Osman, the first prince of that line. His victorious career is well described; this prince exhibited an instance of that ferocious cruelty which so often disfigures the annals of despotism, by slaying his aged uncle with his own hand, for presuming to differ with him in opinion. Some idea of his character may be formed from the circumstance that this murder is quoted by the eulogists of Osman, as among his laudable deeds. In the succeeding books, the actions of Urchan are recorded, the political institutions of the empire, the foundation of schools and cloisters, and the Turkish monastic establishments.

In the fifth book, the author treats of the reign of Murad I., the lord and conqueror, in which a long series of Osmanic conquests in Europe begins, which continued uninterrupted until Murad's death. We have only room for an abridged account of the battle of Cossova. The army of Murad encountered that of the allied princes of Servia, Bosnia, Herzogewina, and Albania, in the plain of Cossova, and he consulted with his officers whether he should hazard an attack on an enemy so far superior in numbers. Several proposed that the camels should be placed in front of the army, to terrify the enemy by the unusual sight of these animals.

‘ Prince Bajesid opposed this council. “ Heaven,” he said, “ had hitherto favoured the arms of the house of Osman in so extraordinary a manner, that they stood in no need of such artifice for conquest; that such stratagems would imply a want of confidence in God, and that they ought to fight without such protection face to face.” * * * * The council separated without coming to any resolution; Murad, disheartened because the wind, blowing from the enemy, drove the dust into the eyes of the Ottomans, passed the night in prayer, entreating the grace to die as a martyr in defence of the true faith and of Islam. At the dawn of day, the clouds of dust gave way to a grateful rain. In the council of the enemy, the proposition to attack the Sultan by night was rejected by George Castriota on the haughty assumption, that night by favouring the flight of the enemy would save them from total defeat. When the sky again cleared up, both armies stood opposite to each other in order of battle. In the army of the Unbelievers, *Lazar*, King of Servia, commanded the centre; *Wuk*, his nephew, the right, and the King of Bosnia the left wing. On the side of the Ottomans, Murad took his usual position in the heart of the fight, Prince Bajesid the command of the right, and Prince Jakub that of the left wing. * * * * *

‘ The battle raged, and the left wing of the Osmans was giving way, when Bajesid rushed to its assistance, crushing the heads of his enemies with his iron club. “ Already,” says Seadeddin, “ by streams of blood were diamond blades transformed into hyacinth, and spears of brilliant steel into ruby, already from the number of fallen heads and rolling turbans was the field of battle changed into a many coloured tulip-bed, when from among heaps of the slain as a bird of prey from the carrion, a noble Servian, *Milosch Kobilovich,* advanced towards Murad through the ranks of opposing guards, exclaiming, that he had a secret to communicate. A free approach being granted, the Servian bending, as if to kiss the feet of the Sultan, stabbed him in the belly with his dagger. The guards fell upon the murderer, but strong of arm and swift of foot, Milosch struck down several of them, and thrice saved himself from his pursuers by extraordinary exertions to reach his horse, but was at length cut down, overpowered by numbers. Murad, although mortally wounded, continued the command until the victory was complete. Lazar, King of Servia, was taken prisoner, and brought into Murad's tent, who, in his last moments, pronounced the condemnation of his captive, and avenged his own approaching death by the previous sacrifice of his enemy.'

Murad had hardly breathed his last, when Bajesid, his successor, commanded the execution of his only brother Jacob. It is difficult to say, whether the detestable policy of fratricide, or the blasphemous sophistry by which the Ottoman historiographers defend the practice, is worthy of the greatest reprehension. Instances of this crime occur in ancient history, but it was reserved for the Ottoman empire to make kin-murder justifiable, as a means of securing the throne. The successes and cruelties of Bajesid, the different events of his reign, the history of Timurlenk (Tamerlane), his rapid conquests in the East, and the details of his contest with Bajesid, are strikingly pourtrayed; but our limits prevent us from doing more than allude to them, as we must reserve room for a consideration of the contents of the second volume, which has just been published. We must, therefore, omit the intervening periods, and pass at once to the reign of Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople. The prophecies in the Koran foretelling the conquest of this capital, encouraged the Turks to make frequent attempts upon it. After much preparation, the storming of the town took place. The whole scene is described in lively colours, and we regret that we cannot quote it. The superstitious inhabitants, relying on an ancient prophecy, that when the Turks should advance to the pillar of Constantine the Great, an angel would descend from heaven and deliver them, crowded to the church, Aja Sofia, and became a more easy prey to their enemies. Thus the seven-named town of seven hills and seven towers, fell on the 29th May, 1453. Mohammed did not enter the city with his troops, but remained without the walls until he received intelligence that it was completely in the power of his soldiers. He then advanced to the great church, attended by his guards and viziers, and dismounting, entered on foot. The magnificent building filled him with astonishment; not content with a transient survey, he ascended the dome, and inspected every part of the edifice. Beholding a soldier defacing part of the church, he struck him with his sword, observing, I have given up to you the treasures of the town, but the buildings are mine. The first volume concludes with the account of the conquest of Constantinople.

Uniting in an admirable degree the talents of the warrior, with the genius of the statesman, Mohammed II. took immediate measures for securing the tranquillity of the town, appointed the election and installation of a Greek patriarch, with as little deviation as possible from the ceremonies formerly observed on similar occasions. A public proclamation was likewise issued, that all the Greeks who could prove their nobility, should attend at Constantinople on St. Peter's day, for that purpose, and that they would be better provided for under the Turkish, than under the Christian government. All who went were, however, beheaded.

We cannot follow the Sultan in his numerous victorious expeditions. The advice given by Mohammed's general Turachan, who was sent to the Peloponnese to assist the Palæologi, is too striking an exhibition of Turkish policy to be omitted. After inculcating the necessity of union among themselves, he adds, "Two things have raised us Turks to the summit of power, viz. that we always seek out and discover the bad, but constantly reward the good. '*If circumstances prevent us from enforcing the punishment, we grant the desired pardon; but as soon as every thing is in security, and danger no longer exists, we avenge ourselves with severity.*'

In secure possession of the capital, the conqueror turned his thoughts to the subjugation of Servia, and sent an ambassador to the old despot George, claiming the country by right of inheritance. After carrying on hostilities in Servia, and the Archipelago, with his accustomed cruelty and success, the Sultan devoted all his energies to the siege of Belgrade. 'As early as April, 1456, it was known in Hungary, that the conqueror had collected numerous forces for the siege, and had cast cannon at Krussovatz. On the 13th of July, he appeared before Belgrade with 150,000 men, and a numerous park of artillery, of more than 300 guns (of which two and twenty were of the enormous length of twenty-seven feet), and seven mortars to discharge stone balls. The firing continued day and night, and the thunder of the cannon was heard at Segedin, more than twenty-seven Hungarian miles off.'

The celebrated Hunyad had collected first at Ofen, and afterwards at Segedin, about 60,000 men, who had taken up arms, induced by the bull of Pope Calixtus III., and the indulgences of his legate, Cardinal Joannes de Angelo, but more influenced by the call of the inspired preacher, Joannes Capistrano.

'On the 14th of July, Hunyad, with his fleet, of 200 vessels, partly collected at Slankament, and partly under Schilagi's direction, built at Belgrade, encountered the Turkish fleet, and drove it back. Mohammed burned the dismanned and dismasted ships, that they might not fall into the hands of the Hungarians; three ships were sunk, four taken, and more than 500 Turks were drowned. During the battle, Capistrano stood on the bank, and calling on the name of Jesus, waved his colours against the enemy, more successful by his sustained steadiness, than Mohammed and the Persian satrap Pharnabazos, who in their blind rage spurred their horses in vain from the bank into the water. The seventh day after the battle of the Danube, Mohammed led on his troops through the walls to storm the town. Karadscha, Beglerbeg of Rumili, who had hitherto conducted the siege with skill and bravery, had been shot by a cannon ball on the preceding evening. On the morning of the 21st of July, the drums and horns sounded, and the janizaries took possession of the outer town, storming against the breaches of the inner one. Hunyad himself now gave up the town for lost, Capistrano's confidence alone remained as unshaken as his inspired courage. By new reinforcements thrown into the town at the back gate, he threw down combustibles on the Turks as they were ascending the walls, and drove them back into the fosse. By noon, the Turks had left the town. Capistrano now took with him two of the younger brethren (one of them was Tagliacozzo), and the ensign Peter, and sallied out to seize the artillery. Whilst the Turks fled with loud cries of Allah, the victorious crusaders pressed on with their battle cry of Jesus.' The rout was complete; when the Sultan saw his troops flying, and his artillery in danger, he fought like a lion, and killed one of his enemies at a single blow, but was himself wounded in the thigh. The Grand Visir, being reproached by his master, replied, that almost all his soldiers were wounded, and that the others refused to obey his orders: then rushing into the thickest of the enemy, found an honourable death. A fortnight after the siege, Hunyad, and three months afterwards, Capistrano, who had so often braved death on the field of battle, died both on a sick bed.

The Sultan sought to obliterate the disgrace of his retreat from Belgrade, by festivities and new expeditions. He undertook in person the campaign against the Morea, probably unwilling to intrust to Mahmud Pacha, a Greek by birth, the subjugation of his native country. He was favoured by the constant failings of the Greeks, treachery and disunion, and in the seventh year after the conquest of Constantinople, the Sultan added Greece to his other acquisitions.

In the campaign against Bosnia, the king of the country, surrendered to Mahmud Pacha, on condition that his life should be spared. Mahmud assented; and thereby displeased the Sultan, whose constant maxim it was to extirpate the princes of the conquered kingdoms. He therefore procured a fetva from Sheick *Ali Bestami*, a celebrated scholar and fanatic, to declare the treaty null and void; and the unfortunate monarch fell a victim to the murderous policy of his conqueror. The victories of *Usunhasan*, who undertook to defend the Princes of Caramania against the ambitious designs of Mohammed, endangered the Turkish possessions in the East. Tokat was surprised, and endured all the extremities of cruelty; all Asia minor was exposed to the attacks of the invading army. At this critical period, Mohammed wrote, with his own hand,* a letter to his son, Prince Mustafa, governor of one of the eastern provinces, and took active measures for the defence of his dominions. Usunhasan continued his victorious career, and defeated the general who was sent to oppose him. Mohammed now took the field in person; and to encourage his troops, he gave out that he had a dream, in which himself and Usunhasan had tried their skill in wrestling; that Usunhasan had at first thrown him on his knee, but that, on recovering himself, he had struck his antagonist so violent a blow on the breast, that a piece of his heart fell to the ground. This was literally fulfilled in the ensuing battle of Terdjan, in which Usunhasan was completely defeated, and his son, Seinel, was killed; for in Persian as well as in Turkish, children are called pieces of the heart.

In 1479, the conqueror entertained the proud thought of making himself master of Italy as well as of Greece; and within fourteen days from the landing of the Turks in Apulia, Otranto, the bulwark of Italy against the Ottomans, fell into their hands. The siege of Rhodes is told with the luminous precision of M. Von. Hammer's usual descriptions. It is by far the clearest account which we possess of that celebrated event, the historian having minutely inspected the scenes of action with the sources of the history in his hand; but any analysis of it would lead us far beyond our limits. On the 3d of May, 1481, Mohammed died in the midst of vast preparations for war, but against whom they were to be directed, the world was left in uncertainty.

We have hitherto beheld Mohammed II. principally as the conqueror,† we shall now consider him as the statesman. The political institutions of this sovereign, the arrangement of the constitution, and the internal management of the empire, which form the subjects of the eighteenth book, render it one of the most interesting in the second volume. After the conquest of Constantinople, eight of the principal churches were changed into mosques, and Mohammed afterwards built four more; one named after himself, another named the mosque of *Ejub*, the companion of the Prophet, whose tomb was so fortunately discovered on the eventful day of storming the capital; the third, that of the Great Scheick Bochari, and the last, the Regiment Mosque (Ortadschami) of the Janizaries. In the great square of the mosque, which is named *Ssahn* (the field) are eight colleges or schools, and near these several charitable and literary institutions.

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* 'The observations of M. Von Hammer on the Chatti Sherif, are curious and interesting; and the letters of the Sultan and of Prince Mustafa, informing his father of a victory which he had gained, are likewise worthy of perusal.'

† The often-repeated anecdotes of the cruelty of this prince, his cutting open the bellies of his pages to discover which of them had eaten the cucumbers of a poor woman; beheading, with his own hand, his favourite Irene, in order to quiet the murmurs of the army at his inactivity; poisoning Prince Mustafa for dishonouring the haram of a pacha; making a judge sit on the skin of his flayed father, &c., do not rest on sufficient historical evidence. The predominant virtues and vices of Mohammed, are strongly pourtrayed in the different public actions of his life. Like most of the great sovereigns of the East, his character presents us with a splendid picture, on the dark ground, of despotic tyranny. Opposition to his will generally brought down death on his victims: witness the sons of Notaras, at the conquest of Constantinople, the noble daughter of Erizzo at that of Negropont, and the son of the historian, Phranza; ανειλεν αυτοχειρια τον φιλτατον μου ὑι ον Ιωαννην' is the affecting expression of the unhappy father.'

'We pass from the building of the town to that of the state, which the people of the East consider as a complete house, or rather tent; and the different branches of the constitution are named after this figurative idea. The state-building is divided into four parts. Of these, the principal is the Door or Porte; the others are the ecclesiastical law (Sheri); custom (Aadet); and the decrees of arbitrary power (Kanum).

'As the door is an emblem of the house, so is the Porte the common expression for the government, because, from the earliest times, the business of the people was transacted at the gate of the king's palace.' [At the gate of the palace were the guards, hence the door was not only the emblem of the government in general, but likewise of the army and the several divisions of the forces.] 'The third emblematical meaning of the word door, does not refer to the kingdom or government, but merely to the court and harem, which is called the house or door of happiness (*Dari* or *Deri scadet*); whilst the gate or door of the government is named the high gate of the kingdom, or of fortune (*Babi devlet*). The kingdom is *fortunate*, the court *happy*, the guards are placed at the door of the kingdom; the grand visir presides at the great gate. Through the door of happiness the way leads into the sanctuary of happiness, the interior of the court, the women's apartments.'

The *canon* of the conqueror, in which he, (or rather his last visir, Mohammed, the Caramanian in his name) arranged the constitution and the degrees of precedence of the different dignitaries, presents throughout, in the distribution of the offices of the state, the number four. This is taken from the four pillars which support the tent, and it rests, likewise, on the historical evidence of the four disciples and chalifs of the Prophet, and the four companions in arms of Osman, the founder of the dynasty.

The first pillars of the empire, and supporters of the divan,* are the visirs, (load carriers) because they bear on their shoulders the weight of the state. At first there was but one, then two, afterwards three, and the conqueror at last fixed their number at four; of these, the grand visir is by far the most powerful; his distinguishing privileges will be found at vol. ii., p. 226.

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* 'Div means a devil. Divan is the plural, and means demons; likewise the grand council of state, and a collection of poems: genius being alike requisite in poetry and politics.'

The second pillars of the state are the *Kadiaskers* or judges. Until the end of this reign there had been but one; but the grand vizir, Mohammed, being the personal enemy of Molla Kastellani, at that time Kadiasker, persuaded the Sultan, that as the number of vizirs had been increased, it would be expedient likewise to appoint two dignitaries of the law, one for the affairs of Europe, and the other for those of Asia.

The third pillars are the Defterdars, or keepers of the accounts of the Exchequer.* In the conqueror's time there was only one Defterdar, (afterwards there were four), to whom an assistant was given for Asiatic affairs. The present twenty-seven chambers, which have the management of the financial department, are of much later origin.

The fourth pillars are the *Nischandschi*, or secretaries for the signature of the Sultan. These formerly transacted the business of the secretaries of state, but are at present little better than a title of honour. There is no necessity for one entering into the numerous details respecting the outer and inner Agas, the distribution of the troops, &c., as they would hardly admit of abridgment. One mistake, which has not unfrequently been made, respecting the Ullemas, or lawyers, deserves, however, to be noticed. They are not merely theologians or priests. Theology necessarily forms a part of their studies, for all law, in Mohammedan countries, is more or less connected with that science, (the Koran or word of God' being the principal foundation of legal decisions), but the priests are distinct from the lawyers.

The canon of Mohammed consists of three principal divisions.

1. Of the degrees of precedence of the great men and supports of the empire.
2. Of the customs and ceremonies of the empire.
3. Of the fines for punishments, and of the revenues.

We shall make a few extracts, indiscriminately, from this part of the work. One of the regulations enjoined by the conqueror, is the following:

'That any one should eat with my Imperial Majesty, is not my canon; my illustrious ancestors formerly ate with their vizirs, which I have abolished.' [But the most fearful canon, is that which makes fratricide a law of the empire.] 'Most of the lawyers have declared it lawful for him, who, of my illustrious children and grandchildren, shall succeed to the throne, for the security of the peace of the world, to command the execution of his brothers, and he may do so accordingly. The descendants of my daughters hall receive no Beglerbeyships, merely rich Sandschaks.' [But as M. Von Hammer justly observes, this can only be understood of the grandsons of sultanas by their daughters; for the sons cannot be meant, as they were always put to death as soon as born]. 'Before the time of Mohammed, the Arabians used to drown their female children at their birth; and one of the greatest merits of the Prophet, in the eyes of humanity, is the abolition of this inhuman custom, in the name of God, through the Koran. How could he have anticipated that princes, who acknowledged his law, who, to the title of the Faithful, joined that of Chalifs, would, through the organs of the law, declare the murder of their kindred justifiable as a means of securing the throne; and that even an expression of the Koran (*Disquiet is worse than death*) should be made to serve as a foundation for the abominable fetvas of the lawyers.'

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* 'It is doubtful whether *Defter* (tax register) was adopted into the Persian from the Greek, (διφθερα) or not rather borrowed by the Greeks from the Persian; for, according to Eastern writers, the *Defter*, or tax register, was an old Persian institution, as the German word, *Schatz*, was originally the same as the Greek Γαζα and the Persian Chasine.'

We have already alluded to the eight schools or colleges founded by Mohammed, near the Mosque of the Fields. These he endowed with professors. The execution of this and of the whole hierarchy of the Ullemas was, however, the work of the celebrated Grand Vizir Mahmud Pacha. The students were called *Thalib*, the desirous (of knowledge). The course of their studies embraced ten sciences—grammar, logic, metaphysics, philology, tropics, stylistics, rhetoric, geometry, and astronomy. After they had completed their education, they were called *Danischmende*, or science-gifted: and as such, or *Muid* (repeaters), they taught the younger students. The details of these institutions, of the different professors, and their emoluments, are curious and interesting.

The endowment of schools, and the promotion of the professors to the highest dignities of the state, ensured the advancement of science under the reign of Mohammed II. He himself had made considerable progress, not only in learning but in poetry; and his productions have procured for him an honourable rank in the list of Osmanic poets. From his time the office of teacher of the Sultan (Chodscha), who read not only with the prince, but with the Sultan himself, was one of the first dignitaries of the law. Twelve of the greatest men filled this situation during the lifetime of Mohammed; and the Sultan was in correspondence with the most accomplished princes of the times, who, like himself, encouraged learning and the sciences.

The example of Mohammed produced a favourable effect, and not only lawyers, to whom advancement in the sciences was necessary to promotion, but Visirs and Pachas devoted themselves passionately to study, giving the most splendid proof 'that learning not only adorns the warrior and the statesman, but that scientific culture in the highest dignitaries, is an index of the greatest prosperity in kingdoms.

The poets of this reign did not distinguish themselves by original composition; but for the great models of Persian and Djagatarc poesy, *Djami* and *Mir Alischir*, not one of all the thirty poets in the pay of Mohammed would really have deserved the name. *Djemali* composed his poem of *Humai* and *Humayun* after that of *Mir Alischir* of the same title, and the Osmanic romantic epic poet *Hamdi,* the poet of *Jusuf* and *Suleika,* of *Leila* and *Medjnun,* was principally the imitator, or rather the translator, of *Djami.*

Two of the lawyers deserve particular notice, *Molla Kurani* and *Molla Chosru.* The former of these was teacher of Mohammed II. This prince, when young, refusing to learn to read the Koran, his father, Sultan Murad, sent Molla Kurani with a staff, and power to use it against his son. Kurani, a dignified man, of unbending character, announced his errand to the royal pupil, who laughed in the face of his teacher, and instantly received the threatened chastisement. On his accession to the throne, the Sultan offered Kurani the post of visir, which he declined for that of judge and director of the pious endowments, as in these he could behave with more freedom. Being discontented with the Sultan, he went to Egypt, where he was honourably received, but afterwards returned to Rum, where he died in the greatest respect for his learning and independence.

Molla Chosru was the rival of Kurani in personal appearance, favour with the Sultan, character, and learning. As judge of Constantinople, and afterwards mufti for thirteen years, he was held in great respect for his learning, but in still greater for his character. When he entered the mosque, the crowded people made way for him; and the Emperor, on seeing this, more than once said to his visirs, "This is the Ebu Hanif of our time." At the feasts in honour of the circumcision of his two sons, the Sultan placed *Kurani* on his right, and *Chosru* on his left. The latter not brooking this distinction, sailed for Brusa, where he built a college, in which he delivered instructions. A great number of distinguished men in this reign are mentioned in the concluding pages of this book, whom we cannot notice more particularly.

Mohammed II. was succeeded by his son Bajesid II. His expeditions, and the unfortunate fate of his brother Dschem (so well known in contemporary European histories by the name of Zizimus) whose adventures, in variety and interest, resemble more a tale of romance than of real life, are the subjects of the two succeeding books.

In the year 1492 (the same in which Columbus discovered America), the first intercourse took place between Russia and Turkey. Czar John the third, through his ally *Mengeli Girdi,* Chan of the Crimea, made the first application to Bajesid, who sent for answer, "if the Prince of Muscovy is your brother, he is mine also." Two embassies were sent in the same reign from Russia to Turkey, to obtain freedom of trade for the Russian merchants in the states of the Sultan. Such were the first approaches of two powers, who, at the present moment, attract the attention of political Europe. The old age of Bajesid was disturbed by civil wars with his sons, the youngest of whom, Selim, ascended the throne by the favour of the Janizaries, whose influence greatly increased during this reign. The unfortunate Sultan did not long survive his deposition; but whether he died of illness, or of poison, is uncertain.

The length to which our remarks have extended, prevents us from entering into the reign of Selim. Each of the volumes is enriched with a map, accounts of the works consulted by the author, and copious notes, containing not only the different opinions of the writers of the events recorded in the text, but many curious public documents, illustrations of Eastern manners, and translations of the Oriental poets, together with genealogical lists of the sultans, vizirs, and other public dignitaries.

Art. XI.—*A Memoir of the Life of the Right Honourable George Canning (Prefixed to an Edition of his Speeches).* By R. Therry, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. 8vo. pp. 178. London: Ridgway. 1828.

A biographical memoir of the most illustrious statesman and accomplished orator of our age, prefixed to the only authentic edition of his speeches, has far superior claims to notice and credit over any of those ephemeral and hurried sketches of his life, which, without authority and for mere abject purposes of lucre, have been thickly palmed upon the public attention. In the editorial arrangement of Mr. Canning's speeches, Mr. Therry informs us that he "originally engaged with the sanction and encouragement of that lamented statesman himself:" from whom, indeed, many of the most important pieces in the collection had accordingly received the signal and exclusive advantage of personal revision, before he was unhappily removed from the earthly theatre of his glory.

The pretensions of the memoir before us, with which Mr. Therry has introduced this valuable publication, are stated with candour and modesty. His object, that gentleman declares, has 'simply been to connect in a brief narrative the leading events of the political career of Mr. Canning—to mark the periods of his progressive advancement in public life—and to collect such facts and circumstances, as might render his labours altogether a faithful record of the principles of that illustrious statesman, and of the eloquence with which those principles were enforced.' In the biographical part of this undertaking, he has evidently not been left without some genuine information, and useful assistance. He announces his obligation 'to the kindness of some of Mr. Canning's surviving friends, for being enabled to state many circumstances more accurately than they have hitherto appeared.' But he is careful to proclaim that no passage of the memoir has been written by any of these friends; and that none of them, therefore, are responsible for any sentiment or opinion it contains—and he confesses that his materials have principally been collected from such available sources of general intelligence, as related to the various and important political transactions in which Mr. Canning was prominently engaged.

Altogether, then, Mr. Therry's memoir, so far as it goes, may be received, like his version of the speeches, for an authentic and authorized production; and though rather a correct outline, than a full and finished view, even of the public life of its lamented subject, it throws probably as much light on the details of his personal history and conduct, as the world can ever expect to receive,—unless some one of his private friends, with the advantages of close intimacy; with the fresh reminiscence of his brilliant and amiable qualities; with the unlimited confidence of his family, and free access to any papers which he may have left; and above all, with sufficient ability and affection for his fame, should worthily assume the office of his biographer. But such a favourable conjunction of requisites for the task, is scarcely, we fear, to be anticipated; and except this be found, future memoirs of Mr. Canning can be little more, in the relation of events, than repetitions from the materials which have here been collected. More impartial and jealous estimates of Mr. Canning's career may certainly be raised: for Mr. Therry's sketch, warm with recent admiration of departed genius, is almost avowedly an eulogy. More elaborate discussions of the various political questions in which the life of the great statesman was mixed up, may doubtless be anticipated: for our author has touched but lightly "currente calamo" upon those fruitful topics of public dissension, which, with such gigantic force, have agitated our country and our times. But though such considerations of the political principles of the minister, and of the whole memorable age in which his actions were involved, may easily swell his future biography to whole volumes, all the facts and deeds of his life, which ordinary sources of intelligence may supply, can only be copied from, or repeated after, the present publication. It embraces the essence and substance of all the truth that—except it should be through the affectionate and venerating zeal of personal friends or kindred—will probably ever be told of the life of George Canning. Before we make a rapid abstract of its contents, we shall only say further in Mr. Therry's praise, that his own expressed sentiments are liberal, enlightened, and rational; his comments in general appropriate, sensible, and just; his manner thoroughly gentlemanlike and temperate; and his style, though occasionally perhaps too ambitious, clear, animated, and vigorous.

Mr. Therry has thought fit, with a syllogistic precision, to divide the course of his subject in the outset, into four distinct periods: the first extending from the birth of Mr. Canning, to his entrance into public life in 1793; the second, from his parliamentary debut in that year, to the death of his leader and friend, Mr. Pitt, in 1806; the third, from that event, after which he acknowledged no political master, through the long interval until the decease of Lord Londonderry in 1822; and the last—the most glorious for his own fame, the happiest for the destinies of his country—from his accession to the guidance of the department of Foreign affairs, which immediately followed Lord Londonderry's death, until the simultaneous close of his political and mortal career in 1827.

A contempt for the honest pride of descent is affected only by those who have no claim to its indulgence. It is not therefore unimportant to observe, as Mr. Therry seems to consider it, that Mr. Canning was descended of an ancient and respectable family; and the fact is the more worthy of record, because to characterise this son of genius as an upstart adventurer, was among the impotent efforts of that malignant envy which his greatness provoked. His ancestors, so long back as the days of our Edwards and Henrys, were eminent merchants of Bristol and London, who are recorded in the number of the chief magistrates of the two cities. Their descendants, the Canning's of Foxcote, in Warwickshire, have for three centuries ranked among the principal resident gentry of that county. In 1618, the fourth son of Richard Canning of Foxcote, obtained from James I., the grant of the manor of Garvagh in Londonderry, where his posterity have ever since been established; and from the family branch which thus settled in Ireland, the illustrious minister lineally descended. It may be philosophically true, that no length of pedigree can serve to augment the fame of the great master spirit, which might rather shed lustre on any ancestors than receive it from them: but it is no unworthy national prejudice which associates the heritage of manly and honourable feeling, with the condition of that class of society whose existence is among the peculiar boasts and safeguards of our country—the condition of the untitled, but hereditary, British gentleman.

The immediate circumstances of Mr. Canning's birth were adverse. His father, a student of the Middle Temple, displeased his parents by marrying a lady of his own country, who though of highly respectable connections and character, had no other dower than her remarkable beauty and accomplishments; and he was in consequence disinherited of the family estate, which should have devolved to him as the eldest son. He never returned to Ireland, and was called to the English bar; but though a man of talent and intellectual taste, he seems to have been improvident of his worldly interests, and never pursued his profession with earnestness. His inclination led him, rather to the cultivation of polite literature, in which his acquirements were considerable, than to the austerer study of the law. In London he moved with his lady in a very elegant circle of society, in which they were highly esteemed. But though "they lived together contented, happy, and respected," his existence was a continued struggle against poverty; and he died soon after the birth of his gifted son, while difficulties were daily thickening around him.

Under such inauspicious circumstances was the future prime minister of Great Britain born in London, in the year 1770. His mother, thus left destitute in the first year of his infancy, was painfully reduced to make an honourable effort for rescuing herself from dependence, by employing in public those talents and accomplishments which had hitherto adorned her in private life. She went upon the stage; and though her success was not eminent, it was sufficient to gratify her laudable desire of arriving at independence. She married a second time, Mr. Hunn, but soon became again a widow.

To this his surviving parent, whose virtues appear to have well merited his filial honour and piety, Mr. Canning's conduct, throughout the whole course of his life, was too beautiful to be passed over in this place, without copying his biographer's record :—' It is, perhaps, here opportune to state,' says Mr. Therry, ' that Mr. Canning took the earliest occasion of relieving his mother from the necessity of obtaining a maintenance by the public exercise of her talents. With an affection truly duteous and exemplary, he not only applied a portion of the means allowed him by his family for the prosecution of his collegiate studies, to her support, but devoted, to that praiseworthy purpose, the first fruits of his public services. When he retired, in 1801, from the office of under-secretary of state, he was entitled to a pension of 500*l.* a-year; instead of appropriating that sum to his own uses, he requested to have it settled, as a provision, on his mother. His attention to his mother, throughout his whole life, was most kind and affectionate, and will be contemplated with delight by those who love to appreciate the private qualities which endear, in preference to the more glittering, though not more substantial or admirable, ones, which dazzle and astonish. Mr. Canning not only paid a yearly visit to his mother at Bath, where she resided, but made it a rule, which he invariably observed, to write to her every Sunday. So strictly did he observe this rule, of addressing a weekly letter to his mother, that, during his embassy at the court of Lisbon, even when opportunities of intercourse between Portugal and England did not occur sometimes for several weeks together, he nevertheless wrote his Sunday letter, so that a packet often conveyed four or five letters together to his mother. These letters his grateful parent preserved, and she delighted in reading them in the circle of her friends at Bath.'

Mr. Canning's early education was superintended by his uncle and guardian, Mr. Stratford Canning, (father of the diplomatist of that name), an eminent London merchant. But his expences at school and at college, were defrayed from a small estate in Ireland, which was bequeathed to him by his grandfather, and formed his only inheritance; although insufficient as a provision for life, it was an adequate fund for the means of education. He received the first elements of that classical instruction in which he became so elegantly accomplished, under the Rev. Mr. Richards of Bath

Abbey school, near Winchester; one of the best qualified preceptors of his day, to whose tuition, Mr. Therry observes, that Mr. Canning considered himself deeply indebted; though our author appears to be ignorant of a fact with which we happen to be acquainted, that it was among the latest acts of the illustrious and grateful statesman, to secure ecclesiastical preferment for his venerable and unambitious tutor. From Bath Abbey school, Mr. Canning was removed, in his thirteenth year, to Eton. His brilliant distinction in that celebrated arena of young intellectual ambition, is too well known to need that we should follow his biographer minutely through its gradations. But it is scarcely too much to say, that the reputation of Eton has rested, for the last forty years, and will perhaps rest for as many to come, more upon the fame of his individual scholarship, than upon the collective merit of her whole institution. The fortuitous production of one such man seems a boast sufficient to serve a public school for a century! His principal share in the Microcosm, in which he engaged before he had completed his sixteenth year, revealed early stores of knowledge, and habits of reflection, which must have been the results of an application as extraordinary as the original powers of his genius. Imagination, wit, poetical and vigorous conceptions, nature had given him for his own: but classical and general learning, cultivated taste, and correctness and facility of expression, were already the fruits of his youthful application. As the productions of a mere boy, some of his papers in the Microcosm, are among the most remarkable pieces in our language; though they are framed on too close and palpable an imitation of Addison and our other elder essayists. Mr. Therry has ingeniously remarked, in one of these little pieces, which he copies for the purpose—a playful comparison between weaving and poetry—the development of those striking powers of analogy, with which, on the most momentous questions of human affairs, the future orator was so often and suddenly to surprise, charm, and dazzle his auditory.

In 1788, Mr. Canning, then in his eighteenth year, removed from Eton to Christ Church, Oxford. The celebrity of his juvenile talents had preceded him to the university; and the prizes which he there bore away increased his reputation. His career at Oxford, too, laid the foundation of some friendships with young men of future eminence, which were certainly equally advantageous and honourable to him in his subsequent life. But it is absurd to attribute to such connexions, a success in public life, for which he was solely indebted to the irresistible force of his own talents; and Mr. Therry is too needlessly anxious to refute the silly assertion, that he owed his appointment to the Foreign Department, on the death of Lord Londonderry, to the private friendship of Lord Liverpool, who had ranked, on terms of perfect equality, among his collegiate intimates. All the world knows that the necessity which was felt for strengthening the hands of government by the accession of Mr. Canning's ability to lead in the House of Commons at that juncture, forced his appointment upon Lord Liverpool's administration.

On quitting the university, Mr Canning entered himself a student at Lincoln's Inn, but evidently for the purpose only of acquiring the knowledge of the legal principles of the constitution, necessary for a political career, and not of following the profession of the bar. Thus, also, during that period, we are told, 'he was augmenting in several private societies, the distinguished reputation as a speaker, which he had previously obtained at Oxford.' His views were already plainly directed to public life; and it was during this period that his acquaintance with Sheridan, who had known him as a promising school boy, ripened into intimacy—but it was to the intercourse of society, and communion of sentiments between his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning, and some of the leading Whigs, that he was indebted for his previous introduction to Fox, Burke, and other magnates of that party, on which so much stress has been laid. Mr. Therry is also at too much pains to contradict the report that Mr. Canning was, in the most remote degree, related to poor Sheridan, or obliged to him for contributing to the expenses of his education;—the fact being, as was indeed much more consistent with probability, that the only pecuniary obligation between them was produced by a note addressed by Sheridan, 'one evening shortly before his death, to Mr. Canning, in the House of Commons, requesting a loan of 100*l.*, which was instantly complied with.'

A more debateable question, touching the consistency and integrity of Mr. Canning's political principles at his outset in public life, has been raised on his early connexion with the Whig party, which he has often been accused of having abandoned from interested motives, for the patronage of Mr. Pitt. It is admitted, that the society in which he first mingled as a youth, consisted for the most part of 'persons of Whig principles—that his uncle who superintended his education was an avowed Whig—and that his own writings and speeches at the university, breathe warm sentiments in favour of those liberal principles, with which the name of that important political party in the state, has been identified.' Before, however, his acquaintance with Mr. Pitt, he is stated to have already avowed his dissent from that party, on the great question of the French revolution; and Mr. Therry rests the justification of his integrity in joining the government, on this fact. But we cannot here do better than suffer his zealous biographer to speak for himself.

'In the general exultation which the French Revolution, at its first burst, awakened, even among the temperate advocates of well regulated freedom, throughout Europe, Mr. Canning, with a mind fresh from the contemplation of those heroic achievements in the cause of freedom, which "raised up the Greek and Roman name with such a lustre," sanguinely participated. This admiration, however, was limited to the principle of the necessity of adjusting the inequalities of the political condition of France—of correcting its abuses—and of remodelling and invigorating the institutions which a long series of acts of misgovernment had enfeebled. Mr. Canning's opinions respecting the French Revolution, however, had undergone a change previous to his acquaintance with Mr. Pitt, and it was *that* change which led to his connection with Mr. Pitt, and to his determination not to connect himself politically with the Whig party. This determination was strengthened by the course which Mr. Fox and others of the Whigs took about this time, and which produced the separation between Mr. Fox and Mr. Grey, on the one side, and Mr. Burke and Mr. Windham, on the other; and perhaps the most intelligible and most correct explanation of Mr. Canning's determination not to connect himself with the Whig party, but to attach himself to Mr. Pitt, is to state, that his decision was formed upon the same grounds which induced the Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, Mr. Windham, Mr. Grenville, and those who acted with them, to separate from Mr. Fox, and take office under Mr. Pitt, and at the same period of time, though independently of them, and without any concert."—vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

The question of the merits of the French revolution—especially considering the dreadful excesses to which it had at this epoch (1793) been carried—and the danger with which it openly threatened every established government—was one, it must be acknowledged, *sui generis*, to be regarded and treated apart and distinct from all ordinary and general principles. The cause from which Mr. Canning seceded was no longer, as his biographer elsewhere justly observes, the revolution of 1787, 'when the spectacle of the French people, and first National Assembly, was grand and inspiring; but the terrorism which had covered France with dungeons, scaffolds, and proscriptions.' But whatever degree of sincerity we may freely attribute to the change in Mr. Canning's youthful opinions, ungenerous suspicion was not the less sure to attach to his sudden and devoted enlistment under the banners of the great champion of the anti-revolutionary cause. The circumstances of his introduction to Mr. Pitt, which ushered him into public life, have been so variously reported, that it may not be amiss to quote in this place, the exact relation of his well informed biographer.

'The commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Pitt, though somewhat curious in its circumstances, is attributable to the same honourable source from which he derived all his distinction in after life—his own talents. The celebrity of those talents reached the minister, Mr. Pitt, through a private channel, who communicated his desire to see Mr. Canning. With this requisition Mr. Canning, of course, readily complied. Mr. Pitt proceeded immediately on their meeting to declare to Mr. Canning the object of his requesting an interview with him; which was to state, that he had heard of Mr. Canning's reputation as a scholar and a speaker, and that if he concurred in the policy which Government was then pursuing, arrangements would be made to facilitate his introduction into Parliament. After a full explanation between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning of the feelings of each on all the important public questions of the moment, the result was, on Mr. Canning's part, the determination to connect himself politically with Mr. Pitt; and on the part of Mr. Pitt, the offer of a seat in Parliament. He may have confided this determination to Mr. Sheridan, or possibly may have consulted him; but even the assertion so frequently made, that Sheridan's advice mainly influenced him in this important step, is sustained by no competent authority. This acquiescence in the proposal of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning's friends knew to be consistent with his previously avowed and conscientious conviction, as when he had no motives of interest to sway him in adopting that conviction, and very strong ones to persuade him from it, he had uncompromisingly expressed it in the Whig circle in which he principally moved, and by which, in the ordinary course of events, it was natural he should have expected to be introduced into Parliament.' —pp. 17, 18.

Whatever may be thought of the circumstances under which Mr. Canning entered public life, the most triumphant justification of his outset is to be found in the consistency of his political principles, at least, from that hour to his death. His memory deserves the high eulogium of his biographer, that, 'in an age of recantations and apostacies, he reached the summit of popular favour and of his fame, without disavowing one act of his public life.' Apart from his uniform opposition to the disputable questions of the French revolution and parliamentary reform, his support of all the enlightened principles of political justice and freedom was clearly and undoubtedly inflexible and honourable. To instance only two of the great subjects to which those principles were applicable, he appears in splendid contrast with a contemporary statesman, who has with little reason been numbered, like himself, among the disciples of the Pitt school. In a review of Lord Liverpool's political career, we have had occasion to limit the consistency of that nobleman—little for the fame of a public and private character, otherwise well-intentioned and estimable—to a narrow and persevering hostility against the abolition of the slave trade, and the emancipation of the Catholics: to Mr. Canning's enduring honour, *his* whole career is closely identified with his consistent and eloquent vindication of humanity and justice in both those causes. In the one, his earliest and latest efforts were earnestly, though temperately directed, to ameliorate the condition of the slave population, and gradually to abolish slavery altogether; to the other he, on two distinct occasions, sacrificed place and emolument, and what he prized far more highly than either, ambition itself; and finally, victorious over the bigotry and intolerance which his advocacy of this very question had fearlessly provoked, he rendered his elevation the most auspicious promise for the eventual triumph of civil and religious liberty.

Mr. Canning obtained his first seat in Parliament in the year 1793; but his debut as a speaker in the House was not made until the following year. He probably felt the difficulty of proving himself equal to the high reputation for eloquence which had preceded his introduction. Throughout his first session, he cautiously held himself back to acquire the useful knowledge of the forms and practices of Parliament, and while his observation was active and watchful, and his attendance incessant, he preserved a strict silence. His maiden speech, on the Sardinian subsidy, was not delivered until the following year. 'In the estimation of his friends and of the House,' says Mr. Therry, 'this speech, though equal to the subject, was hardly on a level with his own fame.' It merely sustained, without advancing, the expectation which had been formed of him. In the next year (1795) he seconded the motion to the address on the king's speech; but neither was there any thing very remarkable in his oratory upon this occasion, respecting which, by the way, Mr. Therry has made a curious mistake. He declares that Mr. Canning's speech 'contained some fine bursts of eloquence; and that the passage relating to *the cruelties practised by Buonaparte in Switzerland*, is an impressive and deeply affecting description.' The cruelties of the French in Switzerland could scarcely have been the subject of a declamation in 1795, since they happen not to have been perpetrated until three years later; nor was the orator likely to have attributed to Buonaparte, who had accusations enough upon his head, the atrocities committed by the French in the Swiss mountains, since it chanced that he had nothing to do with them, and was actually at the moment traversing the distant and burning plains of Egypt! The speech of Mr. Canning's, which his biographer thus confuses, was not delivered until December, 1798, when it was made on Mr. Tierney's motion for peace with the French republic; and upon which occasion it must have been that Mr. Pitt, as our author observes, in the circle of his private friends, eulogized this speech, and the admirable address with which it was delivered, as 'affording indications of even greater abilities than fame—which had been busy in his praise—had hitherto awarded him.' The logical construction of the argumentative matter, as well as the vehement power with which the cruelties of the French are vividly delineated, and indignantly branded with execration, certainly render this speech a masterpiece of oratory. But our purpose in this place is rather to trace the events of Mr. Canning's public life, than to examine the general characteristics or particular examples of his eloquence. Our present business is with the memoir of the statesman: the qualities of the orator may more appropriately be considered in a separate review of the speeches themselves, which it is our intention hereafter to offer.

In 1796, Mr. Canning was appointed Under Secretary of State in the Foreign Department, then conducted by Lord Grenville; and of course continued his strenuous support of Mr. Pitt's government, both in and out of parliament. Not least among his services must be numbered his share in the Anti-Jacobin Review:

for the felicitous satire and ridicule with which that spirited journal assailed the extravagant principles of the French democrats, were, perhaps, more efficacious expedients than serious argument. Mr. Canning was its most popular contributor; and the well known humour of the "knife-grinder," and several other of the happiest attempts, have been currently ascribed to his single pen; with what correctness, however, his biographer seems to be ignorant; for though Mr. Canning did not conceal his general share in the work, he never avowed the sole composition, or claimed the exclusive merit, of any particular portions of it.

Thus maintaining the cause in which he had embarked, with weapons from every armoury, Mr. Canning held his post in the Foreign Office, without intermission, until the close of Mr. Pitt's ministry. Upon its dissolution on the Catholic Question, Mr. Canning was true to his leader, and to the principles which he had himself proclaimed on that subject. It is impossible to read either his two excellent speeches on the Irish Union—or those of Mr. Pitt on the same topic—without observing that emancipation was held out by both, in terms too plain to be mistaken, as an inducement to the Irish Catholics to accede to the measure. The late publication of Mr. Pitt's letter to the king, proves in part, that an assurance had been given by him to the Catholics, that after the Union, the question of their emancipation should be carried: and that it was the disappointment of his efforts to overcome the resistance of the royal mind to the fulfilment of the pledge, which prompted his immediate resignation. Mr. Canning honourably followed the example, when he might unquestionable have retained his office under the Addington administration.

A few months before this event, Mr. Canning was married to one of the two daughters and co-heiresses of the well known General Scott—an union which proved in every way felicitous. The lady's society rendered him happy—her fortune made him independent, and strengthened the station which he had already won by his talents—and her sister's marriage connected him closely with the house of Portland. During Mr. Pitt's secession from the government, Mr. Canning did not adhere to his leader in supporting the new administration. Having obtained his seat by Mr. Pitt's influence, he did not think it right to oppose his wishes, until the new parliament of 1802, in which he procured a seat by his own means; and from that period he threw himself vigorously into the scale of opposition against the imbecility of the Addington cabinet. When that ministry gave way before the public distrust and contempt, and the increasing difficulties of the country, and when Mr. Pitt was loudly recalled to the helm of government, Mr. Canning again accepted office under his great friend, as Treasurer of the Navy. But the death of Mr. Pitt, which so shortly followed, and the consequent accession of the Whigs to power, once more threw Mr. Canning into opposition.

In Mr. Pitt's grave, Mr. Canning declared, that he buried his political allegiance; and from that hour, to borrow another of his emphatic declarations, he no longer acknowledged any leader. During the short-lived Whig administration of the "talents," Mr. Canning distinguished himself as the most active and leading member of the new opposition—and on the dissolution of that, and the formation of the Portland cabinet, as it was called, in 1807, Mr. Canning accepted the seals of the foreign office, and became for the first time a cabinet minister. Into the measures of the government, of which he thus formed a part, in their conduct of the war against Buonaparte, it is scarcely necessary for us to enter: but it deserves to be noticed, that the glorious commencement of the struggle of the Spaniards against the perfidious usurpation of Napoleon, coincides with the period of Mr. Canning's direction of the Foreign Department. But Mr. Therry very much over-rates, we think, the merit derivable from this adventitious circumstance to Mr. Canning's memory. The policy which he pursued at the juncture of the Spanish insurrection, however liberal, active, energetic, was only that obviously prompted by the occasion, and loud demanded by the public voice. There is more reason to applaud the moral courage, the perseverance and constancy, with which subsequently, even in moments of the greatest despondency and discouragement, and under circumstances the most gloomy and adverse, his voice ever continued strongly to urge the vigorous and enlarged prosecution of the Peninsular war. Mr. Canning's conduct of the Foreign Department during the early part of the Spanish struggle, is, however, farther remarkable in his biography, as having given occasion for some of the most masterly productions of his pen. His state papers in the various negociations of that period, have often and deservedly been cited for their clearness, energy, and beautiful simplicity, as finished models of diplomatic correspondence.

But Mr. Canning was not fated to guide the department of Foreign affairs, to the splendid consummation of the struggle which had commenced, in a manner, under his especial auspices and encouragement. Hitherto, up to the year 1809, his political career had been, notwithstanding his temporary secessions from office, uniformly prosperous in increasing reputation. But he was now about to enter on that part of his life, which his best friends and warmest admirers must regard, we apprehend, as responding ill to its preceding hopes, and checking his ascent for many years, whether justly or otherwise, with humiliation and suspicion. The immediate event which clouded his fortunes, and tarnished the unsullied dignity of his character; was the circumstance in the Portland Cabinet which produced his duel with Lord Castlereagh. We shall not agree with his sensitive biographer that this is 'an incident which requires to be treated with the greatest delicacy,' we recognise no such scruples in examining the public conduct of public men. But the real merits of the rupture between the two secretaries are even now difficult to determine. In Mr. Therry's Memoir, the published statements, both of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, are very properly given at full length: but the biographer seems to decline to pass his own opinion upon the case.—Perhaps, after a dispassionate examination of these documents, the candid conclusion should be formed, that Mr. Canning was neither guilty of unwarranted dictation to his colleagues, nor by any means, of the premeditated treachery so often imputed to him; but that he was betrayed, contrary to his own judgment, to permit the continuance of a very unjustifiable line of concealment towards Lord Castlereagh, relative to some intended changes in the Cabinet, of which his lordship was to be the subject. It appears generally, that Mr. Canning deeming some alterations necessary in the conduct either of his own department or that of war and colonies, over which Lord Castlereagh presided; required of the Premier that such changes should be made, and tendered his own resignation as the alternative; that the Premier, privately consulting Lord Castlereagh's friends in the Cabinet, agreed with them in proposing an arrangement for transferring Lord Castlereagh to another department, and suggested that this plan should be concealed until a favourable juncture for reconciling Lord Castlereagh to the measure; that Mr. Canning, although in the outset he took some steps to have the matter communicated to his lordship, and afterwards remonstrated frequently against the delay and the concealment, did so far virtually acquiesce in both; that he did not insist peremptorily as he should have done, for the sake of shielding his own conduct and honour from misconception, and in fairness to Lord Castlereagh,—upon that nobleman being from the first moment apprised of the proceeding in contemplation. One fact is evident, that the concealment orignated not with Mr. Canning, but was adopted, in concert with Lord Castlereagh's friends in the Cabinet, by the Premier. The Duke of Portland, a nobleman of most amiable character, but altogether destitute of the firmness necessary for his station, erred through his anxiety to conciliate and reconcile all parties and differences in the Cabinet; and it is curious to observe how closely the results of his weak and temporising line of conduct coincide with the circumstances which led to the late dissolution of Lord Goderich's administration.

Altogether, we have dwelt particularly upon the merits of this celebrated rupture, because there is no event of Mr. Canning's life, which was so heavily, and in a great measure, so unjustly detrimental to his fair fame: and a candid examination of which is so necessary to the vindication of his memory. The imputation of premeditated treachery, which was sedulously made by his adversary's party at that time, and which has left too lasting an impression on some minds—the imputation, 'that he kept a promise for Lord Caatlereagh's dismissal in his pocket, while he allowed his lordship to suppose that he possessed his full confidence and support, as a colleague" is as false in colouring, as it would have been odious in fact. Mr. Canning had a right to proffer his own resignation as an alternative for any change which he thought necessary in the government; he clearly wished and urged that Lord Castlereagh should be made acquainted with the step which he had taken; the concealment was the earnest wish of his lordship's own friends; and Mr. Canning was only blameable for having yielded "against his better judgment," as he confessed, to their entreaties on the subject.

We pass rapidly over the history of the next seven years, during which Mr. Canning remained out of office. This long interval is marked, however, by one brilliant act of self-denial and consistent integrity on his part; which, to his honour, should never be forgotten in his biography: we mean his refusal to resume the seals of the Foreign Office, on the formation of Lord Liverpool's administration in 1812, for the single reason that the Cabinet, as *then* constructed, was avowedly formed, not on the free principles of discussion for the Catholic question, but on the resolution to exclude and resist its consideration altogether. Highly dignified and creditable to Mr. Canning's consistency, as was his refusal of office on this ground, it is impossible not to deplore, with additional reason, the consequences of the bigotted principle of that government, when we remember this fact—that it excluded Mr. Canning from an office, which Lord Castlereagh, in consequence of his refusal, retained to the close of the war. It is impossible not to contrast the influence upon the happiness and freedom of the German and Italian states, which Mr. Canning's liberal and enlightened British policy would have exercised in the settlement of Europe, with that fatal countenance which was afforded, in the name of this country, to the despotic league of the Continental sovereigns, by our foreign minister of the day!

In approaching the era of Mr. Canning's return to administration, in 1816, our regret is little diminished. We cannot agree with Mr. Therry, that there was no derogation of personal dignity in his accepting office, in fact, *under* Lord Castlereagh, in the embassy to Lisbon, and afterwards as a subordinate member of administration in Parliament, while his Lordship continued leader in the House of Commons. That there was *political* profligacy, or inconsistency, in either measure on his part, it would be absurd and unjust to pretend; but after having exercised such weight and superiority to Lord Castlereagh, in a former Cabinet—after having been appointed, conjointly with Lord Wellesley, in 1812, to form an administration—and possessing such acknowledged superiority in every quality of an orator and a statesman, over the foreign secretary—we do think there was a loss of *personal* dignity in ceding to his pretensions. There was no man in 1816 to whom Mr. Canning should have given precedence in the House of Commons: there was no ministerial post in that house that it became him to accept, short of that of the government leader. Accordingly he appeared, throughout the six years which intervened before he assumed his proper station, shorn of his earlier lustre, and over-shadowed in reputation by inferior men. Lending the aid of his eloquence and wit, with Quixotic zeal, to a party envious of his superiority, and entertaining no affection for his person, he was left to stand the brunt of every assault of the popular party. During the agitation of the question of Parliamentary Reform, and in the severe restrictions upon personal liberty, with which the government thought it necessary to meet the prevailing discontents, he was committed as their prominent defender, in hostility and obloquy with half the nation. In this unenviable position, he had well nigh descended from the proud hopes of his parliamentary life, to terminate his political career in no more than a decent banishment to India; and even, when he was happily and suddenly arrested in his fall, to resume and accomplish his glorious destiny, there were few sincere friends of freedom, few men of moderate opinions, who had not learnt—how unjustly the event proved!—to watch and anticipate his future proceedings with jealousy and distrust.

With what different emotions were the five last years of his brilliant and useful existence to be contemplated! On his conduct as 'the patriot minister,' throughout this latest and most auspicious period of his life, all panegyric would be feeble, and all eulogium cold. With more truth might it be said of him, than of the most illustrious of his predecessors, that with one hand he wielded the democracy of Britain, and with the other upheld the liberties of the universe. With more truth, that, while he triumphed in rendering his policy peculiarly British, and directed to British objects, he reconciled the greatness of his country with the best interests of mankind. For all these, he died too soon; for his own fame, he had lived long enough. He had already reached the meridian elevation of his glory; and the most magnificent success could but have realized the hopes of his country and the world. These have been buried in his grave—these are already the sure monuments of his eternal fame.

ART. XII.—*Prospetto della Storia letteraria di Sicilia nel secolo XVIII, dell' abbate Domenico Scinà, Istoriografo, del regno.* Palermo. 3 vols. in 8vo. 1827. *View of the Literary History of Sicily during the 18th Century.* By the Abbé Scinà, historiographer of the Kingdom. Palermo. 3 vol. 8vo. 1827.

NOTHING excites more lively interest, than the history of a people whose name in itself awakens great recollections. Sicily, inhabited by Aborigines belonging to the fabulous times of antiquity, which shared with Etruria alone the honour of having been the cradle of the civilization of ancient Europe, which from the fruitlessness of its soil received Phœnician, Greek and Carthaginian colonies, and ventured to contest the power of Rome, although like all the powers of the then known world, it at last became its conquest, has indisputable claims to that spotless glory which arises from the culture of the human mind. After having thrown a dazzling splendour on the most remote periods of history, and having produced an Archimedes and an Empedocles, a Theocritus and Diodorus, she placed herself at the head of the new Italian language and literature, and announced as from afar that brilliant assemblage of superior genius, that was to make all the peninsula the classic land of imagination and of harmony. The sad vicissitudes, of which that island, in common with the rest of Italy, has been the theatre, only add to its renown and justify the decree of destiny as cruel as it is inexplicable, which says to man, " Be great, but be unhappy."

The Abbé Scinà, a name equally dear to science and to all the social virtues, has just acquired a new right to the esteem which he enjoys among his fellow-citizens, as a naturalist and philosopher, by producing a detailed and complete account of the literary history of Sicily during the 18th century. This labour must have cost the author immense research, because the works of the distinguished writers of this period remain for the most part unpublished in MSS., thrown here and there by chance in archives and libraries. He is entitled likewise to greater praise, on this account, that all the preceding publications on this subject were not so much the history of the literature as of the literati; Scinà is the first, who abandoning the easy but little instructive road of dictionaries and biographies, makes it his object to embrace the whole sphere of human knowledge, and to trace its origin, progress, and gradual development. His extensive erudition, profound judgment, and delicacy of taste, have served him as his guide, and in accomplishing a task as difficult as it was honourable, he has deserved well of his country.

This history, in its very commencement, presents some general facts which it is very important to notice at first. Sicily, sometimes the prey of one dynasty, sometimes of another, residing in distant kingdoms, was almost always ruled by governors, that is, it was considered as a colony, in which every thing was done for the advantage of the masters, and nothing for the benefit of the people. It would, therefore, necessarily have remained in the debasement of a savage state, if the naturally active and buoyant mind of its inhabitants had not taken upon itself to assert the national glory by the only means in its power. At the commencement of the eighteenth century, we behold the government remaining in culpable apathy, whilst the people, without any impulse but that derived from the feeling of their own strength and dignity, attempted to dissipate the gloom of ignorance and to extend the advancement of knowledge with equal perseverance and enthusiasm. Nor is this all; at the head of this movement we behold only men of birth and fortune. They were generally princes, dukes, counts, barons, and what is yet more singular, illustrious ladies, who, cultivating with ardour, science and literature, made a noble appeal to the lower classes to follow their example. This proves firstly, the state of civil nullity which prevented the people from distinguishing themselves with the nobles in this glorious career, and must be laid completely to the fault of the government, which neglected public instruction, and also the greatness of soul of the Sicilian nobles, who far from making common cause with the unfortunate habits of those in power, used all their efforts to rescue the people from their debasement.

These assertions rest on the indisputable fact, that the public attention was at first only directed to objects that immediately interested the glory of the nation. The eighteenth century opened in Sicily by indefatigable labours in the different branches of the history of this country, which were enveloped in the greatest uncertainty and obscurity; as if the generous men who devoted themselves to this subject, wished to point out to their fellow-citizens what they might become, by showing them what they had been. Profound researches upon all the remnants of antiquity, in medals, vases, statues, inscriptions and monuments, explained, as far as it was possible, those remote periods in which the people of Sicily awakened such recollections of greatness and prosperity in the brilliant imagination of Homer. The ancient languages, indispensible in these enquiries, were cultivated with ardour. To increase the materials that were to exercise the ability of the learned, excavations were undertaken near the most celebrated towns; Phœnician and Carthaginian tombs, marbles, and precious relics of every description were found, and were of great advantage to the progress of knowledge; the dates of medals were used to verify chronology; the testimony of inscriptions pointed out the progress of political revolutions; the state of the arts was evinced by the structure of the ruins of public and private buildings; and the character of the manners, of the civil and religious customs of their ancestors, was traced in the figures painted on the vases, which are designated by the general denomination of Etruscan, although they were made in equal perfection in Sicily, and in several provinces of Italy. The celebrated Visconti convinced of this, substituted the name of Italic vases for that of Etruscan. On the banks of a river near Syracuse, the famous plant of which the ancients made the papyrus was discovered, and following the process mentioned by the elder Pliny, they succeeded in fabricating specimens, which were found to resemble in every respect the Egyptian papyrus. Nor did these discoveries long remain isolated. The private history of the most renowned towns of Sicily was diligently studied, and descending from these to periods more nearly approaching our own times, memoirs were collected on the dominion of the Arabs, the Normans, and of the house of Suabia, in this island; the chronicles of the middle ages relating to this subject were printed; dictionaries and biographies prepared, to serve as a guide to those who might wish to pursue this career; the public records, correspondences hitherto unexamined, and diplomas of every kind were explored to explain the political history of the island, and to render it more fruitful in useful results; museums were founded to exhibit the fragments of superabundant wealth; libraries opened to collect rare books and manuscripts, and academies instituted to excite emulation and to elicit even from the shock of conflicting opinions. The names of Caruso Settimo, Mongitore, Cesta, Schiavo, Amieo, Corremuzzo, Landolini, del Giudice, and many others equally honourable, rendered themselves by these labours revered and immortal. Sometimes, it must be confessed, in such multifarious researches, the criticism of the learned was sometimes erroneous; often it rested only on probabilities and conjectures; but important truths resulted likewise from their vast labours; and the favourable opinion entertained of them by the most distinguished men in Europe, to whom they constantly applied for information, furnishes an undeniable proof of it. He who dives into the studies of antiquity, is like a persevering navigator, who if he does not always discover new worlds, at least determines the routes, measures distances, sounds the depths, destroys prejudices, and by general observations enriches the general history of the world.

During the same period, ecclesiastical studies were not neglected in Sicily; for the bishops, men distinguished for learning and virtue, in honourable rivalry with the nobles for the advancement of knowledge, did not neglect to encourage particularly those branches which were more immediately connected with their sacred ministry. But these studies, during the first half of the century, produced more noise than positive benefit, for the men who devoted themselves to them, educated in the pernicious customs of the schools, thought solely of discussing frivolous questions, of interpreting senseless hypotheses, of renewing the unfortunate disputes between the Molinists and the Jansenists, of dividing into parties, each in support of his own opinions, and of entangling themselves in tedious and fatiguing polemics from which the cause of religion suffered much from the offence thus given to the truly pious. It must, however, be confessed, that in another point of view, some good resulted from these blind disputes. The ecclesiastics, in order to enter upon these subjects with advantage, felt the necessity of cultivating the learned languages, especially those of the Greeks and Hebrews; which tended to promote a taste for classical literature in the island, and to make the ancient writings popular. Besides, the disputes which arose respecting the origin and foundation of churches, their independence and liturgy, induced several of those who were interested in either side of the question, to compose for a particular object, historical essays on the towns whose ecclesiastical privileges were attacked; which by directing the researches to the annals of the middle ages, contributed to extend the study of Sicilian antiquities, and to give new force and importance to those who entered upon the subject with other views. And lastly, the continual disputes between the secular and ecclesiastical power, in which the civil government on one side, and the court of Rome on the other, took a very active part, stimulated several learned men to write treatises on the justice or injustice of the mutual pretensions, and gave to these studies a political tendency, which could not but be productive of useful results. To all this must be added, that as soon as the great body of the people, as was naturally to be expected, began to be weary of so many barren disputes, which did not at all extend their sphere of knowledge, those theologians who were distinguished for sound doctrine and true piety, justly fearing lest that spirit of indifference should prove injurious to the principles of religion, endeavoured to recal the ecclesiastical sciences to their proper dignity; so that, in the latter half of this century, we behold this branch of instruction gradually ennobling itself, by seeking for the truth in the Holy Scriptures, in the canon law, and in the authority of the fathers of the church, and by extraordinary works reinspiring in the public their ancient veneration for sound theology, and for all the accessory departments of knowledge connected with it.

The philosophical sciences were, in many respects, exposed to the same vicissitudes as in the rest of Europe. Enveloped in the obscurity of the schools, they at first dragged on a miserable existence amidst the empty and barren questions on insignificant words, which had led astray the human mind for so many ages, and had substituted for the severe analysis of the thoughts, the ambitious and incomprehensible jargon of syllogistic forms.

There were not wanting some able men who, struck by this species of doctrinal juggling, the only aim of which seemed to be that of prolonging the infancy of reason, turned for a moment to the school of Democritus.

It was a bold undertaking; for we know that Democritus was the founder of the physical philosophy among the ancients. And it was no slight step to conceive the project of passing from the region of abstraction into that of reality. Yet the only merit was in the perception; for what was the physical philosophy among the ancients? Too eager to know nature, they contented themselves with guessing rather than explaining, and instead of a collection of ideas founded on the testimony of experience, they produced, with some few exceptions only, absurd Cosmogonies. The doctrines of Descartes and Leibnitz found an entrance into Sicily soon after they were promulgated, and met with numerous proselytes and antagonists. Here, too, there was something gained; for although the hypothesis of monads and vortices, of pre-established harmony and occasional causes, were no better than those of atoms and categories, yet the profound and geometrical method of reasoning, introduced by these two great men, gave a new impulse to the inquirers after knowledge, and if they did not point out the right road, they at least taught the manner of finding it. And, above all, they excited that noble spirit of enthusiasm in seeking after truth, which, after having led the minds of men from system to system, at last rested on the philosophy of Locke and Condillac as the only one, which, notwithstanding its defects, rests in general on positive and indisputable facts. With the same impulse, the culture of the philosophical sciences introduced that of the moral and political sciences, which are inseparably connected with them; the different branches of legislation, economy, public and private law, made prodigious advances towards the end of the century; and such luminous truths were revealed, that the people unanimously ventured to demand from the government a reform in the administration of the state.

The necessity of quitting words for things being once felt, gradually produced a neglect of the physical and natural sciences. At the commencement of the century, mathematics were an absolute nullity; architects were hardly taught the first principles of geometry. With the gradual development of knowledge, the void thus left in instruction was perceived, and geometry was cultivated as a separate science, without, however, passing the limits of elementary geometry; for the advantages of the higher mathematics are only discernable in their application to physics and astronomy; and at this period these last were in their infancy, for want of machines, instruments, and public establishments. But at a later period, when Charles III. ascended the throne of the two Sicilies, the government seemed to awake from its long lethargy, and exerted its influence for the protection of studies of every kind. The new philosophy had inspired a taste for researches into facts, and furnished useful methods in the prosecution of great scientific undertakings. The discoveries of Newton were already known, discussed, and appreciated the more justly that the adherents to the vain physical philosophy of Aristotle, hastened to refute them, and brought them into fame by the very weakness of their opposition.

The system of Copernicus would have been adopted at an earlier period, if the recollection of the misfortunes of Galileo had not kept men's minds in suspense; but enlightened ecclesiastics came forward to dissipate such childish doubts; and from that time, this general movement, assisted by the government, extended itself with success to all the branches of natural science.

Sicily had possessed two great botanists in Odierna and Ventimiglia; others equally estimable appeared as soon as a botanical garden was established, which recalled the study of the vegetable kingdom to its ancient splendour. Cabinets of natural objects, chemistry and mineralogy, were opened, and public lectures appointed to direct the instruction according to the most recent discoveries of the great naturalists of Europe. The mineral waters with which this island abounds, were analysed with more or less exactness; they attempted to ascribe and to class the plants, the fossils, shellfish, which it produces; they gave an account of several eruptions of Mount Etna, and the earthquakes that had desolated Sicily; several extraordinary phenomena were explained, as a shower of manna, and another of the colour of blood, which had fallen in different parts of the island; the explanations were approved of by the European naturalists, and the second was even inserted in our philosophical transactions. The healing sciences shared in the general advancement, and were successfully cultivated in their theoretical, practical, and administrative parts. The higher mathematics too were held in honour, now that they could be successfully applied in their proper sphere; and an observatory was built, that was destined to exalt the Sicilian name to the height of glory, by the immortal labours of Piazzi. It is well known that, after having prepared two catalogues of the fixed stars, both of which received the prize from the French National Institute, this astronomer discovered the new planet Ceres.

The culture of the belles lettres was, as it were, indigenous in a people abounding with activity and imagination. It must, however, be confessed, that the false taste introduced by the unfortunate school of Marino, which was removed in Italy by the wise precepts of Gravina, and the incomparable models of Alexander Guidi, prevailed in Sicily, even after the end of the seventeenth century, so that prose oratory, as well as in poetry, was disfigured by far-fetched metaphors and whimsical conceits. But the study of the ancient languages, by familiarising the inhabitants with the finest productions of the Greek and Latin authors, brought them back by degrees to the Italian classical writers; and with the exception of some feeble imitations which appeared at first, and with which the islanders easily flattered themselves, that the age of Petrarch was about to revive, the succeeding poets and prose-writers, by powerful and original works, proved once more, that in the country of Theocritus, genius might slumber, but was not extinct. And it was not only in Italian compositions, in which the Sicilians, and amongst them several noble ladies, distinguished themselves; but likewise in Latin works, executed with elegance and purity of style, and occasionally poems appeared in the Greek and Hebrew languages. As the Sicilian dialect, one of the oldest in Italy, is flexible, harmonious, and lively, an attempt was made to introduce it into the lighter species of poetry. The success of the brilliant inspirations of the Abbé Meli, is beyond all belief.

This extraordinary man, afrer having rivalled Anacreon in the description of delicate, interesting, and joyous images, which gave so much celebrity to the Greek poet, surpassed, in his Idylls, the most graceful and pathetic productions in this class, either of ancient or modern times; by the popularity of his songs, he contributed to the civilization of the inhabitants of the country, who derived from them that delicacy of sentiment, which more than any thing else dissipates grossness of manners, or of social habits.

It is worthy of remark, that towards the end of the century, the minds of men were so totally occupied by the sciences, and enchanted by the belles lettres, that the researches into history and antiquity had lost almost all their former importance. Perhaps there was a secret reason for this decay. The learned men who had been engaged in this subject, thinking only of collecting chronicles and fragments of every description, had, in their numerous writings, neglected order, clearness, and elegance, or, in other words, every thing that could invest them with any charms, and render the perusal of them endurable. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that at a time when science and literature had diffused so pure and brilliant a light, the Sicilian public was not disposed ultimately to bestow their approbation on works which were, in general, heavy, obscure, and wearisome. Thus the sway of the antiquaries fell as soon as the encouragement of public opinion was withheld, and, by a singular chance, their end was actually comic. An impudent varlet named Vella, a native of the island of Malta, having gone to Sicily, in the hope of making his fortune, pretended that he was a great professor of the Arabic language, whereas he did not even know the alphabet. The government was at that time interested in clearing up the diplomatic history of the kingdom under the dominion of the Arabs, on account of some disputes with the barons, relative to some ancient privileges claimed by these last. Vella had the address to get himself appointed to execute the translation of an Arabic code, that had been found in the archives *de la Cava*; and he played his part so well, that he obtained honours, pensions, a professor's chair at the university, giving his own inventions as a translation of this code, and even forging a second code, which he pretended to have received from a member of the embassy at Morocco. The Sicilian *savans* suspected that it was an imposture, and attempted to unmask it; they contended for a long time in vain, as the juggler had procured some powerful friends, and had even dazzled an Orientalist, who blindly supported him; but, at last, a law suit for fraud was instituted against him, and he was condemned to 15 years' imprisonment.

We have attempted only to convey some feeble touches of this extensive picture, which can only be appreciated in the developement of its most interesting parts. We have been obliged to omit the different writers who hold so brilliant a place in this history, that we might not make of this article a tedious catalogue of names. The author has displayed all the resources of a sound judgment, an enlightened criticism, and extensive erudition. He speaks of the defects of the Sicilian literature, and of the faults committed by those who cultivated it, with the same frankness, with the same impartiality, as of its merits and discoveries. His knowledge is solid and varied, even whilst sketching, as an historian, the origin, progress, and advancement of the different branches of the literature of this country, he judges of them as a philosopher, that is, as a man who is intimately acquired with all its secrets. The current of his thoughts is liberal and generous; and if he does not on all occasions speak plainly—if, as is manifest from some of his expressions, there is something concealed, we must recollect that he was compelled by imperious circumstances; the place where the book was written and published affords a complete excuse. When he relates the adventure of the *soi-disant* Arabic professor, he exhibits neither virulence nor injustice; but we can trace in his recital a certain complacency, a kind of concealed joy, which amuses without shocking the reader; for we feel both the sentiment of virtue launching against the imposture, and the noble love of country, indignant that a foreign idiot should, by such ignoble means, have ventured to insult the good sense and learning of his fellow citizens.

We can only approve of the choice of the period to which the author has confined himself. The ancient Italian literature is sufficiently known abroad, if not in its whole extent, at least in its most striking points. But the Italian literature of the eighteenth century is wholly unknown in other countries. To be convinced of this fact, it is sufficient to read the unjust judgment which M. Sismondi has pronounced upon it, in his View of the Literature of the South of Europe; and what can we expect from others, when a man of such eminent distinction is deceived? The estimable history of it, which the Baron Ugoni has produced, is worthy of the reputation of its author; but it perhaps leaves much to wish for, because it has appeared too soon. It is not by general but by particular histories that the literary wealth of this country, at a period so fertile in prodigious labours, can be displayed. The Abbé Scinà has given an example that ought to be followed in the other provinces of the Peninsula, especially in Lombardy and the kingdom of Naples.

Treasures would there be found, which, taken in detail, would furnish materials for the most extensive histories. If we were to ask the most enlightened men in Europe to tell us candidly, whether they were acquainted with one-tenth part of the facts which the Abbé Scinà has revealed to us, respecting Sicily, we are sure that they would answer in the negative.

NOTICES.

Art. XIII.—*A Dictionary of the English Language, &c.* By Dr. Samuel Johnson. Stereotyped from the last folio edition; corrected by the Doctor. London: Joseph Ogle Robinson. 1828.

Upon the merits of Johnson's Dictionary, that prodigy of labour, both mental and corporeal, it is totally unnecessary to descant at the present day. Perhaps a more flattering, or, at the same time, a more deserved tribute of posthumous honour was never accorded to the efforts of departed genius, than is now bestowed on the memory of Johnson, when after all the changes that have occurred since his death in our literature; after philologist has been pursuing philologist over the beaten track of our language, we find, after all, that we cannot better consult our own advantage than to recur to his dictionary just as he left it to the world. As a mere specimen of topographical art, the work before us is a splendid contribution to our libraries. It unites elegance, durability, exquisite accuracy, and convenience of form in a manner altogether unprecedented. The press of Messrs. Childs at Bungay, has been long celebrated for its stereotype editions. A portrait of the Doctor, engraved on steel, from Sir Joshua's well-known original, is prefixed to this work.

Art. XIV.—*The History of George Godfrey, written by himself.* 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1828.

The author of these volumes has at once cast off the yoke of modern fashion in novel writing, and renouncing the walks of romance, which are already abundantly thronged with competitors and aspirants of all degrees, has struck out a new and completely independent course for himself. The success of his enterprise can be doubted only by those who have not had the satisfaction of reading his work. Imitators he, in all probability, will provoke; but he will have very few rivals: for to attain eminence in the branch of fiction to which this writer has begun to devote his attention, requires, not merely the possession of various talent, but a course of preparatory experience which it falls to the lot of very few men to boast of. The story is one of active, many-coloured life: the thousand vicissitudes that await the adventurer who has his way to make in the world, and who is not over scrupulous as to the means of effecting his purpose, are pictured in these volumes: every incident which they record is received by the reader with instant concurrence, as if he could entertain no doubt whatever that it happened; but, natural as is the series of events, and completely as they are within the scope of every man's acquaintance with the world, they are at the same time so skilfully varied, compounded with so much tact, that, whilst we acknowledge the fidelity of the representation, we are not the less affected by the interest of the story.

The pages of George Godfrey remind us frequently of the author of Tom Jones. The same minute acquaintance with a peculiar department of life, from which the great mass of mankind is, by a hundred various circumstances, entirely secluded, and we had almost said the same graphic power in giving animation to scenes apparently indifferent in themselves, are, we think, visible in the two productions. Fielding, however, is still supreme in his quiet humour, and, above all, in his simple tenderness.

Art. XV.—*Ephemerides; or Occasional Poems, written in Scotland and South Africa.* By Thomas Pringle. London: 1828.

We have been interested and delighted in no common degree by the perusal of this little volume. It is the production of a heart full of all kindly and generous feelings, which evidently overflow in song rather from their own native and irrepressible abundance, than from any ambition on the part of the author, merely to act the poet, or any dedication of himself to the manufacturing of verse as his trade or profession. Mr. Pringle is a poet of nature's making, and speaks to us the language of the muses, just because it is his heart's native tongue. Gifted with the sensibilities of genius, and thrown by the chances of his "eventful history," amid circumstances that would hardly permit such a mind as his to refrain from "uttering forth a voice," he has merely told us what he actually saw and felt, in the form and manner which the impression itself inspired and dictated. In these days of artificial metre-mongers, it is refreshing to listen to strains thus poured forth, not for effect, but, as it were, from impulse, and the genuine spirit of poetry and music. It is rarely, indeed, in the present times, that the lips of the bard are made vocal, simply by "the fulness of the heart."

The present volume is divided into two parts, the first of which consists of a reprint of several poems written by the author before he left his native country, and the second, of the productions of his muse during the period of his residence in South Africa. Of the compositions contained under the first head, the largest and best is that entitled, 'The Autumnal Excursion,' from which we really wish we had room to present our readers with one or two extracts. Besides its easy and vigorous versification, it displays great powers of description, and is glowingly unmarked throughout by that hearty love and enjoyment of nature, and those other warm and soaring affections, which we have just spoken of as giving so much of its charm to our author's poetry. But the latter portion of the collection, is upon the whole greatly the most interesting, and transporting us, as it does, indeed, to scenes and conditions of society, which may be said to be altogether new to poetry, possesses on that account alone no ordinary attraction.

Art. XVI.—*Opere Poetiche di Alessandro Manzoni, con Prefazione di Goethe.* Jena, 1827.

This edition of the Italian poets contains the *Conte di Carmagnola*, the *Adelchi*, the *Hymns*, and celebrated ode on the *Death of Napoleon*, with Prefaces by Goethe, mostly reprinted from his periodical *Kunst and Alterthurn.* The author of *Gotz von Berlichingen* was peculiarly fitted to be the reviewer of the *Conte di Carmagnola*; and we have the testimony of Manzoni himself that the German poet has seized the sprit in which that tragedy was composed. To the high lyrical powers of Manzoni, our countrymen have done justice in the admirable translations in the Quarterly and Foreign Quarterly Reviews, and it appears to us, that in the section, entitled *Graf Carmagnola noch einmal* (a few words more respecting Count *Carmagnola*,) that Goethe has not only mistaken the meaning, but in his observations on the former part of the quotation, confirms the view of the subject taken by the English critic.

Art. XVII.—*Novellen und Erzahlungen von A. Tromlitz. Erstes Bandchen.* Dresden. Kilscher. 1827.

The fame of Tromlitz as a novelist is beginning to be known in this country, and he deserves this distinction, for there are few writers who can be compared with him for variety of interest and propriety of action. Of the two tales, *Der Kirchhof von St. Sebaldus*," and *Das Madchen aus dem Haslithal*, we prefer the former, in which the incidents are sustained throughout in a masterly manner ; the latter story, although by no means uninteresting, is occasionally too sketchy.

Art. XVIII.—*Memoiren des Herrn de la Folie. Herausgegeben von Niemand. Braunschweig.* Meyer. 1827. *Memoirs of M. de la Folie.* By Nobody. Brunswick. Meyer.

This is one of the most amusing works of German light reading that we recollect to have read. The author is, we believe, C. Niedmann, of Wolfenbuttel. His object was to ridicule the prevailing follies of Berlin, the different parties in literature, the drama, and the arts, which at present agitate the tea-table coteries of that capital. The flitting humours of the day are well hit off by a fine, yet good-humoured tone of satire. The graver vices he leaves untouched. The chapters are of unequal merit, and although there is, of course, much in the work that is merely of national or even local interest, there is still enough to render it interesting to a foreigner unacquainted with German literature.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Domestic and Foreign.

Gio Gherardo de Rossi, a writer distinguished in various branches of learning, died at Rome last year. He wrote the " Life of Angelica Kauffmann," and some highly interesting letters on the " Campo Santo, or Cemetery of Pisa." A native of Rome, and living in that metropolis of the arts, intimate with Winkelmann, Visconti, and Zoega, De Rossi was one of the most judicious critics and asthetic writers that Italy has produced. He was also a dramatic author, and his plays are among the best Italy can boast of. His comedies contain lively sketches of modern Roman character and life, portrayed with satirical severity. His language is essentially Roman, and a good specimen of the style and phraseology used in that important part of Italy, which alone can cope with Tuscany in matters of idiom. Rossi's *Cortigiano Onesto*, " the Honest Courtier," is one of the best of his plays: it exhibits a vivid picture of the abuse of delegate power by the local authorities, which the author may have sketched from nature in some provincial town of Italy during the last century.

The reproach cast by Lord Byron in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," on the people of Certaldo, the native place of Boccaccio, that the author's tomb had been "uptorn" by bigots, was refuted by the Canon Cateni, who asserted that Boccaccio's cenotaph had remained uninjured in the church of Certaldo. In a late publication by the Abbé Poveda, we have a full examination of this contested point. It appears that there were two monuments, one consisting of a marble slab on the pavement over Boccaccio's grave, and another more sumptuous raised against the latent wall of the church by the Podetta of Certaldo, 128 years after the author's death. By a false interpretation of a law of Leopold in the last century, which prohibited having sepulchres in the churches, the first was removed, together with the remains of Boccaccio, consisting of the skull and bones, and a *leaden tube containing parchments*, which last remained in the rector's possession. The slab having broke in the removal, was thrown down in the adjoining cloisters. Lately a lady of the name of Lenzoni, has collected these memorials of the illustrious dead, and placed them in the old house of Boccaccio, which she has had repaired and adorned.

The indefatigable philologist, Ciampi, has discovered in the Magliabecchi library an autograph MS. of Boccaccio, containing extracts and fragments of various historical works in Latin, some of them now lost, and among them a curious account of the discovery of the Canary Islands, by Niccolo da Recco, a Genoese, in 1341, which narrative was sent to Florence, and copied, it appears, in the same year, and is therefore the earliest account we have of those regions.

Angelica Palli, a Greek young lady living at Leghorn, has published in Italian an historical novel, styled, "Alessio, or the last days of Psara," relative to the late catastrophe of that island by the sword of the Ottomans.

In a few days will be published, the first part of the "Bibliographer's Manual;" being an account of rare, curious, and useful books, published in, or relating to Great Britain and Ireland, from the invention of printing; with bibliographical and critical notices, collations of the rarer articles, and the prices at which they have sold in the present century. By William Thomas Lowndes.

In less than two months, three journals, devoted to commerce, politics, and literature, have been commenced at Chili.

The London University is very nearly completed. We may fairly hope it will open in October next. The professors have been selected from among candidates of known abilities. The plan of a botanical garden has been abandoned; out of a subscription of 71,205*l.* (the amount collected in December last), 58,115*l.* 12*s.* had been expended, leaving in the treasury a balance of 13,000*l.* A voluntary subscription for an hospital has been opened, rather than lessen the funds of the University.

On the first of May, will be published in quarto, part I. of the "Oxford Atlas of Ancient Geography," with maps and plans, illustrative of the most popular Grecian and Roman historians.

Mr. Allan Cunningham is preparing the first of a series of volumes, under the title of the "Anniversary;" or poetry and prose for 1829.

Cambridge.—A course of twelve lectures has been delivered here, under the sanction of the Vice-Chancellor, by Mr. Thelwall, in which it has been maintained, that all the effective energies and facilities of speech, whether in reading or declamation, depend upon the judicious, or the instinctive, adjustment of the principles of musical proportion to the physiological necessities resulting from the anatomical structure of the organs of voice and enunciation; and that nothing but bad reading, and offensive or ineffective modes of utterance, resulting from erroneous habits, and fallacious theories, can render elocutionary exertion, however animated, protracted, or reiterated, otherwise than beneficial to the health of the reader or speaker. A considerable portion of the lectures was accordingly devoted to illustrations of the anatomy and physiology of the organs; to the structure and functions of which the lecturer refers the origin of the principles of harmonic proportion, as applicable alike to the phenomena of music and of prosody; and, illustrating, as he proceeded, the similitudes and the distinctions between the melodies of song and of speech, maintained that the quantity of *spoken* syllables can never be principally rested upon the vowels, without producing the disgusting effects of whining, sing-song, or soporific and monotonous drawl. On the principles of universal prosody he maintained, in accordance with the "Prosodia Rationalis," of Joshua Steele, that quantities alone could never constitute the basis of prosodial feet; and denied, that what has been ambiguously miscalled *accent* by modern theorists, does or can, in the versification of modern languages, supply the place of quantity; for that the alternation of the *thesis*, being an organic necessity, the integral accordance of quantities to that alternation, in the successive feet, must, in all prosodial arrangements (however diversified in their modes of adjustment), be equally necessary to the harmonic utterance, and consequently, to legitimate metrical composition, in all languages. As a result of these premises, he maintained and illustrated, by a series of experimental demonstrations, that the prosodial foot must always *perceptibly to the ear* commence with the *thesis*, or *heavy* syllable, with whatever quality of syllable the line or sentence may begin, and that the opposite process practically produces not only a very different, but a harsh and different effect. The principles laid down, were further exemplified by the analysis and recitation of many of those fine passages of Milton, Shakspeare, &c., that present the most striking varieties in the structure of their successive lines; and finally (as a practical inference of much higher importance), it was maintained, that if these principles were generally adopted, and judiciously applied, by those who initiate children in the first rudiments of reading, and, afterwards conduct the elocutionary process of their education, such a calamity as impediment of speech, could rarely, if ever, occur, among the educated classes of society.

Four new periodical publications were set up in Russia, in the year 1827. In January, 1821, no less than three journals were started in Moscow alone.

The Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is about to publish a new series of works, to be called "The Library of Entertaining Knowledge," on the plan of the former series.

Dr. Ledebuhr is about to publish an account of the Botanical Travels of himself, Dr. Mayer and Dr. Bunge, in 1826, in the Altai Mountains in Siberia. They collected 1600 species of plants, of which four or five hundred were previously unknown.

A German translation of Manzoni's *Sponessi Sposi*, has recently appeared from the pen of Daniel Lessman, the author of Louise von Halling. Goethe, after reading the romance, is reported to have declared that Lessman was the proper person to translate Manzoni's work.

Of the difficulty of procuring books from Italy, some idea may be entertained from the single circumstance that of 490 books which were published in Venice and its former dependencies, 228 were printed at the authors' expense, and distributed gratis.

An account of an enquiry which has been carried on during the last seven years at Geneva, into the progress of suicide, has been made public, and develops some curious facts. The number of suicides in that town, notwithstanding the comparative rarity of the causes likely to lead to such a result, is in as large a ratio, as that in London or Paris; and what is more singular, at a time of life when the passions are considered to be more subdued (between 40 and 60) more suicides occur than in all the other ages. In Paris, out of 390 suicides, 128 were females, or three out of seven. In Geneva, only one out of four. Three-fourths of the suicides at Paris were married. At Geneva, was rather more favourable to the happiness of the conjugal state.

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The author of the Life of Joanna Queen of Naples, has in the press a History of Italy under Napoleon, from the Italian of Carlo Botta.

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Also preparing for publication, the First Lines of Analytical and Experimental Mineralogy.

Parish bells usually have inscriptions on them. The following is the inscription on the fifth bell in Bremhill.

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SixthBell.—I to the Church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all.—1736.

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